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THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.
VOLUME THE TENTH.





HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

*Engraved by H. Sharp from an original Picture
in the collection of His Grace the Duke of Bedford.*

London, Published May 8th 1789, by J. Rivington & Partners.

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE TENTH.

CONTAINING

VENUS AND ADONIS.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.
SONNETS.
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.
ROMEUS AND JULIET.
APPENDIX.
GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

LONDON: PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN,

For J. Rivington and Sons, L. Davis, B. White and Son, T. Longman,
B. Law, H. S. Woodfall, C. Dilly, J. Robson, J. Johnson, T. Verner,
G. G. J. and J. Robinson, T. Cadell, J. Murray, R. Baldwin,
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and Whitaker, T. and J. Egerton, C. Stalker, J. Barker, J. Edwards,
Ogilvie and Speare, J. Cuthell, J. Lackington, and E. Newbery.

(M DCC XC.)

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May, 1873

VENUS AND ADONIS.

*Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua. Ovid.*

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T H E E P I S T L E.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL of SOUTHAMPTON, and BARON of TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land¹, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour² to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

¹ —*ear so barren a land,*] To ear, is to plow. See Vol. VII. p. 435, n. 7. MALONE.

² —*and your honour—*] This was formerly the usual mode of address to noblemen. So, in a letter written by Sir Francis Bacon to Robert, lord Cecil, July 3, 1603: “Lastly, for this divulged and almost prostituted title of knighthood, I could without charge, by your *honour's* mean, be content to have it,—” Birch's Collection, p. 24. MALONE.

M E M O I R S
O F
H E N R Y W R I O T H E S L Y,
T H E T H I R D E A R L O F S O U T H A M P T O N.

O F the nobleman to whom Shakspeare has addressed the only two pieces that he appears ever to have published, few particulars are known. However, the circumstances, of his having been the most intimate friend of Robert earl of Essex, and, according to tradition, the liberal benefactor of our poet, have endeared his memory to posterity. His grandfather Thomas, the first earl, was lord chancellor in the time of King Henry VIII. and one of his executors. His father Henry, who died in 1583, was a Roman Catholic, and a strenuous partizan of Mary queen of Scots. Our great poet's patron was born in 1573. In December, 1585, he became a member of Saint John's college in Cambridge³, and was admitted to the degree of bachelor of arts in 1589, after a residence of four years in the university, "where (says a contemporary writer⁴,) he spent his time in the studie of good letters, and after confirmed that studie with travaile and foraigne observation."

He accompanied lord Essex as a volunteer in the expedition to Cadiz in 1596; and, in the following year, he was appointed captain of the *Garland*, one of Queen Elizabeth's best ships, (for in those times the first nobility, though not bred to the sea, occasionally served in the navy,) and acted as vice-admiral of the first squadron in the fleet that sailed against the Azores. In that expedition, happening, with only three of the Queen's ships and a few merchant-men, to fall in with thirty five sail of Spanish galleons, laden with the treasures of South America, he sunk one of them, dispersed several others that were afterwards taken, and drove the rest into a bay of the island of Tercera, which was then unassailable.—After the English had taken and spoiled the town of Villa Franca, the enemy finding that most of them were gone aboard their ships, and that only the earls of Essex and Southampton, with a few others, remained on shore, came down upon them with all their force, but were received with such spirit, that many of the

³ In the book of matriculation, which my friend Dr. Farmer very obligingly examined at my request, is the following entry: "Hen. Comes Sowthampton, impubes 12^o. an^o." St. John's Coll. Dec. 11. 1585.

⁴ HONOUR IN HIS PERFECTION, or a Treatise in commendation of the vertues and renowned vertuous undertakings of the illustrious and heroick princes, Henrie earle of Oxenforde, Henrie earle of Southampton, and Robert earle of Essex. By G. M. [Gervais Markham.] 4to. 1624.
Spaniards

Spaniards were put to the sword, and the rest obliged to retreat. On this occasion lord Southampton behaved with such gallantry that he was knighted in the field by lord Essex, "ere (says the writer above mentioned,) he could dry the sweat from his brows, or put his sword up in the scabbard."

In 1598 he attended his noble friend to Ireland, as General of the horse; from which employment (after having greatly distinguished himself by overcoming the rebels in Munster,) he was dismissed by the peremptory orders of Queen Elizabeth, who was offended with him for having presumed to marry Miss Elizabeth Vernon, [in 1596,] without her majesty's consent; which in those days was esteemed a heinous offence. This lady (of whom there is an original picture at Sherborne Castle in Dorsetshire, the seat of lord Digby,) was first cousin to lord Essex.

When that nobleman, for having returned from Ireland without the permission of the Queen, was confined at the lord keeper's house, lord Southampton withdrew from court. At this period a circumstance is mentioned by a writer of that time, which corresponds with the received account of his admiration of Shakspeare. "My lord Southampton and lord Rutland (says Rowland Whyte in a letter to Sir Robert Sydney, dated in the latter end of the year 1599, SYDNEY PAPERS, Vol. II. p. 132,) came not to the court [at Nonsuch]. The one doth but very seldome. They pass away the tyme in London, *merely in going to plaies every day.*" At this time King Henry V. which had been produced in the spring of that year, and contains an elegant compliment to lord Essex, was probably exhibiting with applause. Roger earl of Rutland (to whom lord Essex addressed that pathetick letter which is printed in Howard's Collection, Vol. II. p. 521, where it is absurdly entitled "A letter to the earl of Southampton.") was married to the daughter of lady Essex by her first husband, Sir Philip Sydney.

Lord Southampton being condemned for having joined the earl of Essex in his wild project, that amiable nobleman generously supplicated the Lords for his unfortunate friend, declaring at the same time that he was himself not at all solicitous for life; and we are told by Camden, who was present at the trial, that lord Southampton requested the peers to intercede for her majesty's mercy, (against whom he protested that he had never any ill intention,) with such ingenuous modesty, and such sweet and persuasive elocution, as greatly affected all who heard him. Though even the treacherous enemies of Essex (as we learn from Osborne,) supplicated the inexorable Elizabeth, to spare the life of lord Southampton, he for some time remained doubt-

ful of his fate, but at length was pardoned: yet he was confined in the Tower during the remainder of the Queen's reign. Bacon mentions that on her death he was much visited there. On the first of April, 1603, six days only after her decease, King James sent a letter for his release; of which there is a copy in the Museum. It is dated at Holyrood House, and directed "to the nobility of England, and the right trusty and well beloved the counsel of state sitting at Whitehall."—On the 10th of the same month lord Southampton was released, the king, at the same time that he sent the order for his enlargement, honouring him so far as to desire him to meet him on his way to England. Soon afterwards his attainder was reversed, and he was installed a knight of the Garter. In the same year he was constituted governour of the Isle of Wight, and of Carisbrooke castle; in which office, says the historian of that island, (from the manuscript memoirs of Sir John Oglander,) "his just, affable, and obliging deportment gained him the love of all ranks of people, and raised the island to a most flourishing state, many gentlemen residing there in great affluence and hospitality."

By the machinations of lord Essex's great adversary, the earl of Salisbury, (whose mind seems to have been as crooked as his body,) it is supposed King James was persuaded to believe that too great an intimacy subsisted between lord Southampton and his queen; on which account, (though the charge was not avowed, disaffection to the king being the crime alleged,) he was apprehended in the latter end of June 1604; but there being no proof whatsoever of his disloyalty, he was immediately released. In the summer of 1612, as we are told by Rowland Whyte, he went to Spa, much disgusted at not having obtained a seat in the council. His military ardour seems at no period of his life to have deserted him. In 1614 we find him with the romantick lord Herbert of Cherbury, at the siege of Rees in the dutchy of Cleve. In 1619, he was at length appointed a privy counsellor. Two years afterwards, having joined the popular party, who were justly inflamed at the king's supineness and pusillanimity, in suffering the Palatinate to be wrested from his son-in-law, and, what was a still more heinous offence, having rebuked the duke of Buckingham for a disorderly speech that he had made in the House of Lords, he was committed to the custody of the dean of Westminster, at the same time that the earl of Oxford and Sir Edward Coke were sent to the Tower; but he was soon enlarged.

On the rupture with Spain in 1624, he was appointed jointly with the young earl of Essex and the lords Oxford and Willoughby, to the command of six thousand men, who were sent to the Low-countries, to act under prince Maurice against
the

the Spaniards; but was cut off by a fever at Berghen-op-zoom on the 10th of November in that year. The ignorance of the Dutch physicians, who bled him too copiously, is said to have occasioned his death. He left three daughters, (Penelope, who married William lord Spencer of Wormleighton; Anne, who married Robert Wallop of Farley, in the county of Southampton, son of Sir Henry Wallop, knight; and Elizabeth, who married Sir Henry Estcourt, knight;) and one son, Thomas, who was lord high treasurer of England in the time of King Charles II. His eldest son James, who had accompanied him in this his last campaign, died a few days before, of the same disorder that proved fatal to his father.

Wilson, the historian, who attended Lord Essex in this expedition, is more particular. In his *History of King James*, he says, they were both seized with a fever at *Rosendale*, which put an end to the son's life; that lord Southampton, having recovered of the fever, departed from Rosendale with an intention to bring his son's body into England; but at Berghen-op-zoom "he died of a *letbargy*, in the view and presence of the relater;" and that the two bodies were brought in the same bark to Southampton. He was buried at Tichfield in Hampshire.

Lady Southampton survived her husband many years, King Charles I. having been concealed by her for some time in the mansion house of Tichfield, (which Lord Clarendon calls "a noble seat,") after his escape from Hampton Court in Nov. 1647.

Their son Thomas, the fourth earl of Southampton, dying in May, 1667, without issue male, the title became extinct. He left three daughters. Magdalene, the youngest, died unmarried. Rachael, his second daughter, married, first, Francis lord Vaughan, eldest son of Richard, earl of Carbery; and afterwards the illustrious William lord Russel, by whom she had Wriothesly, the second duke of Bedford. Lady Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, married Edward Noel, (eldest son of Baptist Viscount Campden,) who in 1680 was created Baron Noel of Tichfield, and in 1682, earl of Gainsborough. Their only son Wriothesly Baptist, earl of Gainsborough, died in 1690, leaving only two daughters; of whom Elizabeth, the elder, married Henry the first duke of Portland, and Rachael married Henry the second duke of Beaufort. On a partition of the real and personal property between those two noble families, about the year 1735, lord Southampton's estate at Tichfield, which had belonged to a monastery of Cistercian monks in the time of King Henry VIII. was part of the share of the duke of Beaufort, and now belongs to Peter Delmé, esq. *Beaulieu*, in Hampshire, which at present belongs to the representatives of the late duke of Montagu, was, if I mistake not, formerly the property of our earl of Southampton.

From Rowland Whyte's letters lord Southampton seems to have been very fond of tennis, at which game he once lost 18000 crowns in Paris, on one match; [2250l. sterl.] and sir John Oglander, in his manuscript memoirs of the Isle of Wight, relates as a proof of his affable deportment in his government, that he used to play at bowls twice a week on Saint George's Down, with the principal gentlemen of the island.

He is said, on the authority of Sir William D'Avenant, to have given Shakspeare the sum of 1000l. to complete a purchase, which was at least equivalent to 5000l. at this day. This alone will for ever immortalize his memory.

Of this amiable and accomplished nobleman there is an original portrait at Gorbamby, the seat of lord viscount Grimston, by Vansomer, as I conceive; another at Woburn Abbey, by Miervelt; and two in the possession of his grace the duke of Portland; one a whole length, when he was a young man, and the other a half length, when he was a prisoner in the Tower. Each of the noble possessors of these pictures, in the most obliging manner permitted drawings to be made from them for the use of the present work.

From the testimony of Camden ^s and others, he appears to have been no less devoted to the muses than to military achievements. We find his name, as well as that of his friend Essex, prefixed to many publications of those times; and two poets have expressly sung his praises. Their verses, though of little merit, serving in some measure to illustrate his character, I shall subjoin them. MALONE.

TO

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

By SAMUEL DANIEL, 1605.

Non fert ullum ietum illæsa fælicitas.

HE who hath never warr'd with misery,
Nor ever tugg'd with Fortune, and distress,
Hath had no occasion nor no field to try
The strength and forces of his worthinefs:

^s "Edwardus VI. eundem honorem anno sui regno primo Thomæ Wriothesley Angliæ Cancellario detulit, cujus e filio Henrico nepos Henricus eodem hodie lætatur; qui in primo ætatis flore præsidio bonarum literarum et rei militaris scientia nobilitatem communit, ut uberiores fructus maturiore ætate patriæ et principi profundat." Camdeni *Bri-tannia*, 8vo. 1600, p. 240.

The

Those parts of judgment which felicity
Keeps as conceal'd, affliction must express;
And only men shew their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had never taken so full note
Of what thou art, hadst thou not been undone,
And only thy affliction hath begot
More fame than thy best fortunes could have don.
For ever by adversity are wrought
The greatest works of admiration,
And all the fair examples of renown
Out of distress and misery are grown.

Mutius the fire, the tortures Regulus,
Did make the miracles of faith and zeal:
Exile renown'd and grac'd Rutilius:
Imprisonment and poison did reveal
The worth of Socrates: Fabricius'
Poverty did grace that common-wealth
More than all Syllaes riches got with strife;
And Catoes death⁶ did vie with Cæsar's life.

Not to be unhappy is unhappiness,
And misery not to have known misery:
For the best way unto discretion is
The way that leads us by adversity:
And men are better shew'd what is amiss,
By the expert finger of calamity,
Than they can be with all that fortune brings,
Who never shews them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'st have endur'd
With a repos'd cheer, wrong and disgrace,
And with a heart and countenance assur'd
Have look'd stern death and horror in the face?

⁶ I have in this and the preceding line preserved the old spelling, because it confirms an observation made in Vol. VII. p. 160, n. 2.

How should we know thy soul had been secur'd
 In honest counsels, and in ways unbase,
 Hadst thou not stood to shew us what thou wert,
 By thy affliction that deserv'd thy heart?

It is not but the tempest that doth shew
 The sea-man's cunning: but the field that tries
 The captain's courage: and we come to know
 Best what men are, in their worst jeopardies:
 For lo, how many have we seen to grow
 To high renown from lowest miseries,
 Out of the hands of death; and many a one
 To have been undone, had they not been undone!

He that endures for what his conscience knows
 Not to be ill, doth from a patience high
 Look only on the cause whereto he owes
 Those sufferings, not on his misery:
 The more he endures, the more his glory grows,
 Which never grows from imbecillity:
 Only the best compos'd and worthiest hearts
 God sets to act the hardest and constant'st parts.

Upon the death of the most noble lord,
 HENRY, EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON,

Written by Sir JOHN BEAUMONT, Bart. 1624:

Printed by his Son in 1629.

WHEN now the life of great SOUTHAMPTON ends,
 His fainting servants and astonish'd friends
 Stand like so many weeping marble stones,
 No passage left to utter sighs, or groans:
 And must I first dissolve the bonds of grief,
 And strain forth words, to give the rest relief?
 I will be bold my trembling voice to try,
 That his dear name may not in silence die.

The

The world must pardon, if my song be weak ;
In such a case it is enough to speak.
My verses are not for the present age ;
For what man lives, or breathes on England's stage,
That knew not brave SOUTHAMPTON, in whose sight
Most place their day, and in his absence night ?
I strive, that unborn children may conceive,
Of what a jewel angry fates bereave
This mournful kingdom ; and, when heavy woes
Oppress their hearts, think ours as great as those.
In what estate shall I him first express ?
In youth, or age, in joy, or in distress ?
When he was young, no ornament of youth
Was wanting in him, acting that in truth
Which Cyrus did in shadow ; and to men
Appear'd like Peleus' son from Chiron's den :
While through this island Fame his praise reports,
As best in martial deeds, and courtly sports.
When riper age with winged feet repairs,
Grave care adorns his head with silver hairs ;
His valiant fervour was not then decay'd,
But join'd with counsel, as a further aid.
Behold his constant and undaunted eye,
In greatest danger, when condemn'd to die !
He scorns the insulting adversary's breath,
And will admit no fear, though near to death.
But when our gracious sovereign had regain'd
This light, with clouds obscur'd, in walls detain'd ;
And by his favour plac'd this star on high,
Fix'd in the Garter, England's azure sky ;
He pride (which dimms such change) as much did hate,
As base dejection in his former state.
When he was call'd to sit, by Jove's command,
Among the demigods that rule this land,
No power, no strong persuasion, could him draw
From that, which he conceiv'd as right and law.
When shall we in this realm a father find
So truly sweet, or husband half so kind ?

Thus

Thus he enjoy'd the best contents of life,
 Obedient children, and a loving wife.
 These were his parts in peace; but O, how far
 This noble soul excell'd itself in war!
 He was directed by a natural vein,
 True honour by this painful way to gain.
 Let Ireland witness, where he first appears,
 And to the fight his warlike ensigns bears.
 And thou, O Belgia, wert in hope to see
 The trophies of his conquests wrought in thee;
 But Death, who durst not meet him in the field,
 In private by close treachery made him yield.—
 I keep that glory last, which is the best;
The love of learning, which he oft express'd
By conversation, and respect to those
Who had a name in arts, in verse or prose.
 Shall ever I forget, with what delight,
 He on my simple lines would cast his sight?
 His only memory my poor work adorns,
 He is a father to my crown of thorns.
 Now since his death how can I ever look,
 Without some tears, upon that orphan book?
 Ye sacred Muses, if ye will admit
 My name into the roll which ye have writ
 Of all your servants, to my thoughts display
 Some rich conceit, some unfrequented way,
 Which may hereafter to the world commend
 A picture fit for this my noble friend:
 For this is nothing, all these rhimes I scorn;
 Let pens be broken, and the paper torn;
 And with his last breath let my musick cease,
 Unless my lowly poem could increase
 In true description of immortal things;
 And, rais'd above the earth with nimble wings,
 Fly like an eagle from his funeral fire,
 Admir'd by all, as all did him admire.

VENUS AND ADONIS¹.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
 Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
 Rose-cheek'd Adonis² hied him to the chase;
 Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
 Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
 And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

¹ Our authour himself has told us that this poem was his first composition. It was entered in the Stationers' books by Richard Field, on the 18th of April, 1593; and again by — Harrison, sen. on the 23d of June, 1594; in which year I suppose it to have been published, though I have not met with an edition of so old a date. The earliest copy that I have seen, was printed by R. F. for John Harrison, in small octavo, 1596; with which I have been furnished by the kindness of the rev. Mr. Warton.—This poem is frequently alluded to by our authour's contemporaries. "As the soul of Euphorbus (says Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598,) was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare. Witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*," &c.—In the early part of Shakspeare's life, his poems seem to have gained him more reputation than his plays;—at least they are oftener mentioned, or alluded to. Thus the authour of an old comedy called *The Return from Parnassus*, written about the year 1602, in his review of the poets of the time, says not a word of his dramattick compositions, but allots him his portion of fame solely on account of the poems that he had produced. When the name of William Shakspeare is read, one of the characters pronounces this elegium:

"Who loves Adonis' love, or Lucrece' rape?
 "His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life;
 "Could but a graver subject him content,
 "Without love's foolish lazy languishment."

This subject was probably suggested to Shakspeare either by Spenser's description of the hangings in the *Lady of Delight's* Castle, FAERY QUEEN. B. III. c. i. st. 34, et seq. 4to, 1590, or by a short piece entitled *The Sheepbeard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, subscribed with the letters H. C. (probably Henry Constable,) which, I believe, was written before Shakspeare's poem; though I have never seen any earlier copy of it than that which we find in *England's Helicon*, 1600. He had also without doubt read the account of Venus and Adonis in the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, translated by Golding, 1567, though he has chosen to deviate from the classical story, which Ovid and Spenser had set before him, following probably the model presented to him by the english poem just mentioned. See the notes at the end. MALONE.

Thrice

Thrice fairer than myself, (thus she began,)
 The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
 Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
 More white and red than doves or roses are;²
 Nature that made thee, with herself at strife⁴,
 Saith that the world hath ending with thy life⁵.

Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
 And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
 If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
 A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
 Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
 And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses:

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
 But rather famish them amid their plenty⁶,
 Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
 Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:

A sum-

² Rose-cheek'd *Adonis*.—] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“—bring down the *rose-cheek'd* youth

“To the tub-fast and the diet” STEEVENS.

Our author perhaps remembered Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

“The men of wealthy Sestos every year,

“For his sake whom their goddess held so deare,

“*Rose-cheek'd Adonis*, kept a solemn feast,” &c. MALONE.

³ *More white and red than doves or roses are*.] Thus the octavo, 1596.
 We might better read (as Dr. Farmer observes to me):

—than doves and roses are.

I think it probable, however, that for this slight inaccuracy the author, and not the printer, is answerable. MALONE.

⁴ *Nature that made thee, with herself at strife*.] With this contest between *art* and *nature*, &c. I believe every reader will be surfeited before he has gone through the following poems. The lines under the print of Noah Bridges, engraved by Faithorne, have the same thought:

“Faithorne, with *nature* at a noble *strife*,” &c.

It occurs likewise in *Timon of Athens*. STEEVENS.

We have in a subsequent passage a contest between *art* and *nature*, but here surely there is none. I must also observe that there is scarcely a book of Shakespeare's age, whether in prose or verse, in which this *surfeiting* comparison (as it has been called,) may not be found. MALONE.

⁵ *Saith that the world hath ending with thy life*.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“And when the dies, with beauty dies her store.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety*,

But rather famish them amid their plenty.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
 —other

A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this, she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,⁷
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good :
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under the other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy ;
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimble she fastens ; (O how quick is love !)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove :
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips :
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips :
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.

“ —other women cloy

“ The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,

“ Where most she satisfies.” MALONE.

⁷ —*she seizeth on his sweating palm,*

The precedent of pith and livelihood,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*,
Charmian says : “ — if an *oily palm* be not a *fruitful prognostication*, I
cannot scratch mine ear.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Othello* :

“ —This hand is moist, my lady ;

“ This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart ;—

“ Hot, hot, and moist.” MALONE.

He burns with bashful shame ; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks ;
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks :

He saith, she is immodest, blames her 'mifs⁸ ;
What follows more, she murders with a kifs⁹.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feather, flesh, and bone¹,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone ;
Even so she kifs'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content², but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face ;
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace ;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers³.

⁸ — her 'mifs ;] That is, her *misbehaviour*. FARMER.

The same substantive is used in the 35th *Sonnet*. Again, in *Hamlet* :

" Each toy seems prologue to some great *amiss*." MALONE.

⁹ — *she murders with a kifs*.] Thus the edition of 1596. So, in *King Richard III*:

" Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour ?

" *Murder thy breath* in middle of a word ?"

The subsequent copies have *smothers*. MALONE.

¹ *Tires with her beak on feather, flesh, and bone*,] To *tire* is to *peek*. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, a comedy, 1631 :

" — the vulture *tires*

" Upon the eagle's heart." MALONE.

² *Forc'd to content*,—] I once thought that the meaning of the latter words was, to content or satisfy *Venus* ; to endure her kisses. So, in *Hamlet*:

" — it doth much *content* me to hear him so inclin'd."

But I now believe that the interpretation given by Mr. Steevens is the true one. *Content* is a substantive, and means *acquiescence*. MALONE.

It is plain that *Venus* was not so easily *contented*. *Forc'd to content*, I believe, means that *Adonis* was *forced to content himself* in a situation from which he had no means of escaping. Thus *Cassio* in *Orbello*:

" So shall I clothe me in a *forc'd content*." STEEVENS.

³ — — — flowers,

So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.] So, in *Macbeth* :

" To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds. STEEV.

Look

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
 So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies ;
 Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
 Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes * :
 Rain added to a river that is rank ⁴,
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
 For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ⁵ ;
 Still is he fullen, still he low'rs and frets,
 'Twixt crimson shame and anger, ashy-pale ;

Being

* *Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes :*] So, in *Twelfth Night* :

“ O, what a deal of scorn looks *beautiful*

“ In the contempt and *anger* of his lip !” MALONE :

4 — *to a river that is rank,*] Full ; abounding in the quantity of its waters. So, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ Who else must belet blood, who else is *rank* ?”

Again, more appositely in *King John* :

“ We will untread the steps of damned flight ;

“ And, like a *'bated* and retired *flood*,

“ Leaving our *rankness* and irregular course,

“ Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd.”

MALONE.

⁵ *For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ;*] Thus the old copy. I suspect the poet wrote *air*. The two words were, I believe in the time of our authour, pronounced alike ; and hence perhaps arose the mistake. See p. 20, n. 3. MALONE.

This is turning Venus into a mere recitative-singer. The poet very plainly tells us that she entreats and laments *prettily*, because she is conscious that her entreaties and lamentations are addressed to a *pretty ear*. She strives to make her discourse correspond with the *beauty* of its object. So, the Queen in *Hamlet*, addressing herself to the corpse of Ophelia : “ *Sweets to the sweet !*” Besides, is it usual to talk of *tuning* any thing to an *air* ? STEEVENS.

If my conjecture be right, Shakspeare, in making Venus *tune* her tale to a pleasing *air*, or, in other words, woo Adonis with that melody of voice which renders even beauty itself more attractive, only used the same language that he has employed in other places. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Feast-finding minstrels, *tuning* my *defame*.”

Again, more appositely, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ — *to their instruments*

“ *Tune* a deploring *dump*.”

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Again,

Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best⁶ is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt⁷.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a di-dapper peering through a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet in fire must burn:
O, pity, 'gan she cry, flint-hearted boy;
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war;
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;

Again, *ibid.*

"And to the nightingale's complaining notes

"Tune my distresses, and record my woes."

Tuning a tale to a pretty air, is reciting a story with harmonious cadence,—as the words of a song are recited with the accompaniment of music. MALONE.

⁶ *Her best is better'd* —] This is the reading of the edition in 1596. That of 1636 and the modern editions read—*brevest*. MALONE.

⁷ *And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.*] So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"—kiss for kiss

"Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:

"Oh were the sum of these that I should pay

"Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them." STEEVENS.

Yet

Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To coy, to wanton⁸, dally, smile, and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that over-rul'd, I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain*:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain⁹.

O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mast'ring her that foil'd the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,)
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—
What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head;
Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies:
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;

⁸ To coy, to wanton, &c.] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"While I thy amiable cheeks do coy."

See Vol. II. p. 509, n. 2. STEEVENS.

⁹ Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:] So *Ronsard*, Livre xiv. Ode xxiii:

"Les Muses lierent un jour

"Des chaînes de roses Amour," &c.

Several of *Ronsard's* Odes had been translated into English. See Puttenham, 1589, as quoted to this purpose by Dr. Farmer, Vol. VIII. p. 114, n. 4. W.

Some of *Anacreon's* Odes, which *Ronsard* had imitated in French, were translated into English; and it is very probable that the ode above quoted was one of those which were translated; for it is an imitation of *Anacreon's* thirtieth ode, beginning, ΑΙ ΜΟΥΣΑΙ, &c. and stands in *Ronsard's* works in the opposite page to the Bacchanalian ode which *Shakespeare* seems to have had in his thoughts in *Timon of Athens*. MALONE.

⁹ — servile to my coy disdain.] So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Servile to all the skiey influences." STEEVENS.

Love keeps his revels where there be but twain ;
 Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight :
 These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,
 Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
 Shews thee unripe ; yet may'st thou well be tasted ;
 Make use of time, let not advantage slip ;
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted :
 Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
 Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
 O'er-worn, despised, rheumatick and cold,
 Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice¹,
 Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for thee ;
 But having no defects, why dost abhor me ?

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow ;
 Mine eyes are grey², and bright, and quick in turning ;
 My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
 My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning ;
 My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
 Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear³,
 Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
 Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen⁴:

Love

¹ — *and lacking juice,*] Thus the octavo 1596. The edition of 1600 has—*joice*. The word *juice*, as Dr. Farmer informs me, is so pronounced in the midland counties. MALONE.

² *Mine eyes are grey,*] What we now call *blue* eyes, were in Shakespeare's time called *grey* eyes, and were considered as eminently beautiful. See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. sc. i. MALONE.

³ — *I will enchant thine ear,*] It appears from the corresponding rhyme, that this word was formerly pronounced as if it were written *air*. In our authour's native county it is still so pronounced by the vulgar. MALONE.

⁴ *Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:]* So, in *The Tempest*:
 “ And

Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire⁵.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou should'st think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
Narcissus so, himself himself forsook,
And dy'd to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use;
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse⁶:

"And ye, that on the sands with printless feet

"Do chase the ebbing Neptune,—." MALONE.

⁵ *Love is a spirit all compact of fire,*

Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*: "Let love, being light, be drowned, if she sink."

Compact is, made up, composed. See Vol. II. p. 521, n. 6. MALONE.

⁶ *Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:]* Alluding to twinn'd cherries, apples, peaches, &c. which accidentally grow into each other. Thus our author says, King Henry VIII. and Francis I. embraced "as they grew together. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, I think, meant to say no more than this; *that those things which grow only to [or for] themselves*, without producing any fruit, or benefiting mankind, do not answer the purpose for which they were intended. Thus, in a subsequent passage:

"So in thyself thyself art made away."

Again, in our author's 95th *Sonnet*:

"The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,

"Though to itself it only live and die."

Again, more appositely in the present poem:

"Poor flower! quoth she, this was thy father's guise,—

"For every little grief to wet his eyes;

"To grow unto himself was his desire,

"And so 'tis thine—." MALONE.

Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty ;
Thou wert begot,—to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase³ why should'st thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead ;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye⁴ did hotly overlook them ;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'er-whelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,—
Souring his cheeks⁵, cries, Fie, no more of love ;
The sun doth burn my face ; I must remove.

Ah me, (quoth Venus,) young, and so unkind⁶ ?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone !
I'll sigh celestial breath⁷, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun ;

I'll

³ Upon the earth's increase—] i. e. upon the produce of the earth,
See Vol. II. p. 467, n. 8. MALONE.

⁴ And Titan—with burning eye, &c.] So, in *K. Henry V.*

“ —like a lackey, from the rise to set,

“ Sweats in the eye of *Phæbus*.” MALONE.

⁵ Souring his cheeks,] So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ —Some news is come,

“ That turns their countenances.”

Again, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

“ It turns in less than two nights ?” MALONE.

⁶ —young, and so unkind ?] So, in *K. Lear*, Act I. sc. i. :

“ So young, and so untender ?” STEEVENS.

⁷ I'll sigh celestial breath,—] So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ —Never

I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs ;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven, shines but warm ⁸,
And lo, I lie between that sun and thee ;
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me :
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth ?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love ? how want of love tormenteth ?
O, had thy mother borne so bad a mind ⁹,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind ¹.

What am I, that thou should'st contemn me this ² ?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit ?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss ?
Speak, fair ; but speak fair words, or else be mute :
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

" ———Never man

" *Sigh'd truer breath.*" MALONE :

⁸ *The sun that shines from heaven, shines but warm,*] The sun affords only a natural and genial heat: it warms, but it does not burn. "Thou sun," exclaims Timon, A& V. sc. ii. "that comfort'st, burn!" MALONE.
So, in *K. Lear* :

" —her eyes are fierce, but thine

" Do comfort, and not burn." W.

⁹ *O bad thy mother, &c.*] So, in *All's well that ends well* :

" —but you are cold and stern ;

" And now you should be as your mother was,

" When your sweet self was got." MALONE.

¹ —unkind.] That is, unnatural. *Kind* and *nature* were formerly synonymous. See Vol. III. p. 164, n. 8, and p. 210, n. 6. MALONE.

² *What am I, that thou should'st contemn me this ?*] *That thou should'st contemn me this*, means, *that thou should'st contemptuously refuse this favour that I ask.* MALONE.

I suppose, without regard to the exactness of the rhyme, we should read —*thus*. *Thus* and *kiss* correspond in sound as well as *unlikely* and *quickly*, *adder* and *shudder*, which we meet with afterwards. STEVENS.

Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
 Well-painted idol, image, dull and dead,
 Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
 Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
 Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion;
 For men will kiss even by their own direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
 And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
 Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
 Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
 And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
 And now her sobs do her intendments³ break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
 Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
 She would, he will not in her arms be bound:
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
 She locks her lilly fingers, one in one⁴.

Fondling, she saith, since I have hemm'd thee here,
 Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
 I'll be thy park, and thou shalt be my deer⁵;
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:

³ —her intendments—] i. e. intentions. Thus, in *Every Man in his Humour*: "—but I, spying his *intendment*, discharg'd my petronel into his bosom." STEEVENS.

⁴ *She locks her lilly fingers, one in one.*] Should we not read—
 She locks *their* lilly fingers, one in one. FARMER.

I do not see any need of change.—The arms of Venus at present infold Adonis. To prevent him from escaping, she renders her hold more secure, by *locking* her hands together. MALONE.

⁵ *I'll be thy park, and thou shalt be my deer;*] The old copy has—*the park*. For this slight emendation I am answerable. The same error has often happened in our authour's plays.—The image presented here occurs again in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"—my decayed fair

"A sunny look of his would soon repair;

"But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,

"And feeds from home." MALONE.

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "—I will never take you for my love again, but *I will always count you my dear.*" STEEVENS.

Graze on my lips⁶; and, if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie⁷.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain;
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why there love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking*?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:
Pity,—(she cries) some favour,—some remorse;—
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:

The

⁶ Feed *where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale*;
Graze on my lips;] So, in *Lone's Labour's Lost*:
“—unless we feed on your lips.” MALONE.

⁷ —*where the pleasant fountains lie.*] So, Strumbo, in the tragedy of *Lochrine*: “—the pleasant water of your secret fountain.” AMNER.

* Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking!] So, in *Cymbeline*:
“What

The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds*,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with⁸.

His ears up prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest⁹ now stands on end;
His nostrils drink the air¹, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send²:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shews his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, lo! thus my strength is try'd;
And thus I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What

"What shall I need to draw my sword? The paper

"Hath cut her throat already." W.

* *The bearing earth with his hard hoof, &c.*] So Virgil, *Æn.* VIII.
Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum. MALONE.

⁸ Controlling *what he was* controlled with.] So, in *K. John*:

"Controulment for controulment. So answer France." STEEV.

⁹ Upon his compass'd crest—] *Compass'd* is arched. *A compass'd* *cieling* is a phrase yet in use. MALONE.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*: "—she came to him the other day into the compass'd window," i. e. the bow window. STEEVENS.

¹ His nostrils drink the air,—] So, Ariel in the *Tempest*;

"I drink the air before me." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

"—and through him

"Drink the free air." MALONE.

² His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send;] So, in *As you Like it*:

"—And then the lover,

"Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad."

In this description of a horse Shakspeare seems to have had the book of *Jeb* in his thoughts. MALONE.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla³, or his *Stand, I jay*?
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud fight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife⁴,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excell a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone,

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather^{*};
To bid the wind a base he now prepares⁵,
And whe'r he run, or fly, they know not whether⁶;

For

As from a furnace, vapours doth be send;] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"He furnaceth the thick sighs from him." STEEVENS.

³ *His flatt'ring holla*,] This seems to have been formerly a term of the manege. So, in *As you like it*: "Cry holla to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably." MALONE.

⁴ *His art with nature's workmanship at strife*,] So, in *Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592:

"He greets me with a casket richly wrought;

"So rare, that art did seem to strive with nature,

"To express the cunning workman's curious thought."

See also Vol. VIII. p. 8, n. 6. MALONE.

So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"It tutors nature: artificial strife

"Lives in these touches, livelier than life." STEEVENS.

^{*} *Anon he starts at stirring of a feather*;] So, in *King Richard III*:

"Tremble and start at wagging of a straw," MALONE.

⁵ *To bid the wind a base he now prepares*,] *To bid the wind a base*, is to challenge the wind to a contest for superiority. *Base* is a rustick game, sometimes termed *prison-base*; properly *prison-bars*. It is mentioned
by

For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness⁷, seems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,
He vails his tail⁸, that, like a falling plume
Cool shadow to his melting buttocks lent;
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning⁹ his boisterous and unruly beast;

by our authour in *Cymbeline*:—"lads more like to run the country hase,"
&c. Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Indeed I bid the base for Protheus." MALONE.

⁶ And whe'r be run or fly, they knew not wbetber ;] *Wbe'r*, for *wke-ther*. So, in *King John*:

"Now shame upon thee, *wbér* he does or no."

Again, in a poem in praise of *Ladie P—*, *Epitaphes*, *Epigrammes*, &c.
by G. Turberville, 1567:

"I doubt *where* Paris would have chose

"Dame Venus for the best." MALONE.

⁷ — *outward strangeness*,—] i. e. seeming coynefs, shynefs, backwardnefs. Thus Jachimo, speaking of his servant to Imogen: "He's *strange* and peevish." STEEVENS.

⁸ He vails his tail,—] *To vail*, in old language, is to lower. See Vol. V. p. 285, n. 9. MALONE.

⁹ Banning—] i. e. cursing. So, in *King Richard III*:

"Fell *banning* hag," &c. STEEVENS.

And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue¹.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks², as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
(Even as a dying coal revives with wind,)
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind³;
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askaunce he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue!
How white and red each other did destroy*!
But now, her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

- 1 — *the heart hath treble wrong,*
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.] So, in *Macbeth*:
“ — the grief that does not speak,
“ Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.” STEEV.
- 2 *But when the heart's attorney once is mute,*
The client breaks, &c.] So in *King Richard III.*
“ Why should calamity be full of words?
“ Windy attorneys to their client woes,—” STEEVENS.
- 3 *Looks on the dull earth, &c.*] So, in *The Two Gent. of Verona*:
“ She excells each mortal thing
“ Upon the dull earth dwelling.” STEEVENS.
- * — *the fighting conflict of her hue!*
How white and red, &c.] So, in *the Taming of the Shrew*:
“ Such war of white and red within her cheeks.”
Again, in *Hamlet*:
“ Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting.” W.
See also Vol. VII. p. 194, n. 7. MALONE.

Now

Now was she just before him as he sat,
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
 With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
 Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
 His tender cheek receives her soft hand's print,
 As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
 Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing;
 His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
 Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
 And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
 With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain⁴.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
 A lilly prison'd in a gaol of snow,
 Or ivory in an alabaster band;
 So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
 This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
 Show'd like two silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
 O fairest mover on this mortal round,
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
 For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
 Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.

Give me my hand, saith he, why dost thou feel it?
 Give me my heart, saith she, and thou shalt have it;
 O give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it⁵,
 And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it⁶:

⁴ *And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
 With tears, which, chorus like, her eyes did rain.*] From the
 present passage, I think it probable, that this first production of our au-
 thour's muse was not composed till after he had left Stratford, and be-
 came acquainted with the theatre. MALONE.

⁵ — *lest thy hard heart do steel it,*] So, in *Othello*:

“ — thou dost *stone* my heart.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *soft sighs can never grave it;*] Engrave it, i. e. make an im-
 pression on it. STEEVENS.

Then

Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

For shame, he cries, let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies: Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire,
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none*;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, tied to a tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who seeks his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white⁷,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight⁸?

* *The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"—but there's no bottom, none,

"To my voluptuousness." W.

⁷ *Who seeks his true love in her naked bed,*

Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"—Cytherea,

"How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lilly!

"And whiter than the sheets."

* I have followed the earliest and most authentick copy yet discovered, that of 1596. The octavo 1600, reads—*Who sees*. MALONE.

⁸ *His other agents aim at like delight?*] So also *Macbeth* expresseth himself to his wife:

"—I am settled, and bend up

"Each corporal agent to this terrible feat." AMNER.

Who

Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuse thy courser gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
O learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And, once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love, (quoth he,) nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath¹.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth²?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's back'd and burthen'd being young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

¹ *My love to love is love but to disgrace it;*] My inclination towards love is only a desire to render it contemptible.—The sense is almost lost in the jingle of words. MALONE.

² *For I have heard it is a life in death,*
That laughs and weeps,] So, in *King Richard III.*
"For now they kill me with a *living death*."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"These *lovers* cry,—Oh! oh! they die!
"Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
"Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! be!

"So *dying love* lives still:"

"Oh! oh! a while; but ha! ha! ha!"

"Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!" MALONE.

² *Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?*] So, in *The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by H. C. 1600.

"I am now too young

"To be wonne by beauty;

"Tender are my years,

"I am yet a *bad*." MALONE.

You

You hurt my hand with wringing ; let us part ³,
 And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat :
 Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;
 To love's alarm it will not ope the gate ⁴ :
 Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery ;
 For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What ! canst thou talk, (quoth she,) hast thou a tongue ?
 O, would thou had'st not, or I had no hearing !
 Thy mermaid's voice ⁵ hath done me double wrong ;
 I had my load before, now press'd with bearing :
 Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
 Earth's deep-sweet musick, and heart's deep-sore
 wounding.

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
 That inward beauty and invisible ⁶ ;
 Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
 Each part in me that were but sensible :
 Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
 Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say,

³ *You hurt my hand with wringing ; let us part,*] So, in the song
 above quoted :

" Wind thee from mee, Venus,
 " I am not disposed ;
 " Thou wringest me too hard,
 " Pr'ythee let me goe :
 " Fie, what a pain it is,
 " Thus to be enclosed !" MALONE.

⁴ Remove *your* siege from my unyielding heart ;
 To love's alarm it will not ope the gate :] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :
 " You—to remove that siege of grief from her, —."

Again, *ibid* :

" She will not stay the siege of loving terms." MALONE.

⁵ *Thy mermaid's voice—*] Our ancient writers commonly use *mermaid* for *Syren*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 166, n. I. MALONE.

⁶ — and invisible ;] I suspect that both for the sake of better rhyme, and better sense, we should read *invincible*. These words are misprinted, alternately one for the other, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. and *K. John*. STEEVENS.

In the present edition, however, thereader will find the word *invisible*, in the passage referred to in *K. John*, and *invincible*, in the second part
 VOL. X.

Say, that the sense of feeling⁵ were bereft me,
 And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
 And nothing but the very smell were left me,
 Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
 For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
 Comes breath perfum'd⁶, that breedeth love by smelling.

But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
 Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
 Would they not with the feast should ever last,
 And bid Suspicion double lock the door⁷?
 Left jealousy, that four unwelcome guest⁸,
 Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd⁹,
 Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
 Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
 Wreck to the sea-man, tempest to the field,
 Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
 Gust and foul flaws¹ to herdmen and to herds.

This

of *K. Henry IV.* as those words stand in the old copy. See Vol. IV. p. 365, n. 6. and Vol. V. p. 368, n. 4.

An opposition was, I think, clearly intended between external beauty, of which the eye is the judge, and a melody of voice, (which the poet calls *inward beauty*,) striking not the sight but the ear. I therefore believe *invisible* to be the true reading. MALONE.

⁵ *Say, that the sense of feeling—*] Thus the octavo, 1596. All the modern editions read—*reason*. MALONE.

⁶ *Comes breath perfum'd, &c.*] So, in Constable's poem:

"Breathe once more thy balmie wind:

"It smelleth of the mirrh tree

"That to the world did bring thee,

"Never was perfume so sweet." MALONE.

⁷ *And bid Suspicion double lock the door?*] A bolder or happier personification than this, will not readily be pointed out in any of our author's plays. MALONE.

⁸ *Left jealousy, that four-unwelcome guest, &c.*]

—ne quis malus invidere possit,

Quum tantum sciat esse basiorum. *Catullus*. MALONE.

⁹ — *the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,*] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"—By his gates of breath

"There lies a downy feather,"— MALONE.

¹ — *foul flaws—*] i. e. violent blasts of wind. See Vol. V. p. 393, n. 5.

STEEVENS.

"But

This ill presage advifedly ſhe marketh:—
 Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth²,
 Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
 Or as the berry breaks before it ſtaineth,
 Or like the deadly bullet of a gun³,
 His meaning ſtruck her ere his words begun⁴.

And at his look ſhe flatly falleth down,
 For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
 A ſmile recures the wounding of a frown;
 But bleſſed bankrupt, that by love ſo thriveſh!
 The filly boy believing ſhe is dead,
 Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And in amaze brake off his late intent,
 For ſharply he did think to reprehend her,
 Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
 Fair fall the wit, that can ſo well defend her!
 For on the graſs ſhe lies, as ſhe were ſlain,
 Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her noſe, he ſtrikes her on the cheeks,
 He bends her fingers, holds her pulſes hard;
 He chafes her lips; a thouſand ways he ſeeks
 To mend the hurt that his unkindneſs marr'd;
 He kiſſes her; and ſhe, by her good will,
 Will never riſe, ſo he will kiſs her ſtill.

The night of ſorrow now is turn'd to day:
 Her two blue windows⁵ faintly ſhe up-heaveth,

Like

² *Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,*] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ But, as we often ſee againſt ſome ſtorm—

“ The bold winds ſpeechleſs, and the orb below

“ As hush as death,” &c. STEEVENS.

³ *Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ — that name

“ Shot from the deadly level of a gun,—.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *His meaning ſtruck her, ere his words begun.*] So, in *K. Henry IV.*
 P. II. Vol. V. p. 283:

“ But Priam found the ſire, ere he his tongue.”

Our authour is inaccurate. He ſhould have written *began*. MALONE.

⁵ *Her two blue windows—*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ —Downy windows, cloſe;

Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
 He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth;
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky⁶,
 So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face⁷ are fix'd,
 As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
 Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
 Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;
 But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
 Shone like the moon, in water seen by night⁸.

O, where am I, quoth she? in earth or heaven,
 Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
 What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
 Do I delight to die, or life desire?
 But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
 But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

O, thou didst kill me;—kill me once again:
 Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
 Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
 That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine⁹;

And

“ And golden Phœbus never be beheld

“ Of eyes again so royal!” MALONE.

This thought is more dilated in *Cymbeline*:

“ —the enclosed lights now canopied

“ Under these windows:—white and azure! laced

“ With blue of heaven's own tinct.” STEEVENS.

⁶ —glorifies the sky,] So, in *King John*:

“ Do glorify the banks that bound them in,” STEEVENS.

⁷ —his hairless face—] So, in *K. John*:

“ This unbair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,” STEEVENS.

⁸ But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,

Shone like the moon, in water seen by night.] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,

“ Through the transparent bosom of the deep,

“ As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;

“ Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep.” MALONE.

⁹ —murder'd this poor heart—] So, in *K. Henry V*:

“ The king hath kill'd his heart.” STEEVENS.

Again

And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted²,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips³
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me⁴;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred kisses unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?

Again, in *K. Richard II.*:

" 'twere no good part

" To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart." MALONE.

¹ —their verdure still endure,

To drive infection from the dangerous year!] I have somewhere read, that in rooms where plants are kept in a growing state, the air is never unwholesome. STEEVENS.

² Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,] We meet with the same image in *Measure for Measure*:

" Take, O take those lips away,

" That so sweetly were forsworn;—

" But my kisses bring again,

" Seals of love, but seal'd in vain."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them."

The epithet *soft* has a peculiar propriety. See p. 39, n. 9. MALONE.

³ —for fear of slips,] i. e. of counterfeit money. See note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv.

" —what counterfeit did I give you?

" Mer. The slip, sir, the slip," &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" We two, that with so many thousand sighs

" Did buy each other," &c. MALONE.

Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

Fair queen, quoth he, if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years⁴;
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plumb doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:
The owl, night's herald, shrieks⁵, 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light,
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say *good night*, and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.
Good night, quoth she; and, ere he says *adieu*,
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face⁶.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,

⁴ *Measure my strangeness*—] i. e. my bashfulness, my coyness. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“—I'll prove more true,

“Than those that have more cunning to be *strange*.” MALONE.

⁵ *The owl, night's herald, shrieks, &c.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“It was the *owl* that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,

“Which gives the stern'st good-night.”

In *Romeo and Juliet*, the *lark* is called the *herald of the morn*. STEEV.

⁶ —a *sweet embrace*;

Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.] So, in *K. Her. V. III*:

“—how they clung

“In their *embracements*, as they *grew* together.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Al's well that ends well*: “I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.”—In the same manner as here, in Constable's Poem Venus promises to let Adonis go, if he will give her a kiss. She complains of its shortness, and takes another:

“When she had thus spoken,

“She gave him a token,

“*And their naked bosoms met.*” MALONE.

Whose

Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought:
He with her plenty press'd, the faint with dearth,
(Their lips together glew'd,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blind-fold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wreck⁷.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chafing,
Or like the froward infant, still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth⁸.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with temp'ring,
And yields at last to every light impression⁹?

⁷ *Forgetting shame's pure blush,*] Here the poet charges his heroine with having forgotten what she can never be supposed to have known. Shakespeare's *Venus* may surely say with *Quartilla* in *Petronius*: "*Junonem meam iratam habeam, si unquam me meminerim virginem fuisse.*" STEEV.

⁸ *While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.*] Thus Pope's *Eloisa*;
"Give all thou canst, and let me dream the rest." AMNER.

⁹ — *dissolves with temp'ring,*

And yields at last to every light impression?] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: "I have him already *tempering* between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I *seal* with him." STEEVENS.

It should be remembered that it was the custom formerly to seal with soft wax, which was *tempered* between the fingers, before the impression was made. See the note on the passage just cited, in the APPENDIX.

MALONE.

Things

Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
 Chiefly in love, whose leave¹ exceeds commiffion:
 Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
 But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
 What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
 Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
 The poor fool² prays her that he may depart:
 She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
 The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest³,
 He carries thence incaged in his breast⁴.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
 Tell me, love's master*, shall we meet to-morrow?
 Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?

¹ —whose leave—] i. e. whose licentiousness. STEEVENS.

² The poor fool—] This was formerly an expression of tenderness. So, King Lear, speaking of Cordelia:

"And my poor fool is hang'd." MALONE.

³ —by Cupid's bow she doth protest,] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow." MALONE.

⁴ He carries thence incaged in his breast.] Thus the octavo, 1596. So, in *K. Richard II.*

"And yet incaged in so small a verge,"—.

The edition of 1636 and all the modern copies read—engaged.

This is a thought which Shakspere has often introduced. So, in *As you Like it*:

"That thou might'st join her hand in his,

"Whose heart within her bosom is."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast."

Again, in *K. Richard III.*:

"Even so thy breast incloseth my poor heart." MALONE.

—* —love's master—] Thou, who art master of me, the queen of love. MALONE.

He tells her, no ; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar ! (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose⁵,
Usurps her cheek ; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws :
She sinketh down, still hanging on his neck,
He on his belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lifts of love⁶,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter :
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her ;
'That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy⁷.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes⁸,
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,

⁵ *The boar ! (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,*] So, in *The Sheep-
heard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by H. C. 1600 :

" Now, he sayd, let's goe ;

" Harke, the hounds are crying ;

" Grissie boare is up,

" Huntsmen follow fast.

" At the name of boare

" Venus seem'd dying :

" Deadly-colour'd pale

" *Roses overcast.*" MALONE.

Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,] So again, in *The Rape
of Lucrece* :

" —red as roses that on lawn we lay." STEEVENS.

⁶ —in the very lifts of love,] So also John Dryden, in his play called
Don Sebastian :

" The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding night,

" More gladly enters not the lifts of love." AMNER.

⁷ To clip Elysium,] To clip in old language is to embrace. MALONE.

⁸ —birds deceiv'd with painted grapes,] Alluding to a celebrated
work of one of the ancient painters. STEEVENS.

Our authour alludes to the celebrated picture of Zeuxis, mentioned by
Pliny, in which some grapes were so well represented that birds lighted
on them to peck at them.

Sir John Davies has the same allusion in his *Nosce teipsum*, 1599 :

" Therefore the bee did seek the painted flower,

" And birds of grapes the cunning shadow peck." MALONE.

Even

Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
 As those poor birds that helpless berries saw⁹:
 The warm effects¹ which she in him finds missing,
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing²:

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
 She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
 Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
 She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
 Fie, fie, he says, you crush me; let me go;
 You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou had'st been gone, quoth she, sweet boy, ere this,
 But that thou told'st me, thou would'st hunt the boar.
 O, be advis'd; thou know'st not what it is
 With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
 Whose tusks never-sheath'd he whetteth still,
 Like to a mortal butcher³, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set
 Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
 His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
 His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
 Being mov'd, he strikes what e'er is in his way,
 And whom he strikes, his crooked tusks slay.

⁹ *As those poor birds that helpless berries saw:]* *Helpless berries* are berries that afford no *help*, i. e. nourishment. STEEVENS.

I once thought that a different meaning was intended to be conveyed; but I now believe, Mr. Steevens is right. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“ So thou—

“ With urging *helpless* patience would'st relieve me.” MALONE.

¹ *The warm effects—]* I think we should read *affects*. So, in *Othello*:

“ —the young *affects*

“ In me defunct.” STEEVENS.

² *She seeks to kindle with continual kissing:]* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ *Quicken with kissing*:—had my lips that power,

“ Thus would I wear them out.” STEEVENS.

³ *Like to a mortal butcher;—]* *Mortal* for *deadly*. So, in *Othello*:

“ And you, ye *mortal* engines,” &c. MALONE.

His

His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes*,

Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage, (wond'rous dread!)
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still⁵;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:
Come not within his danger⁶ by thy will;
They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends:
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
Doth call himself affection's sentinel;

* *The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.*] Thus Virgil describing the rapid passage of two centaurs through the woods:

"—dat euntibus ingens

"Sylva locum, et magno cedunt virgulta fragore." STEEVENS.

5 —his loathsome cabin still;] *Cabin* in the age of Queen Elizabeth signified a small mean dwelling place, and was much in use. The term still is used universally through Ireland, where the word *cottage* is scarcely ever employed. MALONE.

6 *Come not within his danger—*] This was a common expression in Shakspeare's time, and seems to have meant, Expose not yourself to one who has the power to do you mischief. See Vol. III. p. 81, n. 1.

MALONE.

Gives

Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
 And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill*⁷;
 Distemp'ring gentle love with his desire,
 As air and water doth abate the fire.

This four informer, this bate-breeding spy⁸,
 This canker, that eats up love's tender spring⁹,
 This carry-tale¹, dissensious jealousy,
 That sometimes true news, sometime false doth bring²,
 Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
 That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
 The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
 Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
 An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
 Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
 Doth make them droop with grief³, and hang the head.

⁷ *And in a peaceful hour doth cry, kill, kill;]* These were, I think, the words formerly uttered when orders were issued to an army for general slaughter. I have met with a passage to this purpose in a book of Shakspeare's age, but cannot now turn to it. MALONE.

So, in *King Lear*:

"And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,

"Then kill, kill, kill." STEEVENS.

⁸ —*bate-breeding*—] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly observes that John Rugby is "no tell-tale, no breed-bate." *Bate* is an obsolete word signifying *strife, contention*. STEEVENS.

⁹ —*love's tender spring*,] I once thought that *love's tender spring* meant the tender blossoms of growing love. *Printemps d'amour*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring."

Again, in the present poem:

"Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain;—."

But I am now of opinion that *spring* is used here, as in other places, for a young shoot or plant. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*: Vol. II. p. 164:

"Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot." MALONE.

This canker, that eats up love's tender spring,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Full soon the canker death eats up that plant." STEEVENS.

¹ *This carry-tale*,—] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"Some carry-tale, some please-man," &c. STEEVENS.

² *That sometimes true news, sometime false doth bring*,]

"Tam ficti praviqve tenax quam nuntia veri." *Virgil*. STEEV.

What

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That trembling at the imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed?
And fear doth teach it divination³:

I prophecy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare⁴,
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:

Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshut his troubles⁶,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
He cranks⁵ and crosses, with a thousand doubles:

⁴ *And fear doth teach it divination:*] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"Tell thou thy earl, his *divination* lyes." STEEVENS.

And fear doth teach it divination:

I prophecy thy death, &c.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O God! I have an ill-divining soul;

"Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,

"As one dead in the bottom of a tomb." MALONE.

⁵ *But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;*

Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,] So, in *The Sheepbeard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by H. C. 1600:

"Speake, sayd she, no more

"Of following the boare,

"Thou unfit for such a chase;

"Course the feareful hare,

"Venison do not spare,

"If thou wilt yield Venus grace." MALONE.

⁶ *—to over-shut his troubles,*] I would read *over-shoot*, i. e. fly beyond.

STEEVENS.

To *shut up* in Shakspeare's age signified to *conclude*. I believe therefore the text is right. MALONE.

* *He cranks—*] i. e. the *winds*. So, in *Coriolanus*, the belly says,

"I send it through the rivers of your blood,

"And through the *cranks* and offices of man," &c.

Again, more appositely, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

"See, how this river comes me *cranking* in—." MALONE.

The many musits through the which he goes⁷,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer⁸;
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt;
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies⁹.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one fore sick, that hears the passing bell¹,

⁷ *The many musits through the which he goes,*] *Musits* are said by the lexicographers to be *the places through which the hare goes for relief*. The modern editions read *umfits*. MALONE.

A muset is a gap in a hedge. See Cotgrave's explanation of the French word *Trouée*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer;*] *Sorteth* means *accompanies*, consorts with. *Sort* anciently signified a *troop*, or *company*. See Vol. II. p. 490, n. 5. MALONE.

⁹ — *Echo replies,*

As if another chase were in the skies.] So Dryden:

“With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,

“And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.” STEEVENS.

¹ *To one fore sick, that hears the passing bell.*] This thought is borrowed by Beaumont and Fletcher in *Philaster*:

“—like one who languishing

“Hears his sad bell——.” STEEVENS.

Then

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch²,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:

For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike thyself,—thou hear'st me moralize³,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave?—No matter where, quoth he;
Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent. Why, what of that, quoth she:
I am, quoth he, expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall;—
In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all⁴.

But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,

² *Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,*] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“—roaming through a thorny wood

“*Scratching her legs.*” STEEVENS.

³ *Unlike thyself, thou hear'st me moralize,*] Thus the octavo, 1596. The edition of 1636, and the modern copies, read: *Unlike myself*.—But the original copy is right. *Unlike thyself* refers to the hunting of the boar, which Venus considers as a rude sport, ill suited to the delicate frame of Adonis. To *moralize* here means to *comment*; from *moral*, which our author generally uses in the sense of *latent meaning*. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*: “He has left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.” MALONE.

⁴ *In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all.*] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which preceded the present poem:

“—dark night is Cupid's day.” MALONE.

I verily believe that a sentiment similar, in some sort, to another uttered by that forward wanton Juliet, occurreth here:

“Lovers can see to do their amorous rites

“By their own beauties.” AMNER.

And

And all is but to rob thee of a kiss⁵.
 Rich preys make rich men thieves; so do thy lips
 Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
 Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn⁶.

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason:
 Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine⁷,
 Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
 For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;
 Wherein she fram'd thee, in high heaven's despite,
 To shame the sun by day, and her by night,

And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,
 To cross the curious workmanship of nature;
 To mingle beauty with infirmities,
 And pure perfection with impure defeature⁸;
 Making it subject to the tyranny
 Of sad mischances and much misery;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
 Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood⁹,
 The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
 Surfeits, impostumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
 Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.

⁵ *The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
 And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.*] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ ——— left the base earth

“ Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss.” STEEVENS.

⁶ —die forsworn.] i. e. having broken her oath of virginity. STEEV.

⁷ *Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,*] *Shine* was formerly used as a substantive. So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“ Thou shew'dst a subject's shine—.” MALONE.

⁸ —defeature;] This word is derived from *defaire*, Fr. to undo. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ —strange defeatures in my face.” STEEVENS.

⁹ —and frenzies wood,] *Wood* in old language is *frantick*.

MALONE.

And

And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under¹ :
Both favour, favour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer* late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done²,
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night³,
Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave⁴,
Seeming to bury that posterity⁵

Which

¹ *But in one minute's fight brings beauty under :*] Thus the edition of 1596. The least of these maladies after a *momentary engagement* subdues beauty. Not being till lately possessed of the copy of 1596, in the former edition of these poems I printed *fight*, the reading of the copy of 1600 : but I then conjectured that *fight* was the true reading, and I now find my conjecture confirmed. MALONE.

* — *the impartial gazer* —] Thus the octavo, 1596. *Impartial* is here used, I conceive, in the same sense as in *Measure for Measure*, Vol. II. p. 114. The subsequent copies have — *imperial*. MALONE.

² — *thaw'd, and done,*] *Done* was formerly used in the sense of wasted, consumed, destroyed. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I. Vol. VI. p. 79.

“ And now they meet, where both their lives are *done*.”

In the West of England it still retains the same meaning. MALONE.

³ — *the lamp that burns by night,*] i. e.

“ — λυχον ἑρῶτον,

“ Καὶ γάμον ἀχλύεντα —.” *Musæus*. STEEVENS.

Ye nuns and vestals, says Venus, imitate the example of the lamp, that profiteth mankind at the expence of its own oil.—I do not apprehend that the poet had at all in his thoughts the torch of the loves, or the nocturnal meeting of either Hero and Leander or any other persons.

The preceding precept here illustrated is general, without any limitation of either time or space. MALONE.

⁴ *What is thy body but a swallowing grave,*] So, in *King Richard III.*

“ — in the *swallowing* gulph

“ Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.”

Again, in our authour's 77th Sonnet :

“ The wrinkles which thy glass will truly shew,

“ Of *mouthed* graves will give thee memory.” MALONE.

⁵ — *a swallowing grave,*

Seeming to bury that posterity, &c.] So, in our authour's third Sonnet :

Vol. X.

E

“ — who

Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?

If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs, whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-fire, that reaves his son of life.

Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use, more gold begets⁶.

Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme;
The kifs I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet clozure of my breast;

"—— who is he so fond, will be the tomb

"Of his self-love, to *step posterity*?" MALONE.

⁶ But gold that's put to use, more gold begets.] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. "I cannot tell; I make it *breed* as fast." STEEVENS.

In Marlowe's poem, Leander uses the same argument to Hero, that Venus here urges to Adonis:

"What difference between the richest mine

"And basest mould, but *use*? for both, not us'd,

"Are of like worth. Then *treasure* is abus'd,

"*When misers keep it; being put to lone,*

"*In time it will returne us two for one.*" MALONE.

And

And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no ; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd, that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger ;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.

You do it for increase : O strange excuse !
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse ?

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name⁷ ;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame ;
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth, like sun-shine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun ;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done⁹.
Love surfeits not ; lust like a glutton dies :
Love is all truth ; lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;
The text is old, the orator too green.

⁷ *When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.*] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ And reason panders will.” STEEVENS.

⁸ —love to heaven is fled,

Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name.] This information is of as much consequence as that given us by Homer about one of his celebrated rivers, which, he says, was

“ Xanthus by name to those of heavenly birth,

“ But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,*

Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done ;] So again, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ O rash false heat, wrapt in repentant cold !

“ Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.” MALONE.

Therefore, in sadness, now I will away ;
 My face is full of shame, my heart of teen ¹ :
 Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
 Do burn themselves ² for having so offended.

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
 Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
 And homeward through the dark lawnd ³ runs apace ;
 Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
 Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky ⁴,
 So glides he in the night from Venus' eye ;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
 Gazing upon a late-embarked friend ⁵,
 Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
 Whose ridges ⁶ with the meeting clouds contend :

¹ *My face is full of shame, my heart of teen :*] *Teen* is *sorrow*. See Vol. VI. p. 559, n. 6. The word is often used by Spenser. MALONE.

² *Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended, Do burn, &c.*] So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ — I do condemn mine ears, that have

“ So long attended thee.” STEEVENS.

³ —*the dark lawnd*—] So the octavo, 1596. *Lawnd* and *lawn* were in old language synonymous. The modern editors read—*lanes*. MALONE.

⁴ *Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,*] So, in *K. Richard II.* :
 “ I see thy glory like a shooting star—.”

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,

“ To hear the sea-maid's musick.” MALONE.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ —and fly like chidden Mercury,

“ Or like a star dis-orb'd.” STEEVENS.

⁵ —*as one on shore*

Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,] Perhaps Otway had this passage in his thoughts when he wrote the following lines :

“ Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,

“ Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining ;

“ While afar off the vessel sails away,

“ Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd.” MALONE.

See the scene in *Cymbeline* where Imogen tells Pisanio how he ought to have gazed after the vessel in which Posthumus was embark'd. STEEV.

⁶ *Till the wild waves—*

Whose ridges—] So, in *King Lear* :

“ Horns welk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea.” STEEVENS.

So did the mercilefs and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her fight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are⁷,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood,
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way⁸.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
Ab me! she cries, and twenty times, *woe, woe!*
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wife in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answers so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

⁷ Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,] So, in *K. Lear*:

"—the wrathful skies

"Gallow the very wanderers of the dark." STEEVENS.

⁸ —the fair discovery of her way.] I would read—discoverer, i. e. *Adonis*. STEEVENS.

The old reading appears to me to afford the same meaning, and is surely more poetical. Our authour uses a similar phraseology in *Coriolanus*:

"Left you should chance to whip your *information*,
[i. e. your informer.]"

"And beat the messenger who bids beware

"Of what is to be dreaded." MALONE.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds, resembling parasites;
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastick wits?⁹

She said, *'tis so*: they answer all, *'tis so*;
And would say after her, if she said *no*.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold¹.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
O thou clear god², and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,

There

⁹ *Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastick wits?*] But the exercise of this
fantastick humour is not so properly the character of *wits*, as of per-
sons of a wild and jocular extravagance of temper. To suit this idea,
as well as to close the rhyme more fully, I am persuaded the poet wrote:
Soothing the humour of fantastick *twights*. THEOBALD.

*Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastick wits?*] See the scene of "*Anon,
anon, Sir,*" in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.—Had Mr. Theobald been as familiar
with ancient pamphlets as he pretended to have been, he would have
known that the epithet *fantastick* is applied with singular propriety to
the *wits* of Shakspeare's age. The rhyme, like many others in the same
piece, may be weak, but the old reading is certainly the true one.

STEEVENS.

¹ *That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.*] So, in his 33d Sonnet:

" Full many a glorious morning have I seen
" Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye;
" Kissing with golden face the meadows green;
" Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy." MALONE.

² *O thou clear god, &c.*] Perhaps Mr. Rowe had read the lines that
compose this stanza, before he wrote the following, with which the first
act of his *Ambitious Step-mother* concludes:

" Our glorious sun, the source of light and heat,
" Whose influence cheers the world he did create,
" Shall smile on thee from his meridian skies,
" And own the kindred beauties of thine eyes;

" Thine

There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light³, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing⁴ the morning is so much o'er-worn;
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry*.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
Hasting to feed her fawn⁵ hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

"Thine eyes, which, could his own fair beams decay,

"Might shine for him, and bless the world with day." STEEV.

³ *There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light,—* So, in *Roméo and Juliet*:

"—Her eye in heaven,

"Would through the airy region stream so bright,

"That birds would sing, and think it were not night."

MALONE.

⁴ Musing—] in ancient language is *wondering*. See Vol. IV. p. 371,
n. 8. MALONE.

* —*she coasteth to the cry.*] i. e. She advanceth. So, in *Troilus
and Cressida*:

"O these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

"That give a *coasting* welcome, ere it come!" MALONE.

⁵ *Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
Hasting to feed her fawn—*] So, in *As you like it*:

"While, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,

"And give it food." STEEVENS.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
 But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
 Because the cry remaineth in one place,
 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud :
 Finding their enemy to be so curst,
 They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
 Through which it enters to surprise her heart ;
 Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear ,
 With cold pale weakness numbs each feeling part :
 Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
 They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy⁶ ;
 Till, cheering up her senses fore-dismay'd,
 She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,
 And childish error that they are afraid ;
 Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more ;—
 And with that word she spy'd the hunted boar ;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
 Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
 A second fear through all her sinews spread,
 Which madly hurries her she knows not whither :
 This way she runs, and now she will no further,
 But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;
 She treads the path that she untreads again ;
 Her more than haste is mated with delays⁷,
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain ;

⁶ *Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy ;*] *Ecstasy* anciently signified any violent perturbation of mind. See Vol. IV. p. 361, n. 9.

MALONE.

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors* :

“ Mark, how he trembleth in his *ecstasy* !” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Her more than haste is mated with delays,*] is confounded or destroyed by delay. See Vol. IV. p. 116, n. 8. The modern editions read *parred*.

MALONE.

Full

Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting * ;
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master ;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster ;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks ; and he replies with howling.

When he had ceas'd his ill-resounding noise ;
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin vollies out his voice ;
Another and another answer him ;
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies ;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love, (thus chides she death,)
Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean,
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?

If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it ;—
O yes, it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.

* Full of respect—] i. e. full of circumspection, and wise consideration. See a note in *the Rape of Lucrece*, ft. 40, on the words—" *Respect* and reason wait on wrinkled age."—This is one of our authour's nice observations. No one affects more wisdom than a drunken man.

Thy mark is feeble age ; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke ;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower :
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears³, that thou provok'st such weeping ?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee ?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see⁹ ?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eye-lids¹, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd ;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain²,
And with his strong course opens them again.

³ —*drink tears*,—] So, in Pope's *Eloisa* :

“ And *drink* the falling *tears* each other sheds.” STEEVENS.
Rowe had before adopted this expression in his *Jane Shore*, 1713 :

“ Feed on my sighs, and *drink* my falling *tears*.”

See also *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

“ —for every word I speak,

“ Ye see I *drink* the water of mine eyes.” MALONE.

⁹ *Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see* &c.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ O, she doth *teach* the torches to burn bright.” MALONE.

¹ *She vail'd her eye-lids*,—] She *lowered* or *closed* her eye-lids. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ Do not for ever with thy *vail'd* lids

“ Seek for thy noble father in the dust.”

See also Vol. V. p. 285, n. 9. MALONE.

² *But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain*,] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. 1 :

“ For tears do stop the *flood-gates* of her eyes.” STEEVENS.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow !
 Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye ;
 Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow ;
 Sorrow, that friendly sighs fought still to dry ;
 But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain ³,
 Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
 As striving which should best become her grief ;
 All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
 That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
 But none is best ; then join they all together,
 Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla ;
 A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well :
 The dire imagination she did follow ⁴
 This sound of hope doth labour to expell ;
 For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
 And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
 Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass ⁵ ;
 Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
 Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
 To wash the foul face of the fluttish ground,
 Who is but drunken, when she seemeth drown'd.

³ —like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,] In this stanza we meet with some traces of Cordelia's sorrow :

“ — you have seen

“ Sunshine and rain at once,” &c. STEEVENS.

So also, in *All's well that ends well* :

“ I am not a day of the season,

“ For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail

“ In me at once.” MALONE.

⁴ *The dire imagination she did follow*] So the octavo, 1596. The edition of 1600 has—dry. The construction is, this sound of hope doth labour to expel the dire imagination, &c. MALONE.

⁵ —like pearls in glass ;] So, in *K. Lear* :

“ Like pearls from diamonds dropt.” STEEVENS.

* —the fluttish ground,

Who is but drunken,—] So in *K. Richard II* :

“ —England's lawful earth,

“ Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.” MALONE.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
 Not to believe, and yet too credulous !
 Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes ;
 Despair and hope make thee ridiculous :
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
 With likely thoughts⁶ the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she had wrought ;
 Adonis lives, and death is not to blame ;
 It was not she that call'd him all to nought ;
 Now she adds honour to his hateful name ;
 She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings ;
 Imperious supreme⁷ of all mortal things.

No, no, (quoth she,) sweet Death, I did but jest ;
 Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
 When as I met the boar⁸, that bloody beast,
 Which knows no pity, but is still severe ;
 Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess,)
 I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault : the boar provok'd my tongue ;
 Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander⁹ ;
 'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong ;
 I did but act, he's authour of thy slander :
 Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
 Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.

⁶ With *likely thoughts*—] The edition of 1596 has—*The* likely &c. the compositor having caught the word *The* from the line above. The correction was made in that of 1600. MALONE.

⁷ *Imperious supreme*—] So the first octavo. That of 1600 reads *Imperial*. The original is the true reading, and had formerly the same meaning. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ I thank thee, most *imperious* Agamemnon.” MALONE.

⁸ When as *I met the boar*,—] *When as* and *when* were used indiscriminately by our ancient writers. MALONE.

⁹ —*invisible commander* ;] So, in *K. John* :

“ *Death*, having prey'd upon the outward parts,

“ Leaves them *invisible* ; and his siege is now

“ Against the mind.” MALONE.

Thus

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate¹;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate²;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs³; and stories⁴
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Jove, quoth she, how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain⁵,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again⁶.

Fie,

¹ *Her rash suspect she doth extenuate*;] *Suspect* is *suspicion*. So, in our authour's 70th Sonnet:

"The ornament of beauty is *suspect*." MALONE.

² *With death she humbly doth insinuate*;] To *insinuate* meant formerly, to sooth, to flatter. To *insinuate with* was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"Desire him not to flatter *with* his lord." MALONE.

³ *Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs*;—] As Venus is here bribing Death with flatteries to spare Adonis, the editors could not help thinking of pompous tombs. But tombs are no honour to Death, considered as a being, but to the parties buried. I much suspect our author intended:

Tells him of trophies, statues, *domes*—. THEOBALD.

The old copy is undoubtedly right. *Tombs* are in one sense *honours to Death*, inasmuch as they are so many memorials of his triumphs over mortals. Besides, the idea of a number of tombs naturally presents to our mind the dome or building that contains them; so that nothing is obtained by the change.

As Mr. Theobald never published an edition of Shakspeare's poems, the reader may perhaps wonder where his observations upon them have been found. They are inserted in the second volume of Dr. Jortin's *Miscellaneous Observations on authors*, 8vo, 1731. MALONE.

⁴ —and stories

His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.] This verb is also used in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"He *stories* to her ears her husband's fame—".

Again, in *Cymbeline*: "How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than *story* him in his own hearing." MALONE.

⁵ *For he being dead, with him is beauty slain*,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O, she is rich in *beauty*; only poor,

"That, when she *dies*, with *beauty dies her store*." MALONE.

⁶ *And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again*.] The same expression occurs in *Othello*:

"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,

"But

Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear,
 As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
 Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
 Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves*.
 Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
 Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
 The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light⁷;
 And in her haste unfortunately spies
 The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
 Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
 Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
 Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain⁸,
 And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
 Long after fearing to creep forth again;
 So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
 Into the deep dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
 To the disposing of her troubled brain;
 Who bids them still consort with ugly night⁹,
 And never wound the heart with looks again;
 Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
 By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

"But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,

"*Chaos is come again.*" MALONE.

* —with false bethinking grieves.] Here the false concord cannot be corrected on account of the rhyme. See p. 66, n. 9. MALONE.

⁷ The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;]

"*Illa per intactas segetes, vel summa volaret*

"*Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas.*" Virgil. STEEV:

⁸ Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,

Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;

"Which were in-shell'd when Marcius stood for Rome."

The former of these passages supports Mr. Tyrwhitt's reading of another. See Vol. VII. p. 271, and Vol. II. p. 53, n. 5. STEEVENS.

⁹ —consort with ugly night,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"To be comforted with the humorous night." MALONE.

Whereat

Whereat each tributary subject quakes¹;
 As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground²,
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
 Which with cold terrour doth men's mind confound:
 This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
 That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling sight³
 Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd⁴
 In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
 With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd⁵;
 No flower was nigh, no grafs, herb, leaf, or weed,
 But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
 Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
 Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth⁶;
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
 Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
 Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

¹ *Who like a king—*

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;] So, in *King Lear*:

"—Ay, every inch a king:

"When I do stare, see how the *subject quakes*." STEEVENS.

² *As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,*

Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,] So, in *King Henry IV. P. I*:

"—oft the teeming *earth*

"Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd

"By the imprisoning of unruly *wind*

"Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,

"Shakes the old beldame *earth*," &c. STEEVENS.

³ —*unwilling sight*—] The earliest octavo reads—*night*. The correction was made in the edition of 1600. MALONE.

⁴ —*that the boar had trench'd*—] *Trench'd* is cut. *Trancher*, Fr. See Vol. IV. p. 368, n. 9. MALONE.

⁵ —*was drench'd*;] First octavo—*had drench'd*, the compositor having caught the word *had* from the line above. Corrected in the edition of 1600. MALONE.

⁶ *Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth*,] This verb is again used by our authour in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Madam, 'twas Ariadne, *passioning*

"For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight." MALONE.

Upon

Upon his hurt she looks so stedfastly,
 That her sight dazling makes the wound seem three;
 And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
 That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
 His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
 For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
 And yet, quoth she, behold two Adons dead!
 My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
 Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
 Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!⁷
 So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
 What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
 Whose tongue is musick now⁸? what canst thou boast
 Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
 The flowers are sweet*, their colours fresh and trim;
 But true-sweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

Bonnet or veil henceforth no creature wear!
 Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you⁹:
 Having no fair to lose¹, you need not fear;
 The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you²:

But

⁷ —mine eyes' red fire!] The edition of 1596 reads—red as fire. In the copy of 1600 red is omitted, and as retained. MALONE.

⁸ Whose tongue is musick now?—] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“That never words were musick to thine ear.” MALONE.

* The flowers are sweet—] I suspect Shakspeare wrote—*Thy flowers*, &c. MALONE.

⁹ —nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:] So, in *Othello*:

“The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets. STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*.

“Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind.” MALONE.

¹ Having no fair to lose—] Fair was formerly used as a substantive, in the sense of beauty. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“—My decayed fair

“A sunny look of his would soon repair.”

See also Vol. III. p. 170, n. 6.

It appears from the corresponding rhyme, and the jingle in the present line, that the word *fear* was pronounced in the time of Shakspeare as if it were written *fare*. It is still so pronounced in Warwickshire, and by the vulgar in Ireland. MALONE.

² —the wind doth hiss you:] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“—the

But when Adonis liv'd, fun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair;

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks³; then would Adonis weep:
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

To see his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him⁴;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tyger would be tame⁵, and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar⁶,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so*.

'Tis

" — the winds,

" Who, nothing hurt withal, kiss'd him in scorn." STEEVENS.

³ Play'd with his locks;] So the octavo, 1596. That of 1600 has—
lokes. MALONE:

⁴ —because he would not fear him;] Because he would not terrify
him. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

" For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all." MALONE.

⁵ —when he hath sung,

The tyger would be tame,] So, in *Othello*:

" She would sing the savageness out of a bear." STEEVENS.

⁶ —urchin-snouted boar,] An urchin is a hedgehog. MALONE.

* He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.] This conceit of the
Vol. X. F boar's

'Tis true, 'tis true ; thus was Adonis slain ;
 He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
 Who would not whet his teeth at him again,
 But by a kiss thought to perswade him there ;
 And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
 Sheath'd, unaware, his tusk in his soft groin⁷.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess
 With kissing him I should have kill'd him first ;
 But he is dead, and never did he bless
 My youth with his⁸ ; the more I am accurst.
 With this she falleth in the place she stood,
 And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;
 She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
 As if they heard the woeful words she told :
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 Where lo ! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies⁹ :

Two

boar's having killed Adonis inadvertently, when he meant only to kiss him, is found in the 30th Idyllium of Theocritus, but there was no translation of that poet in our authour's time. MALONE.

⁷ — *the loving swine*

Sheath'd, unaware, his tusk in his soft groin.] So, in *The Sheep-beard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, 1600:

“ On the ground he lay,
 “ Blood had left his cheek ;
 “ For an orped swine
 “ Smit him in the greyne ;
 “ Deadly wound his death did bring :
 “ Which when Venus found,
 “ She fell in a swoond,
 “ And, awakte, her hands did wring.” MALONE.

⁸ *My youth with his ;*] Thus the octavo, 1596. The edition of 1636, and the modern copies, read, — *my mouth* ; which cannot be right, for Adonis had granted her a kiss.

“ He with her plenty press'd, the faint with dearth,
 “ (*Their lips together glew'd*) fell to the earth.” MALONE.

⁹ — *two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies.*] The same want of grammar is discoverable in *Cymbeline* :

“ His steeds to water at those springs
 “ On chalic'd flow'rs that lies.” STEEVENS.

So

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
Wonder of time, quoth she, this is my spite¹,
That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unfavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low²;
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd *
With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak;
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures³;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures:
It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

So, also, in *K. Richard II.*

“ ——— there lies

“ *Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.*”

This inaccuracy may be found in every page of our authour's works, as well as in those of many of his contemporaries and predecessors. In a very few places either the metre or the rhimes render it incurable. See Vol. I. p. 46, n. 8, and Vol. II. p. 419, n. 7. MALONE.

¹ —*this is my spite,*] This is done, purposely to vex and distress me. MALONE.

² *Ne'er settled equally, but high, or low;*] So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ The course of true love never did run smooth, &c.

“ O cross! too *high* to be enthralld to *low*, &c. STEEVENS.

* —*o'er-straw'd*:] So the old copy, and such perhaps was the pronunciation of *o'er-screw'd* in our authour's time. Formerly, however, our poets often changed the termination of words for the sake of rhyme.

MALONE.

³ —*to tread the measures;*] To dance. See Vol. II. p. 405, n. 4. MALONE.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;
 It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;
 It shall be merciful, and too severe,
 And most deceiving, when it seems most just;
 Perverse it shall be, when it shews most toward;
 Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war⁴, and dire events,
 And set dissention 'twixt the son and fire;
 Subject and servile to all discontents,
 As dry combustious matter is to fire;
 Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
 They that love best, their loves shall not enjoy,

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd,
 Was melted like a vapour from her sight⁵,
 And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
 A purple flower sprung up, checquer'd with white;
 Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
 Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
 And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
 Since he himself is rest from her by death:
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
 Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

Poor flower, quoth she, this was thy father's guise,
 (Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling fire,)

⁴ *It shall be cause of war, &c.*] Several of the effects here predicted of love, in *Timon of Athens* are ascribed to gold. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Was melted like a vapour—*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“—and what seem'd corporal, melted

“Like breath into the wind.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Tempest*:

“—These our actors,

“As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

“Are melted into air, into thin air.” MALONE.

For every little grief to wet his eyes :
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine ; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast⁶ ;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right :
Lo ! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night :
There shall not be one minute in an hour,
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift aid,
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd ;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen⁷.

⁶ —*here in my breast* ;] The old copy reads—*here is my breast*. I have received Mr. Theobald's emendation for the reasons he assigns.

MALONE.

As Venus sticks the flower to which Adonis is turned, in her bosom, I think we must read against all the copies, and with much more elegance :

Here was thy father's bed, here *in* my breast—
for it was her breast which she would insinuate to have been Adonis' bed. The close of the preceding stanza partly warrants this change :

“ —but know it is as good

“ To wither *in* my breast, as in his blood.”

as the succeeding lines in this stanza likewise do :

“ Lo ! *in* this hollow cradle take thy rest.” THEOBALD.

⁷ This poem is received as one of Shakspeare's undisputed performances,—a circumstance which recommends it to the notice it might otherwise have escaped.

There are some excellencies which are less graceful than even their opposite defects ; there are some virtues, which being merely constitutional, are entitled to very small degrees of praise. Our poet might design his Adonis to engage our esteem, and yet the sluggish coldness of his disposition is as offensive as the impetuous forwardness of his wanton mistress. To exhibit a young man insensible to the caresses of transcendent beauty, is to describe a being too rarely seen to be acknowledged as a natural character, and when seen, of too little value to deserve such toil of representation. No eulogiums are due to Shakspeare's hero on the score of mental chastity, for he does not pretend to have subdued

his desires to his moral obligations. He strives indeed, with Platonick absurdity, to draw that line which was never drawn, to make that distinction which never can be made, to separate the purer from the grosser part of love, assigning limits, and ascribing bounds to each, and calling them by different names; but if we take his own word, he will be found at last only to prefer one gratification to another, the sports of the field to the enjoyment of immortal charms. The reader will easily confess that no great respect is due to the judgment of such a would-be Hercules, with such a choice before him.—In short, the story of Joseph and the wife of Potiphar is the more interesting of the two; for the passions of the former are repressed by conscious rectitude of mind, and obedience to the highest law. The present narrative only includes the disappointment of an eager female, and the death of an unsusceptible boy. The deity, from her language, should seem to have been educated in the school of Messalina; the youth, from his backwardness, might be suspected of having felt the discipline of a Turkish seraglio.

It is not indeed very clear whether Shakspeare meant on this occasion, with Le Brun, to recommend continence as a virtue, or to try his hand with Aretine on a licentious canvas. If our poet had any moral design in view, he has been unfortunate in his conduct of it. The shield which he lifts in defence of chastity, is wrought with such meretricious imagery as cannot fail to counterpoise a moral purpose.—Shakspeare, however, was no unskilful mythologist, and must have known that Adonis was the offspring of Cynaras and Myrrha. His judgment therefore would have prevented him from raising an example of continence out of the produce of an incestuous bed.—Considering this piece only in the light of a *jeu d'esprit*, written without peculiar tendency, we shall even then be sorry that our author was unwilling to leave the character of his hero as he found it; for the common and more pleasing fable assures us, that

“—when bright Venus yielded up her charms,

“The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms.”

We should therefore have been better pleased to have seen him in the situation of Ascanius,

“—cum gremio fotum dea tollit in altos

“Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum

“Floribus et multa aspirans complectitur umbra;”

than in the very act of repugnance to female temptation, self-denial being rarely found in the catalogue of Pagan virtues.

If we enquire into the poetical merit of this performance, it will do no honour to the reputation of its author. The great excellence of Shakspeare is to be sought in dramatick dialogue, expressing his intimate acquaintance with every passion that soothes or ravages, exalts or debases the human mind. Dialogue is a form of composition which has been known to quicken even the genius of those who in mere uninterrupted narrative have sunk to a level with the multitude of common writers. The smaller pieces of Otway and Rowe have added nothing to their fame.

Let it be remembered too, that a contemporary author, Dr. Gabriel Harvey, points out the *Venus and Adonis* as a favourite only with the young, while graver readers bestowed their attention on the *Rape of Lucrece*. Here I cannot help observing that the poetry of the Roman legend is no jot superior to that of the mythological story. A tale which Ovid has completely and affectingly told in about one hundred and forty verses, our author has coldly and imperfectly spun out into near two thousand. The attention therefore of these graver personages must have been engaged by the moral tendency of the piece, rather than by the force of style in which it is related. STEEVENS.

This first essay of Shakspeare's Muse does not appear to me by any means so void of poetical merit as it has been represented. In what high estimation it was held in our authour's life-time, may be collected from what has been already observed in the preliminary remark, and from the circumstances mentioned in a note which the reader will find at the end of *The Rape of Lucrece*.

Gabriel Harvey's words as quoted by Mr. Steevens in a note on *Hamlet*, (not that the judgment of one who thought that English verses ought to be constructed according to the rules of Latin prosody, is of much value,) are these. "The younger sort take much delight in Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis*: but his *Lucrece*, and his tragedy of *Hamlet*, Prince of Denmark, have in them to please the wiser sort."

To the other elogiums on this piece may be added the concluding lines of a poem entitled *Mirra the Mother of Adonis; or Lust's Prodigies*, by William Barksfield, 1607:

"But stay, my Muse, in thine own confines keep,
"And wage not warre with so deere-lov'd a neighbor;
"But having sung thy day-song, rest and sleep;
"Preserve thy small fame, and his greater favor.
"His song was worthie merit; Shakspeare, hee
"Sung the faire blossome, thou the wither'd tree:
"Laurel is due to him; his art and wit
"Hath purchas'd it; cyprus thy brows will fit."

"Will you read Virgil?" says Carew in his *Dissertation on The excellencie of the English tongue*, (published by Camden in his *Remaines*, 1614,) "take the earl of Surrey;" [he means Surrey's translation of the second and fourth *Æneid*.] "*Catullus*? Shakspeare, and Marlowe's fragment."

In *A Remembrance of some English poets*, at the end of "The Complaints of Poetry," no date, the authour, after praising some other writers, thus speaks of our poet:

"And Shakspeare, thou, whose honey-flowing vaine
"(Pleasing the world) thy praises doth containe;
"Whose VENUS and whose LUCRECE, sweet and chaste,
"Thy name in fame's immortal booke have place;
"Live ever you, at least in fame live ever!
"Well may the body die, but fame die never."

To these testimonies I may add that of Edward Phillips, and perhaps that of Milton, his uncle; for it is highly probable that the elogium on

Shakspeare, given in the *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1674, was either written or revised by our great epick poet. In Phillips's account of the modern poets our authour is thus described :

" WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the glory of the English stage, whose nativity at Stratford upon Avon is the highest honour that town can boast of. From an actor of tragedies and comedies, he became a *maker* ; and such a maker, that though some others may perhaps preserve a more exact *decorum* and *æconomic*, especially in tragedy, never any express'd a more lofty and tragick heighth, never any represented nature more purely to the life ; and where the polishments of art are most wanting, (as perhaps his learning was not extraordinary,) he pleaseth with a certain wild and native elegance ; and in *all* his writings hath an unvulgar style, as well in his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Rape of Lucrece*, and other various poems, as in his dramaticks."

Let us, however, view these poems, uninfluenced by any authority.—To form a right judgment of any work, we should always take into our consideration the means by which it was executed, and the contemporary performances of others. The smaller pieces of Otway and Rowe add nothing to the reputation which they have acquired by their dramatick works, because preceding writers had already produced happier compositions ; and because there were many poets, during the period in which Rowe and Otway exhibited their plays, who produced better poetry, not of the dramatick kind, than theirs : but, if we except Spenser, what poet of Shakspeare's age produced poems of equal, or nearly equal, excellence to those before us ? Did Turberville ? Did Golding ? Did Phaer ? Did Drant ? Did Googe ? Did Churchyard ? Did Fleming ? Did Fraunce ? Did Whetstone ? Did Gascoigne ? Did Sidney ? Did Marlowe, Nashe, Kyd, Harrington, Lilly, Peele, Greene, Watson, Breton, Chapman, Daniel, Drayton, Middleton or Jonson ? Sackville's *Induction* is the only small piece of that age, that I recollect, which can stand in competition with them. If Marlowe had lived to finish his *Hero and Leander*, of which he wrote little more than the first two Sestiads, he too perhaps might have contested the palm with Shakspeare.

Concerning the length of these pieces, which is, I think, justly objected to, I shall at present only observe, that it was the fashion of the day to write a great number of verses on a very slight subject, and our poet in this as in many other instances adapted himself to the taste of his own age.

It appears to me ; the highest degree improbable that Shakspeare had any *moral view* in writing this poem ; Shakspeare, who, (as Dr. Johnson has justly observed,) generally " sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose ;"—who " carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance." As little probable is it, in my apprehension, that he departed on any settled principles from the mythological story of Venus and Adonis. As well might we suppose, that in the construction of his plays he deliberately deviated from the rules of Aristotle, (of which after the publi-

cation

cation of Sir Philip Sidney's Treatise he could not be ignorant,) with a view to produce a more animated and noble exhibition than Aristotle or his followers ever knew. His method of proceeding was, I apprehend, exactly similar in both cases; and he no more deviated from the classical representation on any formed and digested plan, in the one case, than he neglected the unities in the other. He merely (as I conceive,) in the present instance, as in many others, followed the story as he found it already treated by preceding English writers; for I am persuaded that *The Sheepbeard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by Henry Constable, preceded the poem before us. Of this, it may be said, no proof has been produced; and certainly I am at present unfurnished with the means of establishing this fact, though I have myself no doubts upon the subject. But Marlowe, who indisputably wrote before Shakspeare, had in like manner represented Adonis as "insensible to the caresses of transcendent beauty.") In his *Hero and Leander* he thus describes the lady's dress:

" The outside of her garments were of lawne;
 " The lining purple silke, with guilt stars drawne *;
 " Her wide sleeves greene, and border'd with a grove,
 " Where *Venus* in her naked glory shew
 " To please the carelessse and disdainful eyes
 " Of proud *Adonis*, that before her lies."

(See also a pamphlet entitled *Newer too late*, by Robert Green) A. M.
 (1590) in which the following madrigal is introduced:

" Sweet *Adon*, dar'st not glance thine eye
 " (*N'oseres vous, mon bel amy ?*)
 " Upon thy *Venus* that must die?
 " *Je vous en prie*, pittie me:
 " *N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel*,
 " *N'oseres vous, mon bel amy ?*
 " See, how *sad* thy *Venus* lies,
 " (*N'oseres vous, mon bel amy ?*)
 " Love in hart, and tears in eyes;
 " *Je vous en prie*, pittie me.
 " *N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel*,
 " *N'oseres vous, mon bel amy ?*

* * *

" All thy beauties sting my heart;
 " (*N'oseres vous, mon bel amy ?*)
 " I must die through Cupid's dart;
 " *Je vous en prie*, pittie me.
 " *N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel*,
 " *N'oseres vous, mon bel amy ?*" &c.

I have not been able to ascertain who it was that first gave so extraordinary — *with guilt stars drawne*;] By *drawne* I suppose the poet means, that stars were here and there interspersed. So, in *Kind-Hartes Dreame*, a pamphlet written in 1592: "—his hose pain'd with yellow, *drawn* out with blew." MALONE.

Now Ioues queene so faire
 Had of mirth no care,
 For her sonne had made her mute;
 In her breast so tender
 He a shaft did enter,
 When her eyes beheld a boy;
 Adonis was he named,
 By his mother shamed,
 Yet he now is Venus' joy.

Him alone she met,
 ready bound for hunting;
 Him she kindly greets,
 and his journey stayes:
 Him she seekes to kisse,
 no deuises wanting;
 Him her eyes still wooe,
 him her tongue still prayes.
 He with blushing red,
 Hangeth downe the head,
 Not a kisse can he afford;
 His face is turn'd away,
 Silence say'd her *nay*,
 Still she woo'd him for a word:
 Speake, shee said, thou fairest,
 Beautie thou impairest;
 See mee, I am pale and wan:
 Louers all adore mee,
 I for loue implore thee;
 Chrystall teares with that downe ran:

Him heerewith shee forc'd
 to come sit downe by her;
 Shee his necke embracde,
 gazing in his face:
 Hee, like one transform'd,
 stir'd no looke to eye her.
 Euery hearbe did wooe him,
 growing in that place.
 Each bird with a dittie,
 Prayed him for pittie,
 In behalfe of beauties queene;
 Waters' gentle murmour
 Craved him to loue her,
 Yet no liking could be seene.

Boy,

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Boy, shee say'd, looke on mee,
 Still I gaze vpon thee ;
 Speake, I pray thee, my delight :
 Coldly hee reply'd,
 And in breefe deny'd
 To bestow on her a sight,

I am now too young
 to be wunne by beauty ;
 Tender are my yeeres ;
 I am yet a bud :
 Fayre thou art, shee said ;
 then it is thy dutie,
 Wert thou but a blossome,
 to effect my good.
 Every beauteous flower
 Boasteth in my power,
 Byrds and beasts my lawes effect ;
 Mirrha, thy faire mother,
 Most of any other,
 Did my louely hests respect.
 Be with me delighted,
 Thou shalt be requited,
 Every Nimph on thee shall tend ;
 All the Gods shall loue thee,
 Man shall not reprove thee,
 Loue himselfe shall be thy freend.

Wend thee from mee, Venus,
 I am not disposed ;
 Thou wringest mee too hard ;
 pree-thee, let me goe :
 Fie ! what a paine it is
 thus to be enclosed ?
 If loue begin with labour,
 it will end in woe.
 Kisse mee, I will leaue ;—
 Heere, a kisse receiue ;—
 A short kiss I doe it find :
 Wilt thou leaue me so ?
 Yet thou shalt not goe ;
 Breathe once more thy balmie wind :

It smelleth of the Mirh-tree,
That to the world did bring thee;
Neuer was perfume so sweet.
When she had thus spoken,
She gave him a token,
And theyr naked bosoms meet.

Now, hee sayd, let's goe;
harke, the hounds are crying;
Grieffe boare is vp,
huntsmen follow fast.
At the name of boare
Venus seemed dying;
Deadly-coloured pale
roses ouer-cast.
Speake, sayd shee, no more
Of following the boare,
Thou unfit for such a chase:
Course the fearfull hare,
Venison doe not spare,
If thou wilt yeeld Venus grace.
Shun the boare, I pray thee,
Else I still will stay thee:
Herein he vow'd to please her minde;
Then her armes enlarged,
Loth shee him discharged;
Forth he went as swift as winde.

Thetis Phœbus' steedes
in the west retained;
Hunting sport was past,
Loue her loue did seeke:
Sight of him too soone
gentle queene shee gained;
On the ground he lay,
blood had left his cheeke:
For an orped swine
Smit him in the groyne;
Deadly wound his death did bring:
Which when Venus found,
Shee fell in a swoond,
And, awake, her hands did wring.

Nimphs

Nimphs and Satires skipping
 Came together tripping;
 Eccho euery cry exprest:
 Venus by her power
 Turn'd him to a flower,
 Which she weareth in her creast*.

H. C.

* —in her creast.] I suspect this is a misprint, and that the poet wrote *breast*.

The word *orped*, which occurs in this stanza, and of which I know not the derivation, is used by Golding, (as an anonymous writer has observed,) in his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 1587, B. VIII.

"—Yet should this hand of mine,

"Even maugre dame Diana's hart, confound this *orped* swine."

Again, in the thirteenth book:

"—the *orped* giant Polypheme."

Terribilem Polyphemum.

Again, in *A Herrings Tale: containing a poetical fiction of diverse matters worthy the reading*, quarto, 1598:

"Straight as two launces coucht by *orped* knights at rest."

Gower uses the word in like manner in his *Confessio Amantis*, 1554, B. I. fol. 22:

"That thei woll gette of their accord

"Some *orped* knight to sle this lord."

So also Gawin Douglas in his translation of *Virgil*, *Æn.* X.

"And how *orpit* and proudly ruschis he

"Amid the Trojanis by favour of Mars, quod sche."

—Turnusque feratur

P'er medios insignis equo *tumidusque* secundo

Marte ruat.

Orped seems to have signified, proud, swelling; and to have included largeness of size, as well as haughtiness and fierceness of demeanour. Skinner idly enough conjectures that it is derived from *oripeau*, Fr. leaf-brafs, or tinsel; in consequence of which in Cole's and Kersey's dictionaries the word has been absurdly interpreted *gilded*. MALONE.

L U C R E C E.

THE
E P I S T L E.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, and BARON of TICHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety¹. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would shew greater; mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

¹ —*a superfluous moiety.*] *Moiety* in our authour's time did not always signify *half*; it was sometimes used indefinitely for a portion or part. See Vol. V. p. 195, n. 1. MALONE.

THE ARGUMENT².

Lucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom; went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extoll'd the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids; the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night, he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth

² This argument appears to have been written by Shakspeare, being prefixed to the original edition in 1594; and is a curiosity, this, and the two dedications to the earl of Southampton, being the only prose compositions of our great poet (not in a dramatick form) now remaining.

To the edition of 1616, and that printed by Lintot in 1710, a shorter argument is likewise prefixed, under the name of *Contents*; which not being the production of our authour, nor throwing any light on the poem, is now omitted. MALONE

away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

T H E R A P E O F L U C R E C E'.

FROM the besieg'd Ardea all in post²,
 Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
 Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
 And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
 Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
 And girdle with embracing flames the waist
 Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply

¹ "A book entitled *The Ravishment of Lucrece*," was entered on the Stationers' register, by Mr. Harrison, sen. May 9, 1594, and the poem was first printed in quarto, in the same year. It was again published in small octavo in 1598, 1600, and 1607. I have heard of editions of this piece likewise in 1596 and 1602, but I have not seen either of them. In 1616 another edition appeared, which in the title-page is said to be *newly revised and corrected*. When this copy first came to my hands, it occurred to me, that our authour had perhaps an intention of revising and publishing all his works, (which his fellow-comedians in their preface to his plays seem to hint he would have done, if he had lived,) and that he began with this early production of his muse, but was prevented by death from completing his scheme; for he died in the same year in which this *corrected* copy of *Lucrece* (as it is called) was printed. But on an attentive examination of this edition, I have not the least doubt that the piece was revised by some other hand. It is so far from being correct, that it is certainly the most inaccurate and corrupt of all the ancient copies. In some passages emendations are attempted merely for the sake of harmony; in others, a word of an ancient cast is changed for one somewhat more modern; but most of the alterations seem to have been made, because the reviser did not understand the poet's meaning, and imagined he saw errors of the press, where in fact there were none. Of this the reader will find instances in the course of the following notes; for the variations of the editions are constantly set down. I may also add, that this copy (which all the modern editions have followed) appears manifestly to have been printed from the edition in 1607, the most incorrect of all those that preceded, as being the most distant from the original, which there is

Haply that name of *chaste* unhapp'ly set
 This bateles edge on his keen appetite ;
 When Collatine unwisely did not let³
 To praise the clear unmatched red and white
 Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight ;
 Where mortal stars⁴, as bright as heaven's beauties,
 With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
 Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state ;
 What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
 In the possession of his beauteous mate ;
 Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,

reason to suppose was published under the authour's immediate inspection. Had he undertaken the task of revising and correcting any part of his works, he would surely have made his own edition, and not a very inaccurate re-impression of it, the basis of his improvements.

The story on which this poem is formed, is related by Dion. Halicarnassensis, lib. iv. c. 72 ; by Livy, lib. i. c. 57, 58 ; and by Ovid, *Fast.* lib. ii. Diodorus Siculus and Dion Cassius have also related it. The historians differ in some minute particulars.

The Legend of Lucretia is found in Chaucer. In 1558 was entered on the Stationers' books, "*A ballet called 'The greivous complaint of Lucrece,'*" licensed to John Alde: and in 1569 was licensed to James Roberts, "*A ballad of the death of Lucryssia.*" There was also a ballad of the legend of Lucrece, printed in 1576. Some of these, Mr. Warton thinks, probably suggested this story to our authour. "Lucretia (he adds,) was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the gothick ages."

Since the former edition, I have observed that Painter has inserted the story of Lucretia in the first volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, on which I make no doubt our authour formed his poem. This story is likewise told in Lydgate's *FALL OF PRINCES*. MALONE.

² —all in post.] So, in Painter's Novel:—"Let us take our horse to prove which of oure wives doth surmount. Whereuppon they roode to Rome in post." MALONE.

³ —did not let] Did not *forbear*. MALONE.

⁴ *Where mortal stars,*—] i. e. eyes. Our authour has the same allusion in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"—who more engilds the night,

"Than all yon fiery o's and eyes of light."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"At my poor house look to behold this night

"Earth treading stars, that make dark heaven light."

MALONE.

That

That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame⁵.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done⁶
As is the morning's silver-melting dew⁷
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun⁸:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortrefs'd from a world of harms.

⁵ *Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.*] Thus the quarto, 1594,
and three subsequent editions. The octavo, 1616, reads:

— at so high a rate,
and in the next line but one,

But king nor prince to such a peerless dame.

The alteration in the first line was probably made in consequence of the editor's not being sufficiently conversant with Shakspeare's compounded words; (thus, in *All's Well that ends Well*, we find *high*-repented blames; and in *Twelfth Night*, *high* fantastical;) in the last, to avoid that jingle which the authour seems to have considered as a beauty, or received as a fashion. MALONE.

⁶ — as soon decay'd and done—] *Done* is frequently used by our ancient writers in the sense of *consumed*. So, in *Venus and Adonis*, p. 49.

“ —wasted, thaw'd, and *done*,

“ As mountain snow melts with the mid-day sun.” MALONE.

⁷ *As is the morning's silver-melting-dew,*] The octavo 1616, and the modern editions, read corruptedly:

As if the morning's silver-melting dew. MALONE.

⁸ *An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun:*] Thus the quarto, 1594, the editions of 1598, 1600, and 1607. That of 1616 reads, apparently for the sake of smoother versification:

A date expir'd, and cancel'd ere begun.

Our authour seems to have remembered Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592:

“ Thou must not thinke thy flowre can always flourish,

“ And that thy *beauty* will be still admir'd,

“ But that those rayes which all these flames do nourish,

“ *Cancell'd* with time, will have their *date expir'd*.”

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

“ Diana's temple is not distant far,

“ Where you may 'bide untill your *date expire*.” MALONE.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ —and *expire the term*

“ Of a despised life.” STEEVENS.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
 The eyes of men without an orator⁹;
 What needeth then apology be made,
 To set forth that which is so singular?
 Or why is Collatine the publisher
 Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
 From thievish ears, because it is his own¹?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
 Suggested this proud issue of a king²;
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
 His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
 The golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
 His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
 His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,

⁹ *Beauty itself doth of itself persuade*

The eyes of men without an orator;] So, Daniel, in his *Rosamond*,

1594:

"——whose power doth move the blood

"More than the words or wisdom of the wife."

Again, in *The Martial Maid*, by B. and Fletcher:

"——silent orators, to move beyond

"The honey-tongued rhetorician." STEEVENS.

¹ *Why is Collatine the publisher*

Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown

From thievish ears, because it is his own?] Thus the old copy. The modern editions read: *From thievish cares*—. MALONE.

The conduct of Lucretia's husband is here made to resemble that of Posthumus in *Cymbeline*. The present sentiment occurs likewise in *Much ado about Nothing*: "——The flat transgression of a school-boy; who being over-joyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it." STEEVENS.

² *Suggested this proud issue of a king*;] *Suggested*, I think, here means *tempted*, prompted, instigated. So, in *K. Richard II*:

"What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee,

"To make a second fall of cursed man?"

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"These heavenly eyes that look into these faults,

"Suggested us to make." MALONE.

Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows³.
O rash-false heat, wrapt in repentant cold⁴,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old⁵!

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;

³ —*which in his liver glows.*] Thus the quarto, 1594. Some of the modern editions have *grows*.—The liver was formerly supposed to be the seat of love. MALONE.

⁴ —*wrapt in repentant cold,*] The octavo, 1600, reads:
—wrapt in *repentance* cold,
but it was evidently an error of the press. The first copy has *repentant*.
MALONE.

To quench the coal which in his liver glows.

—*wrapt in repentant cold,*] So, in *K. John*:

“There is no malice in this burning coal;

“The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,

“And strew'd *repentant* ashes on his head.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!*] Like a too early spring, which is frequently checked by blights, and never produces any ripened or wholesome fruit, the irregular forwardness of an unlawful passion never gives any solid or permanent satisfaction. So, in a subsequent stanza:

“Unruly *blasts* wait on the tender *spring*.”

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,

“Hold it a fashion and a toy of blood;

“A violet in the youth of *primy* nature,

“Forward, not *permanent*; sweet, not *lasting*;

“The perfume and suppliance of a minute:

“No more.”

Again, in *King Richard III*:

“Short *summers* lightly have a *forward spring*.”

Blasts is here a neutral verb; it is used by Sir W. Raleigh in the same manner, in his poem entitled the *Farewell*:

“Tell age, it daily wasteth;

“Tell honour, how it alters;

“Tell beauty, that it *blasteth* ;” &c.

In *Venus and Adonis* we find nearly the same sentiment:

“Love's gentle spring doth alway fresh remain;

“Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.” MALONE.

When

When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white⁶.

But beauty, in that white intituled⁷,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

⁶ *Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.*] The original edition exhibits this line thus:

Virtue would stain that *ore* with silver white.

Ore might certainly have been intended for *o'er*, (as it is printed in the text,) the word *over*, when contracted, having been formerly written *ore*. But in this way the passage is not reducible to grammar. Virtue would stain *that*, i. e. *blushes*, o'er with silver white.—The word intended was, perhaps *or*, i. e. *gold*, to which the poet compares the deep colour of a *blush*.

Thus in *Hamlet* we find *ore* used by our authour manifestly in the sense of *or* or *gold*:

“ O'er whom his very madness, like some *ore*

“ Among a mineral of metals base,

“ Shews itself pure.”

The terms of heraldry in the next stanza seem to favour this supposition; and the opposition between *or* and the *silver* white of virtue is entirely in Shakspeare's manner. So, afterwards:

“ Which virtue gave the *golden* age, to gild

“ Their *silver* cheeks—.” MALONE.

Shakspeare delights in opposing the colours of *gold* and *silver* to each other. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ His *silver* skin lac'd with his *golden* blood.”

We meet with a description, allied to the present one, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

“ ——— I have mark'd

“ A thousand *blushing* apparitions

“ To start into her face; a thousand *innocent* shames

“ In angel *whiteness* bear away those *blushes*.” STEEVENS.

⁷ —in *that white* intituled,] I suppose he means, *that consists in that whiteness*, or takes its title from it. STEEVENS.

Our authour has the same phrase in his 37th *Sonnet*:

“ For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,

“ Or any of these all, or all, or more,

“ Intit'd in their parts, do crown'd sit,—.” MALONE.

This

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
 Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white.
 Of either's colour was the other queen,
 Proving from world's minority their right:
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
 The sovereignty of either being so great,
 That oft they interchange each other's feat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
 Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field⁸,
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses⁹;
 Where, left between them both it should be kill'd,
 The coward captive vanquished doth yield
 To those two armies, that would let him go,
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue
 (The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so)
 In that high talk hath done her beauty wrong,

⁸ —in *her fair face's field*,] *Field* is here equivocally used. The *war* of lilies and roses requires a *field* of battle; the *heraldry* in the preceding stanza demands another field, i. e. the ground or surface of a shield or escutcheon armorial. STEEVENS.

⁹ *This silent war of lilies and of roses,*

Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,

In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;] There is here much confusion of metaphor. *War* is, in the first line, used merely to signify the contest of lilies and roses for superiority; and in the third, as actuating an army which takes Tarquin prisoner, and encloses his eye in the pure ranks of *white* and *red*.

Our authour has the same expression in *Coriolanus*:

“ —Our veil'd dames

“ Commit the *war* of *white* and *damaft* in

“ Their nicely gauded cheeks, to the wanton spoil

“ Of Phæbus' burning kisses.”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ To note the *fighting* *conflict* of her hue,

“ How *white* and *red* each other did destroy.” — MALONE.

So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

“ Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

“ Such *war* of *white* and *red* within her cheeks!”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ O, what a *war* of looks was then between them!” STEEV.

Which

Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :
 Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe¹,
 Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
 . In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly faint, adored by this devil,
 Little suspecteth the false worshipper ;
 For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil ;
 Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear² :
 So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
 And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
 Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
 Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty³ ;
 That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
 Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
 Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;
 But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
 That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes⁴,
 Could pick no meaning from their parling looks⁵,
 Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
 Writ in the glassy margents of such books⁶ ;
 She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks ;

Nor

¹ *Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,*] Praise here signifies the object of praise, i. e. Lucretia. To owe in old language means to possess. See Vol. II. p. 24, n. 1, and p. 160, n. 3. MALONE.

² *Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear :*] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III :

“ The bird that hath been limed in a bush,

“ With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush.” STEEVENS.

³ *Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty :*] So, in *King Lear* :

“ Robes and furr'd gowns bide all.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *—with stranger eyes,*] *Stranger* is here used as an adjective. So, in *K. Richard II.*

“ And tread the *stranger* paths of banishment.” MALONE.

⁵ *Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,*] So, *Daniel* in his *Rosamond* :

“ Ah beauty, Syren, fair enchanting good !

“ Sweet silent *rhétorick* of persuading eyes !” MALONE.

⁶ *Writ in the glassy margents of such books ;*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ And

Nor could she moralize his wanton fight⁷,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light,

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory⁸;
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there.
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day⁹.

For

"And what obscur'd in this fair *volume* lies,

"Find written in the *margin* of his eyes."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"I knew you must be edified by the *margent*, ere you had done."

In all our ancient English books, the comment is printed in the margin.

MALONE.

7 *Nor could she moralize his wanton fight,*] To *moralize* here signifies to interpret, to investigate the latent meaning of his looks. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "You have some *moral* in this Benedictus." Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*: "—and has left me here to expound the meaning or *moral* of his signs and tokens." See also Vol. VII. p. 529, n. 7. MALONE.

8 *With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:*] So, in *K. Richard III.*:

"Now are our brows bound with *victorious wreaths*,"

"Our *bruised arms* hung up for monuments." MALONE.

9 *Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,*

Upon the world dim darkness doth display,

And in her vaulty prison stows the day.] So, Daniel in his *Rosamond*, 1592:

"Com'd was the *night*, mother of sleep and fear,

"Who with her *sable* mantle friendly covers

"The sweet stolne sports of joyful meeting lovers."

Thus the quarto, 1594, and the three subsequent editions. The octavo, 1616, without any authority, reads thus:

Till sable night, *sad source* of dread and fear,

Upon the world dim darkness doth display,

And in her vaulty prison *shuts* the day. MALONE.

Stows

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
 Intending weariness with heavy spright¹;
 For, after supper, long he questioned
 With modest Lucrece², and wore out the night:
 Now leaden slumber³ with life's strength doth fight;
 And every one to rest himself betakes,
 Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that
 wakes⁴.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
 The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
 Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:
 Despair to gain, doth traffick oft for gaining;
 And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,
 Though death be adjunct⁵, there's no death suppos'd.

Stows I believe to be the true, though the least elegant, reading: So, in *Hamlet*, Act IV. sc. i: "*Safely stow'd*." STEEVENS.

¹ Intending weariness with heavy spright;] Intending is pretending. See Vol. VII. p. 540, n. 5. MALONE.

² For, after supper, long he questioned
 With modest Lucrece,—] Held a long conversation. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"I pray you, think you question with the Jew."

Again, in *As you Like it*: "I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him." MALONE.

³ —leaden slumber—] So, in *K. Richard III*:

"Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow." STEEVENS.

⁴ And every one to rest himself betakes,

Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wakes.] Thus the quarto. The octavo 1600, reads:—*themselves betake*, and in the next line:

Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wake.

But the first copy was right. This disregard of concord is not uncommon in our ancient poets. So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:

"—two lamps burnt out in darkness lies."

Again in *the Tempest*, 1623:

"—at this hour

"Lies at my mercy all mine enemies."

See p. 96, n. 9. MALONE.

⁵ Though death be adjunct,] So, in *King John*:

"Though that my death were adjunct to the act." STEEVENS.

Those

Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, (that which they possess⁶),
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waining age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour, in fell battles' rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

⁶That what they have not, (that which they possess,)] Thus the quarto,
‡594. The edition of 1616 reads:

Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,
That oft they have not that which they possess;
They scatter and unloose it, &c.

The alteration is plausible, but not necessary. If it be objected to the reading of the first copy, that these misers cannot scatter *what they have not*, (which they are made to do, as the text now stands,) it should be observed, that the same objection lies to the passage as regulated in the latter edition; for here also they are said to scatter and unloose it," &c. although in the preceding line they were said "oft *not to have it*." Poetically speaking, they may be said to scatter *what they have not*, i. e. what they cannot be truly said to have; what they do not enjoy, though possessed of it. Understanding the words in this sense, the old reading may remain.

A similar phraseology is found in Daniel's *Rosamond*, 1592:

"As wedded widows, wanting what we have."

Again, in *Cleopatra*, a tragedy, by the same authour, 1594:

"—their state thou ill definest,

"And liv'st to come, in present pineft;

"For what thou hast, thou still dost lacke:

"O mindes tormentor, bodies wracke:

"Vaine promiser of that sweete reste,

"Which never any yet possessest."

"*Tam avaro deest quod habet, quam quod non habet*," is one of the sentences of Publius Syrus. MALONE.

So that in vent'ring ill⁷, we leave to be
 The things we are, for that which we expect;
 And this ambitious foul infirmity,
 In having much, torments us with defect
 Of that we have: so then we do neglect
 The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing, by augmenting it⁸.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
 Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
 And, for himself, himself he must forsake:
 Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
 When shall he think to find a stranger just,
 When he himself himself confounds *, betrays
 To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days⁹?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night¹,
 When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
 No comfortable star did lend his light,
 No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries:
 Now serves the season that they may surprise

The

⁷ *So that in vent'ring ill,—*] Thus the old copy. The modern editions read:

So that in vent'ring all,—
 But there is no need of change. *In venturing ill*, means, *from an evil spirit of adventure, which prompts us to covet what we are not possessed of.* MALONE.

⁸ *Make something nothing, by augmenting it.*] Thus, in *Macbeth*:

“ ———so I lose no honour

“ By seeking to *augment* it,” &c. STEEVENS.

* —*himself* confounds,] i. e. destroys. See Vol. V. p. 506, n. 4.

MALONE.

⁹ —*and wretched hateful days?*] The modern editions read, unintelligibly:

To slanderous tongues, *the wretched hateful lays.* MALONE.

¹ *Now stole upon the time the dead of night, &c.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ———Now o'er the one half world

“ Nature seems *dead*, and wicked *dreams* abuse

“ *The curtain'd sleep*: now witchcraft celebrates

“ Pale Hecat's offerings; and wither'd murder,

“ Alarum'd by his sentinel, the *wolf*,

“ Whose *howl's* his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

“ With Tarquin's ravishing *sides*, towards his design

“ Moves like a ghost.” MALONE.

Now

The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake, to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
The one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm;
But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire²,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye³;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire⁴.

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprize,
And in his inward mind he doth debate

What

*Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light—
—pure thoughts are dead and still,*

While lust and murder wake—] From this and two following passages in the poem before us, it is hardly possible to suppose but that Mr. Rowe had been perusing it before he sat down to write *The Fair Penitent*:

“ Once in a lone and secret hour of night,
“ When every eye was clos'd, and the pale moon,
“ And silent stars—
“ Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honour,
“ Were lull'd to rest, and love alone was awaking.” STEEVENS.

² *Doth too too oft betake him to retire,*] That is, *Fear* betakes himself to flight. MALONE.

³ *—lode-star to his lustful eye;*] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:
“ Your eyes are lode-stars.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.*]

What following sorrow may on this arise :
 Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
 His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust⁵,
 And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine⁶ !
 And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
 With your uncleanness that which is divine !
 Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :
 Let fair humanity abhor the deed
 That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed⁷.

O shame to knighthood and to shining arms !
 O foul dishonour to my household's grave !
 O impious act, including all foul harms !
 A martial man to be soft fancy's slave⁸ !
 True valour still a true respect should have ;
 Then my digression⁹ is so vile, so base,
 That it will live engraven in my face.

" Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquefcit,
 " Uno eodemque igni ; sic nostro Daphnis amore.

Virg. Ec. 8. STEEVENS.

⁵ —*armour of still-slaughter'd lust,*] i. e. still slaughtering ; unless the poet means to describe it as a passion that is always a killing, but never dies. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine !*] In *Orbello*, we meet with the same play of terms :

" Put out the light, and then put out the light :—

" If I quench thee," &c. MALONE.

⁷ —*love's modest snow-white weed.*] *Weed*, in old language, is *garment*. MALONE.

⁸ —*soft fancy's slave !*] *Fancy for love or affection*. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

" Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers." MALONE.

⁹ *Then my digression—*] My deviation from virtue. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* : " I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent." MALONE.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" Thy noble shape is but a form in wax,

" Digressing from the valour of a man." STEEVENS.

Yea,

Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-fore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dafh the herald will contrive¹,
To cipher me, how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week²?
Or sells eternity, to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

¹ —the scandal will survive,

And be an eye-fore in my golden coat;

Some loathsome dafh the herald will contrive,] In the books of heraldry a particular mark of disgrace is mentioned, by which the escutcheons of those persons were anciently distinguished, who "discourteously used a widow, maid, or wife, against her will." There were likewise formerly marks of disgrace for him that *revoked a challenge*, or *went from his word*; for *him who fled from his colours*, &c. In the present instance our authour seems to allude to the mark first mentioned. MALONE.

Some loathsome dafh the herald will contrive,] So, in *King John*:

"To look into the blots and stains of right."

Again, in Drayton's *Epistle from Queen Isabel to King Richard II.*:

"No bastard's mark doth blot my conquering shield."

This distinction, whatever it was, was called in ancient heraldry a *blot* or difference. STEEVENS.

² Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?] So, in *K. Rich. III.*:

"Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

"And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen." STEEV.

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

"Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease." MALONE.

H 2

O, what

O, what excuse can my invention make,
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
 Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake?
 Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
 The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
 And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
 But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my son or fire,
 Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
 Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
 Might have excuse to work upon his wife;
 As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
 But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend³,
 The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known⁴:
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:
 I'll beg her love;—*but she is not her own*:
 The worst is but denial, and reproving:
 My will is strong, past reason's weak removing:
 Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,
 Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe⁵.

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
²Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will,
 And with good thoughts makes dispensation,

³ But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,] So, in *Macbeth*:

“First, as I am his kinsman, and his subject,

“Strong both against the deed;—.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Shameful it is*;—ay, if the fact be known:] Thus all the editions before that of 1616, which reads:

Shameful it is; if once the fact be known.

The words in Italicks in the first three lines of this stanza, are supposed to be spoken by some airy monitor. MALONE.

⁵ *Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,*

Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.] In the old tapestries or painted cloths many moral sentences were wrought. So, in *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in't*, by Decker, 1612:

“What says the prodigal child in the painted cloth?”

See Vol. III. p. 179, n. 9. MALONE.

Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects⁶, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes;
Fearing some hard news⁷ from the warlike band
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay⁸,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away⁹.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd¹,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;

⁶ *All pure effects*,—] Perhaps we should read *affects*. So, in *Othello*:

“—the young *affects*”

“In me *defunct*—”. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Fearing some hard news*,—] So, in *the Destruction of Troy*, translated by W. Caxton, 5th edit. 1617: “Why, is there any thing (said Dejanira)? what tydings? Lycos answered, *hard tydings*.”

MALONE.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“—this is *stiff* news.”

The modern editors read—*bad* news. STEEVENS.

⁸ *—red as roses that on lawn we lay*,] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“—a sudden pale,

“Like *lawn* being *laid* upon the blushing *rose*.” MALONE.

⁹ *—the roses took away*.] The roses being taken away. MALONE.

¹ *And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd*,] Thus all the editions before that of 1616, which has:

And *now* her hand, &c. MALONE.

Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
 Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
 And when his gawdy banner is display'd²,
 The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
 Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!³
 My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
 Sad pause and deep regard be seem the sage⁴;
 My part is youth, and beats these from the stage⁵:
 Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
 Then who fears sinking, where such treasure lies?

As corn o'er-grown by weeds, so heedful fear
 Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust⁶.
 Away he steals with open listening ear,

Full

² *And when his gawdy banner is display'd,*] Thus the quarto, 1594. The edition of 1616 reads—*this gawdy banner*; and in the former part of the stanza, *pleads and dreads*, instead of *pleadeth and dreads*.

MALONE.

³ *Then childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!*

Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age, &c.] So, in *K. Rich. III.*:

“—I have learn'd that fearful commenting

“Is leaden servitor to dull delay;—

“Then fire expedition be my guide!”

Respect means, cautious prudence, that coolly weighs all consequences. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. sc. i:

“—reason and respect

“Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.”

See p. 57, n. *. MALONE.

⁴ *Sad pause and deep regard be seem the sage;*] *Sad*, in ancient language, is *grave*. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

“The conference was sadly borne.” MALONE.

⁵ *My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:*] The poet seems to have had the conflicts between the Devil and the *Vice* of the old moralities, in his thoughts. In these, the *Vice* was always victorious, and drove the Devil roaring off the stage. MALONE.

My part is youth,—] Probably the poet was thinking on that particular interlude intitled *Lusty Juventus*. STEEVENS.

⁶ —*heedful fear*

Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.] Thus the old copy. So, in *K. Henry IV.*:

“And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd

“Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd.”

Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cros him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion:

Within his thought her heavenly image fits,
And in the self-same seat fits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worse part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours⁷;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed⁸.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward⁹;
But as they open, they all rate his ill,

So also, Dryden:

"No fruitful crop the sickly fields return,
"But docks and danel choke the rising corn."

The modern editions erroneously read:

—*cloak'd* by unresisted lust. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;*] So, in *K. Henry VI.*

P. III:

"—to see the *minutes* how they run,

"How many make the *hour* full-complete." MALONE.

⁸ *The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.*] Thus the quarto 1594.

The edition of 1616 reads—*doth march*. MALONE.

⁹ —retires *his ward*;) Thus the quarto, and the editions 1598 and 1600. That of 1616, and the modern copies, read, unintelligibly:

Each one by one enforc'd, *recites* his ward.

Retires is draws back. Retirer, Fr. So, in *K. Richard II.*

"That he, our hope, might have *retir'd* his power."

MALONE.

Which drives the creeping thief to some regard¹ :
 The threshold grates the door to have him heard² ;
 Night-wandering weefels³ shriek, to see him there ;
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
 Through little vents and crannies of the place
 The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,
 And blows the smoke of it into his face,
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case⁴ ;
 But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
 Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch :

And being lighted, by the light he spies
 Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks ;
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies⁵ ;
 And griping it, the needl his finger pricks⁶ :
 As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks

Is

¹ Which drives the creeping thief to some regard :] Which makes him pause, and consider what he is about to do. So before :

" Sad pause and deep regard besetm the sage." MALONE.

² —to have him heard ;] That is, to discover him ; to proclaim his approach. MALONE.

³ Night-wandering weefels shriek, &c.] The property of the *weefel* is to suck eggs. To this circumstance our author alludes in *As you like it* : " I suck melancholy out of a song, as a *weefel* sucks eggs." Again, in *King Henry V.*

" For once the eagle England being in prey,

" To her unguarded nest the *weefel* Scot

" Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs."

Perhaps the poet meant to intimate, that even animals intent on matrimonial plunder, gave the alarm at sight of a more powerful invader of the nuptial bed. But this is mere idle conjecture. STEEVENS.

⁴ Extinguishing his conduct in this case ;] *Conduet* for conductor. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. sc. i :

" Come, bitter *conduet*, come, unsavoury guide—." MALONE.

⁵ He takes it from the rushes where it lies,] The apartments in England being strewed with rushes in our author's time, he has given Lucretia's chamber the same covering. The contemporary poets, however, were equally inattentive to propriety. Thus Marlowe in his *Hero and Leander* :

" She fearing on the *rushes* to be flung,

" Striv'd with redoubled strength." MALONE.

⁶ And griping it, the needl his finger pricks :] *Needl* for needle. Our author has the same abbreviation in his *Pericles* :

" Deep

Is not inur'd ; return again in haste ;
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him ;
He in the worst sense construes their denial :
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial ;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial ;
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let ⁷,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, so, quoth he, these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime ⁸,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing ⁹.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing ;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and
sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought ¹,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,

“ Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her *needle* composes
“ Nature's own shape—.”

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ Have with our *needles* created both one flower.” MALONE.

⁷ —his course doth let,] To let, in ancient language, is to obstruct, to retard. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ —I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.” MALONE.

⁸ To add a more rejoicing to the prime,] That is, a greater rejoicing.
So, in *K. Richard II* :

“ To make a more requital of your loves.”

The prime is the spring. MALONE.

⁹ And give the sneaped birds —] Sneaped is checked. So, Falstaff, in *K. Henry IV. P. II* : “ My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply.” MALONE.

¹ That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,] So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“ My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

“ My sole earth's heaven—.” MALONE.

That

That for his prey to pray he doth begin²,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair³,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour⁴,
Even there he starts:—quoth he, I must deflower;
The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution⁵;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out⁶, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

² *That for his prey to pray he doth begin,*] A jingle not less disgusting occurs in Ovid's narration of the same event:

"*Hospis ut hospes in penetralia Collatina.*" STEEVENS.

Prey was formerly always spelt *pray*. MALONE.

³ *—might compass his fair fair,*] His fair beauty. *Fair*, it has been already observed, was anciently used as a substantive. MALONE.

⁴ *And they would stand auspicious to the hour,*] This false concord perhaps owes its introduction to the rhyme. In the second line of the stanza *one* deity only is invoked; in the fourth line he talks of more. We must therefore either acknowledge the want of grammar, or read:

And *be* would stand auspicious to the hour, &c. STEEVENS.

The same inaccuracy is found in *King Richard III*:

"Richard yet lives, *bell's* black intelligencer,

"Only reserv'd *their* factor, to buy souls,

"And send them thither."

Again, in the same play, Act I. sc. iii:

"If *Leaven* have any grievous plague in store,

"O, let *them* keep it till thy sins be ripe. MALONE.

⁵ The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;] The octavo, 1616, and the modern editions, read:

Black sin is clear'd with absolution.

Our authour has here rather prematurely made Tarquin a disciple of modern Rome. MALONE.

⁶ *The eye of heaven—*] So, in *K. Richard II*:

"All places that the *eye of heaven* visits." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Now ere the *sun* advance his burning eye—". MALONE.

This

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide :
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch :
Thus treason works ere traitors be espy'd.
Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside ;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks⁷,
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head :
By their high treason is his heart mis'd ;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon⁸,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fry-pointed sun⁹,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light :
Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed ;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

⁷ *Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,*] That the poet meant by the word *stalk* to convey the notion, not of a boisterous, but quiet, movement, appears from a subsequent passage :

" For in the dreadful dark of deep midnight,
" With shining falchion in my chamber came
" A *creeping* creature, with a flaming light,
" And softly cry'd——"

Thus also, in a preceding stanza :

" Which drives the *creeping* thief to some regard."

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

" —Our Tarquin thus
" Did *softly press the rushes*, ere he waken'd
" The chastity he wounded."

A person apprehensive of being discovered, naturally takes *long* steps, the sooner to arrive at his point, whether he is approaching or retiring, and thus shorten the moments of danger. MALONE.

⁸ *Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,*] The octavo, 1616, reads—*too soon*. MALONE.

⁹ —*fry-pointed sun,*] I would read :—*fire-ypointed*. So, Milton :
" Under a *fire-ypointing* pyramid." STEEVENS.

I suppose the old reading to be right, because in Shakspeare's edition the word is spelt *ferie-pointed*. MALONE.

O, had,

O, had they in that darksome prison died,
 Then had they seen the period of their ill!
 Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
 In his clear bed¹ might have reposed still:
 But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
 And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their fight
 Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under²,
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kifs³;
 Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,

Swelling

¹ *In his clear bed—*] *Clear* is pure spotless. See Vol. VIII. p. 61, n. 9. MALONE.

² *—her rosy cheek lies under,*] Thus the first copy. The edition of 1600 and the subsequent impressions have *cheeks*. MALONE.

³ *Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under, Cozening the pillow of a lawful kifs;*] Among the poems of Sir John Suckling, (who is said to have been a great admirer of our author,) is one entitled, *A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verses of Mr. William Shakespeare*; which begins with these lines, somewhat varied. We can hardly suppose that Suckling would have called a passage extracted from a regular poem an *imperfect copy of verses*. Perhaps Shakespeare had written the lines quoted below (of which Sir John might have had a manuscript copy) on some occasion previous to the publication of his *Lucrece*, and afterwards used them in this poem, with some variation. In a subsequent page the reader will find some verses that appear to have been written before *Venus and Adonis* was composed, of which, in like manner, the leading thoughts were afterwards employed in that poem. This supposed fragment is thus supplied by Suckling.—
 The variations are distinguished by Italic characters.

I.

*“ One of her hands one of her cheeks lay under,
 “ Cozening the pillow of a lawful kifs;
 “ Which therefore swell'd, and seem'd to part asunder,
 “ As angry to be robb'd of such a blifs:
 “ The one look'd pale, and for revenge did long,
 “ While t'other blush'd 'cause it had done the wrong.”*

II.

*“ Out of the bed the other fair hand was,
 “ On a green sattin quilt; whose perfect white
 “ Look'd like a daisy in a field of grafs*,
 “ And shew'd like unmelt snow unto the sight:
 “ There lay this pretty perdue, safe to keep
 “ The rest o' the body that lay fast asleep.*

* *Thus far* (says Suckling) *Shakespeare.*

Swelling on either side, to want his bliss ;
Between whose hills her head intombed is :
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies ⁴,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night ⁵.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light ;
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay ⁶,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

III.

" Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid,
" Strove to imprison beauty till the morn ;
" But yet the doors were of such fine stuff made,
" That it broke through and shew'd itself in scorn ;
" Throwing a kind of light about the place,
" Which turn'd to smiles, still as't came near her face.

IV.

" Her beams, which some dull men call'd hair, divided
" Part with her cheeks, part with her lips, did sport ;
" But these, as rude, her breath put by still : some *
" Wiselier downward sought ; but falling short,
" Curl'd back in rings, and seem'd to turn again,
" To bite the part so unkindly held them in." MALONE.

⁴ *Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,*] On our ancient monuments the heads of the persons represented are commonly reposed on pillows. Our author has nearly the same image in *Cymbeline* :

" And be her sense but as a monument,
" Thus in a chapel lying." STEEVENS.

Again, in *All's well that ends well* :

" You are no woman, but a monument.

See Vol III. p. 436, n. 9. MALONE.

⁵ *With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.*] So, Dryden :

" And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night-dew sweat. STEEV.

⁶ *Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,*
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay, &c.] So, in *Cymbeline* :

" — The flame o' the taper
" Bows toward her, and would underpeep her lids,
" To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
" Under these windows." MALONE.

* Suckling probably wrote *divide* in the former line; and here,
" But these, as rude, by her breath put still aside,—"

Her

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
 O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
 Showing life's triumph⁷ in the map of death⁸,
 And death's dim look in life's mortality:
 And in her sleep themselves so beautify,
 As if between them twain there were no strife⁹,
 But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
 A pair of maiden worlds unconquered¹,
 Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew²,
 And him by oath they truly honoured³.
 These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
 Who, like a foul usurper, went about
 From this fair throne to heave the owner out⁴.

7 Showing *life's triumph*—] The octavo, 1616, reads *Showing*.

MALONE.

8 —in the map of death,] So, in *King Richard II*:

“Thou map of honour.” STEEVENS.

9 As if between them twain there were no strife,

But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.] So, in *Macbeth*:

“That death and nature do contend about them,

“Whether they live or die.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

“—Nature and sickness

“Debate it at their leisure.” MALONE.

¹ A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,] Maiden worlds! How hap-
 peneth this, friend Collatine, when Lucretia hath so long lain by thy
 side? Verily, it insinuateth thee of coldness. ANNER.

² Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,] So, Ovid, describing
 Lucretia in the same situation:

“Effugiet? positus urgetur pectora palmis,

“Nunc primum externâ pectora tacta manu.” MALONE.

³ And him by oath they truly honoured.] Alluding to the ancient prac-
 tice of swearing domesticks into service. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“Her servants are all sworn and honourable.” STEEVENS.

The matrimonial oath was, I believe, alone in our authour's thoughts.

MALONE.

⁴ —to heave the owner out.] So, in a subsequent stanza:

“My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee.”

The octavo, 1616, and the modern editions, read:

—to have the owner out. MALONE.

What

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
 What did he note, but strongly he desir'd?
 What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
 And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd⁵.
 With more than admiration he admir'd
 Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
 Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
 Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
 So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay
 His rage of lust, by gazing qualified⁶;
 Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
 His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
 Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
 Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting⁷,
 In bloody death and ravishment delighting,

⁵ *And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.*] This may mean—*He gluttied his lustful eye in the imagination of what he had resolved to do.* To tire is a term in falconry. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*: "Must with keen fang tire upon thy flesh." Perhaps we should read—*And on his will, &c.* STEEVENS.

⁶ —*by gazing* qualified;] i. e. softened, abated, diminished. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"——I have heard

"Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify

"His rigorous courses." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Orbello*: "I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too." MALONE.

⁷ —*fell exploits* effecting,] Perhaps we should read—*affecting*.

STEEVENS.

The preceding line, and the two that follow, support, I think, the old reading. Tarquin only *expects* the onset; but the slaves here mentioned do not *affect* or meditate fell exploits, they are supposed to be actually employed in carnage:

"——for pillage fighting,

"Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans respecting."

The subsequent line,

"Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting,——"

refers, not to the slaves, but to Tarquin's veins. MALONE.

Nor

Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting :

Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,
Gives the hot charge⁸, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand⁹ ;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land¹ ;

Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries :
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some gaily sprite,

⁸ Gives the *hot* charge,—] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ ———proclaim no shame,

“ When the compulsive ardour *gives the charge*.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *His eye commends the leading to his hand* ;] To *commend* in our author's time sometimes signified to *commit*, and has that sense here. So, in *the Winter's Tale* :

“ —commend it strangely to some place,

“ Where chance may nurse, or end it.”

Again, in *King Richard II* :

“ His glittering arms he will *commend* to rust.”

See Vol. V. p. 65, n. *. MALONE.

¹ *On her bare breast, the heart of all her land* ;] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ —the very *heart of loss*.”—

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ ———I will wear him

“ In my heart's core ; ay, in my *heart of heart*.” MALONE.

Whose

Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking;
What terrour 'tis! but she, in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true².

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies³;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting anticks, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries⁴;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights⁵,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!)
May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal⁶.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city⁷.

First,

² *The sight which makes supposed terror true.*] The octavo, 1616, and the modern editions, read:

—which makes supposed terror true. MALONE.

³ *Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears, Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;*] So Ovid, describing Lucretia in the same situation:

"Illa nihil; neque enim vocem viresque loquendi

"Aut aliquid toto pectore mentis habet.

"Sed tremit—." MALONE.

⁴ *Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;*] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"These, are the forgeries of jealousy." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"This is the very coinage of your brain:

"This bodiless creation ecstasy

"Is very cunning in." MALONE.

⁵ *—the eyes fly from their lights,*] We meet with this conceit again in *Julius Cæsar*:

"His coward lips did from their colour fly." STEEVENS.

⁶ *Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.*] Bulk is frequently used by our authour, and other ancient writers, for *body*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,

"And end his being."

See also Vol. VI. p. 488, n. 3. MALONE.

⁷ *To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.*] So, in our authour's *Lover's Complaint*:

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I

"And

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
 To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
 Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin⁸,
 The reason of this rash alarm to know,
 Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
 But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
 Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face⁹
 (That even for anger makes the lily pale,
 And the red rose blush at her own disgrace¹,)
 Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
 Under that colour am I come to scale
 Thy never-conquer'd fort^{*}; the fault is thine,
 For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

" And long upon these terms I held my city,

" Till thus he 'gan besiege me."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*, Vol. III. p. 359: "—marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city." MALONE.

⁸ —o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,] So, in *Cymbeline*:

" —fresh lily,

" And whiter than the sheets." MALONE.

So, Otway, in *Venice Preserved*:

" —in virgin sheets,

" White as her bosom." STEEVENS.

⁹ Under what colour he commits this ill,

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face—] The same play on the same words occurs in *K. Henry IV.* P. 11:

" —this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. " A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John." STEEV.

¹ And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,] A thought somewhat similar occurs in May's *Supplement to Lucan*:

" —labra rubenus

" Non rosea æquaret, nisi primo victa fuisset,

" Et pudor auget quem dat natura ruborem." STEEVENS.

^{*} Under that colour am I come to scale

Thy never-conquer'd fort:] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

" —every limb did, as a souldier stout,

" Defend the fort, and keep the foe-man out:

" For though the rising ivory mount he scal'd,

" Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,

" Much like a globe," &c.

We have had in a former stanza—

" Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue." MALONE.

Thus

Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight²,
Which I to conquer fought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting³;
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks *, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated⁴, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed;
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade⁵,
Whose

² —my earth's delight,] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“My sole earth's heaven.” STEEVENS.

³ I think the honey guarded with a sting;] *I am aware* that the honey is guarded with a sting. MALONE.

* —on what he looks,] i. e. on what he looks on.—Many instances of this inaccuracy are found in our authour's plays. See Vol. VIII. p. 104, n. 7. MALONE.

⁴ I see what crosses——

I have debated, &c.] On these stanzas Dr. Young might have founded the lines with which he dismisses the prince of Egypt, who is preparing to commit a similar act of violence, at the end of the third act of *Busiris*:

“Destruction full of transport! Lo I come

“Swift on the wing to meet my certain doom:

“I know the danger, and I know the shame;

“But, like our phoenix, in so rich a flame

I 2

“I plunge

Whose crooked beak threats, if he mount he dies :
 So under his insulting falchion lies
 Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
 With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcons' bells⁶.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee :
 If thou deny, then force must work my way,
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee ;
 That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
 To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;
 And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
 Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
 The scornful mark of every open eye⁷ ;
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy⁸ ;
 And thou, the authour of their obloquy,
 Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhimes⁹,
 And sung by children in succeeding times¹.

" I plunge triumphant my devoted head,

" And dote on death in that luxurious bed." STEEVENS.

⁵ —like a falcon towering in the skies,

Coucheth the fowl below—] So, in *Measure for Measure*:

" Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth enmew

" As falcon doth the fowl."

I am not certain but that we should read—*Cov'retb.* To couch the fowl may, however, mean, to make it couch ; as to brave a man, in our author's language, signifies either to insult him, or to make him brave, i. e. fine. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew* : "—thou hast brav'd many men ; brave not me," Petruchio is speaking to the taylor. STEEV.

⁶ —as fowl hear falcons' bells.] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III :

" —not he that loves him best

" Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells." STEEVENS.

⁷ The scornful mark of every open eye ;] So, in *Otello* :

" A fixed figure for the time of scorn." STEEVENS.

⁸ Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :] So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* : " That's as much as to say bastard virtues, that indeed know not their father's names, and therefore have no names." The poet calls bastardy nameless, because an illegitimate child has no name by inheritance, being considered by the law as *nullius filius*. MALONE.

⁹ Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhimes,] So, in *K. Hen. IV.* P. I :

" He made a blushing cital of his faults."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

" —for we cite our faults." STEEVENS.

But

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend :
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;
A little harm, done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound² ; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit³ : bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot ;
Worse than a slavish wipe⁴, or birth-hour's blot⁵ :

For

- ¹ *Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhimes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.*] So, in *King Richard III* :
" —Thence we looked towards England,
" And cited up a thousand heavy times."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

- " —Saucy liſtors
" Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhimers
" Ballad us out o'tune."
Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo,)
Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe." Hor.

Thus elegantly imitated by Pope :

- " Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
" Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme ;
" Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
" And the sad burthen of some merry song." MALONE.

- ² *In a pure compound—*] Thus the quarto. The edition of 1616 reads :
In purest compounds— MALONE.

A thought somewhat similar occurs in *Romeo and Juliet* :

- " Within the infant rind of this small flower
" Poison hath residence, and medicine power." STEEVENS.

- ³ *Tender my suit :—*] Cherish, regard my suit. So, in *Hamlet* :

- " Tender yourself more dearly." MALONE.

- ⁴ *Worse than a slavish wipe,*] More disgraceful than the brand with
which slaves were marked. MALONE.

- ⁵ *—or birth-hour's blot:]* So, in *King John* :

- " If thou that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
" Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
" Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,—
" Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
" I would not care."

For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy⁶.

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye⁷,
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws⁸,
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

It appears that in Shakspeare's time the arms of bastards were distinguished by some kind of *blot*. Thus, in the play above quoted:

"To look into the *blots* and stains of *right*."

But in the passage now before us, those corporal blemishes with which children are sometimes born, seem alone to have been in our authour's contemplation. MALONE.

⁶ For marks descried in men's nativity

Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.] So, in *Hamlet*:

"That for some vicious mole of nature in them,

"As, in their birth (*wherein they are not guilty*)—". STEEV.

⁷ —with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"From the death-darting eye of cockatrice." STEEVENS.

⁸ Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws,] So, in *King Richard III*:

"Ah me! I see the ruin of my house;

"The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle kind."

All the modern editions read:

—beneath the gripe's sharp claws.

The quarto, 1594, has:

Like a white hinde under the grype's sharp claws—

The *gryphon* was meant, which in our authour's time was usually written *grype*, or *gripe*. MALONE.

The *gripe* is properly the *griffin*. See Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, and Mr. Reed's improved edition of *Doddsley's old Plays*, Vol. I. p. 124, where *gripe* seems to be used for *vulture*:

"—Ixion's wheele,

"Or cruell gripe to gnaw my growing harte."

Ferrex and Porrex,

It was also a term in the hermetick art. Thus, in B. Jonson's *Alchemist*:

"—let the water in glasse be filter'd,

"And put into the gripe's egg."

As *griffe* is the French word for a claw, perhaps anciently those birds which are remarkable for gripping their prey in their talons, were occasionally called *gripes*. STEEVENS.

Look,

Look, when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat⁹,
 In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
 From earth's dark womb some gentle gulf doth get,
 Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
 Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
 So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
 And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
 While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
 Her sad behaviour feeds his vultur folly¹,
 A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
 His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
 No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
 Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
 In the remorseless wrinkles of his face²;
 Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
 Which to her oratory adds more grace.
 She puts the period often from his place;
 And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
 That twice she doth begin, ere once she speaks³.

⁹ Look, when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,] The quarto, 1594, reads: *But when, &c.* For the emendation I am responsible.

But was evidently a misprint; there being no opposition whatsoever between this and the preceding passage. We had before:

"Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,—

"Even so——"

Again, in a subsequent stanza, we have:

"Look, as the full-fed hound, &c.

"So surfeit-taking Tarquin——"

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd,—

"So she with fearful eyes.—" MALONE.

¹ —his vultur folly,] *Folly* is used here, as it is in the sacred writings, for *depravity of mind*. So also, in *Othello*:

"She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore." MALONE.

² In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;] *Remorseless* is *pitiless*. See Vol. II. p. 37, n. 5; and Vol. IV. p. 295, n. 2. MALONE.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
 By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
 By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
 By holy human law, and common troth,
 By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
 That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
 And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, reward not hospitality⁴
 With such black payment as thou hast pretended⁵;
 Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
 End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended⁶;

He

3 *She puts the period often from his place,
 And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
 That twice she doth begin,*] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"Make periods in the midst of sentences,

"Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,

"And in conclusion dumbly have broke off, &c. STEEVENS.

4 *—reward not hospitality, &c.*] So, in *King Lear*:

"—my hospitable favours

"You should not ruffle thus." STEEVENS.

5 *—pretended;*] i. e. proposed to thyself. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—Alas the day!

"What good could they pretend?" STEEVENS.

6 *End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended:*] It is manifest from the context, that the authour intended the word *shoot* to be taken in a double sense; *suit* and *shoot* being in his time pronounced alike. So, in *The London Prodigal*, 1605:

"But there's the other black-browes, a shrood girl,

"She hath wit at will, and *shooters* two or three."

Again, in *The Puritan*, a Comedy. 1607:

"Enter the *Sutors*.

"Are not these *archers*?—what do you call them,—*shooters*," &c.

Again, in Lilly's *Euphues and his England*, 1580: "There was a lady in Spaine, who after the death of her father had three *sutors*, and yet never a good *archer*," &c. See also Vol. II. p. 362. n. 8. MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading, nor apprehend the least equivoue. A sentiment nearly parallel occurs in *Macbeth*:

"—the murd'rous shaft that's shot,

"Hath not yet lighted."

He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow,
 very strongly supports my opinion. STEEVENS.

There is no doubt that *shoot* was one of the ideas intended to be conveyed. It is, in my apprehension, equally clear, that the *suit* or solicitation

He is no wood-man, that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me ;
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me ;
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me :
Thou look'st not like deceit ; do not deceive me :
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee.
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans ;

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threat'ning heart,
To soften it with their continual motion ;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert,
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate !
Soft pity enters at an iron gate⁷.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee :
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame ?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st ; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king ;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring⁸ ?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,

What

tion of a lever was also in our authour's thoughts. *Shost* (the pronunciation of the two words being granted to be the same) suggests both ideas. —The passage quoted from *Macbeth*, in the preceding note, does not, as I conceive, prove any thing. The word *shot* has there its usual signification, and no double meaning could have been intended.

MALONE.

⁷ *Soft pity enters at an iron gate.*] Meaning, I suppose, the gates of a prison. STEEVENS.

⁸ *How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring ?*] This thought is more amplified in our author's *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ —the

What dar'st thou not, when once thou art a king?²
 O, be remember'd¹, no outrageous thing
 From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
 Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay³.

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
 But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
 With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
 When they in thee the like offences prove:
 If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
 For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
 Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look³.

And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
 Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
 Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
 Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
 To privilege dishonour in thy name?

"——the seeded pride,
 " That hath to its maturity grown up
 " In rank Achilles, must or now be cropt,
 " Or, shedding, breed a nursery of evil,
 " To over-bulk us all." STEEVENS.

² *If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,*
What dar'st thou not when thou art once a king?] This sentiment
 reminds us of King Henry IV. th's question to his son:

" When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 " What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?" STEEVENS.

¹ *O, be remember'd,*] Bear it in your mind. So, in *K. Richard II.*:

"——joy being wanting,
 " It doth remember me the more of sorrow." MALONE.

² *Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.*] The memory of the ill
 actions of kings will remain even after their death. So, in *The Para-*
dise of Dainty Devises, 1580:

" Mine owne good father, thou art gone; thine ears are stopp'd
 with clay."

Again, in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577:

" The corps clapt fast in clotted clay,
 " That here engrav'd doth lie." MALONE.

³ *For princes are the glass, the school, the book,*
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.] So, in *K. Henry IV.*

P. II:

" He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
 " That fashion'd others."

Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis. *Claud.* MALONE.

Thou

Thou back'ft reproach againſt long-lived laud,
And mak'ſt fair reputation but a bawd.

Haſt thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy ſword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canſt thou fulfill,
When, pattern'd by thy fault *, foul Sin may ſay,
He learn'd to fin, and thou didſt teach the way?

Think but how vile a ſpectacle it were,
To view thy preſent trefpaſs in another.
Men's faults do ſeldom to themſelves appear;
Their own tranſgreſſions partially they ſmother:
This guilt would ſeem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own miſdeeds aſkaunce their eyes!

To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to ſeducing luſt, thy raſh reliev⁴;
I ſue for exil'd majeſty's repeal⁵;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true reſpect will 'prison falſe deſire,
And wipe the dim miſt from thy doting eyne,
That thou ſhalt ſee thy ſtate, and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he; my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but ſwells the higher by this let.
Small lights are ſoon blown out, huge fires abide⁶,

* —pattern'd by thy fault,] Taking thy fault for a pattern or example. So, in the Legend of Lord Haſtings, *Mirroure for Magiſtrates*, 1587:

“By this my pattern, all ye peers, beware.” MALONE.

4 Not to ſeducing luſt, thy raſh reliev;] Thus the firſt copy. The edition of 1616 has—thy raſh reply. Dr. Sewel, without authority, reads: Not to ſeducing luſt's outrageous fire. MALONE.

5 —for exil'd majeſty's repeal;] For the recall of exiled majeſty. So, in one of our authour's plays:

“——if the time thruſt forth

“A cauſe for thy repeal—.” MALONE.

6 Small lights are ſoon blown out, huge fires abide,] So, in *K. Hen. VI.*:

“A little fire is quickly trodden out,” &c. STEEVENS.

And

And with the wind in greater fury fret⁷:
 The petty streams that pay a daily debt
 To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,
 Add to his flow, but alter not his taste⁸.

Thou art, quoth she, a sea, a sovereign king;
 And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
 Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
 Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
 If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
 Thy sea within a puddle's womb is herfed⁹,
 And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed:

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave¹;
 Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
 Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:
 Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
 The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
 But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state—
 No more, quoth he, by heaven, I will not hear thee;
 Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,

⁷ *And with the wind in greater fury fret:]* So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“When they are fretted with the gulls of heaven.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.]* The octavo 1616, reads:
 Add to this flow, but alter not the taste. MALONE.

⁹ *Thy sea within a puddle's womb is herfed,]* Thus the quarto. The octavo 1616, reads, unintelligibly:

Thy sea within a puddle womb is herfed.

Dr. Sewel, not being able to extract any meaning from this, reads:

Thy sea within a puddle womb is burst,
 And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

Our author has again used the verb to *berse* in *Hamlet*:

“Why thy canoniz'd bones, *berfed* in death,

“Have burst their excrements.” MALONE.

¹ *So shall these slaves be kings, and thou their slave;]* In *King Lear* we meet with a similar allusion:

“—it seem'd she was a queen

“Over her *passion*, who, most rebel-like,

“Sought to be king o'er her.” MALONE.

Instead

Instead of love's coy touch², shall rudely tear thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries³;
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears⁴,
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed⁵!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

² —love's coy touch,—] i. e. the delicate, the respectful approach of love. STEEVENS.

³ The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries;]

" Illa nihil:—

" Sed tremit, ut quondam stabulis deprensa relictis,

" Parva sub infesto cum jacet agna lupo." Ovid.

I have never seen any translation of the *Fasti* so old as the time of Shakspeare; but Mr. Coxeter in his manuscript notes mentions one printed about the year 1570. MALONE.

⁴ For with the nightly linen that she wears,] Thus the first quarto. The octavo, 1616, reads, unintelligibly:

For with the mighty linen, &c. MALONE.

⁵ O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!] Thus the first quarto. The edition of 1600 instead of *prone* has *proud*. That of 1616 and the modern copies *foul*. *Prone* is headstrong, forward, prompt. In *Measure for Measure* it is used in somewhat a similar sense:

" —in her youth

" There is a *prone* and speechless dialect." MALONE.

Thus, more appositely, in *Cymbeline*: "Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so *prone*."

STEEVENS.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life⁶,
 And he hath won what he would lose again.
 This forced league doth force a further strife;
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
 Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
 And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
 The prey wherein by nature they delight;
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
 Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination!
 Drunken desire must vomit his receipt⁷,
 Ere he can see his own abomination.
 While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
 Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
 Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire⁸.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
 With heavy eye, knit-brow, and strengthless pace,
 Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
 The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
 For there it revels; and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

⁶ *But she hath lost, &c.*] Shakspeare has in this instance practised the delicacy recommended by Vida:

“ Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem

“ Deveniant, pudor ulterius nihil addere curet.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,*] So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ To make desire vomit emptiness.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.*] So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

“ — Anger is like

“ A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,

“ Self-mettle tires him.” STEEVENS.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd;
 For now against himself he sounds this doom,—
 That through the length of times he stands disgrac'd:
 Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd⁹;
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
 And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
 Her immortality, and made her thrall
 To living death, and pain perpetual:
 Which in her prescience she controlled still,
 But her fore-sight could not fore-stall their will.

Even in this thought, through the dark night he stealeth,
 A captive victor, that hath lost in gain¹;
 Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
 The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
 Leaving his spoil² perplex'd in greater pain.
 She bears the load of lust he left behind,
 And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He, like a theevish dog, creeps sadly thence,
 She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
 He scouls, and hates himself for his offence,
 She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
 He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;

⁹ —his soul's fair temple is defac'd;] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

“ The lord's anointed temple, and stole thence

“ The life of the building.” MALONE.

¹ —that hath lost in gain;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ —teach me how to lose a winning match—” STEEVENS.

² Leaving his spoil—] That is, *Lucretia*. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ —Set them down

“ For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

“ And daughters of the game.” MALONE.

She

She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd, delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite ³,
She there remains a hopeless cast-away ⁴:
He in his speed looks for the morning light,
She prays she never may behold the day:
For day, quoth she, night's scapes doth open lay ⁵;
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloke offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be ⁶,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind ⁷.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,

And

³ *He thence departs a heavy convertite,*] A *convertite* is a *convert*.
Our author has the same expression in *King John*:

“But, since you are a gentle *convertite*,

“My tongue shall hush again this storm of war.” MALONE.

⁴ *—a hopeless cast-away:*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“That ever I should call thee *cast-away*!” STEEVENS.

⁵ *For day, quoth she, night's scapes doth open lay;*] So, in *K. Henry VI.*
P. II.

“The gaudy, *blabbing*, and remorseful day.” STEEVENS.

A passage in *The Winter's Tale* may serve to ascertain the meaning of *night's scapes* here: “Mercy on's, a barme! a very pretty barme!—Sure some *scape*: though I am not very bookish, I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the *scape*.”

Escapium is a barbarous Latin word, signifying what comes by chance or accident. MALONE.

⁶ *—in darkness; be,*] The octavo 1616, and the modern editions, read, without authority:

—they still in darkness *lie*. MALONE.

⁷ *Here she exclaims against repose and rest,*

And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.] This passage will serve

And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind⁸.

Frantick with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O, comfort-killing night, image of hell⁹!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell¹!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator
With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher!

O, hateful, vaporous, and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Must thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time!
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair²,

Ere

to confirm the propriety of Dr. Johnson's emendation in *Cymbeline*³
Act III. sc. iv.

"I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first." STEEVENS.

⁸ *She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind."* So in *King Richard II.*

"A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest

"Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast." MALONE.

⁹ *O comfort-killing night! image of hell!* So, in *King Henry V.*

"Never sees horrid night, the child of hell." STEEVENS.

¹ *Black stage for tragedies—* In our authour's time, I believe, the stage was hung with black, when tragedies were performed. The hanging however was, I suppose, no more than one piece of black baize placed at the back of the stage, in the room of the tapestry which was the common decoration when comedies were acted. See the *Account of the Ancient English Theatres*, Vol. I. MALONE.

² *Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick*

The life of purity, the supreme fair, So, in *King Lear*:

Vol. X.

K

"—infest

Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick³;
 And let thy misty vapours march so thick⁴,
 That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
 May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child⁵),
 The silver-shining queen he would disdain⁶;
 Her twinkling handmaids⁷ too, by him defil'd,
 Through night's black bosom should not peep again⁸:
 So should I have copartners in my pain:
 And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage⁹,
 As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage¹.

Where

"——*infest* her beauty,

"*Ye fen-suck'd fogs,—*" STEEVENS.

³ —*noon-tide prick*;] So, in one of our authour's plays:

"And make an evening at the noon-tide prick."

i. e. the point of noon. Again, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1571:

"It pricketh fast upon noon." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Acolasus his After-witte*, 1600:

"Scarce had the sun attain'd his noon-tide prick." MALONE.

⁴ *And let thy misty vapours march so thick*,] The quarto, by an evident error of the press, reads—*musty*. The subsequent copies have—*misty*. So, before:

"Muster thy *mists* to meet the eastern light."

Again:

"——*misty* night

"Covers the shame that follows such delight." MALONE.

⁵ —(*as he is but night's child*,)] The wicked, in scriptural language, are called the *children of darkness*. STEEVENS.

⁶ —*he would disdain*;] Thus all the copies before that of 1616, which reads:

The silver-shining queen he would *disdain*.

Dr. Sewell, unwilling, to print nonsense, altered this to—

—*him* would *disdain*. MALONE.

⁷ *Her twinkling handmaids—*] That is, *the stars*. So in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"By all Diana's *waiting-women* yonder,

"And by herself, I will not tell you whose." MALONE.

⁸ *Through night's black bosom should not peep again*:] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Nor heaven *peep through* the blanket of the dark,

"To cry, *bold, bold*." MALONE.

⁹ *And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage*,] So, in *King Lear*:

"But then the mind much *sufferance* doth o'er-skip,

"When *grief* hath *mates*, and bearing *fellowship*."

Where now ² I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows *, and hide their infamy;
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine ³;
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wafting monuments of lasting moans.

O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ —or if four woe delight in fellowship—.”

So Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*, B. I.

“ Men saie, to wretch is consolation,

“ To have another fellow in his paine.” MALONE.

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

I believe this is a line of Cato's disticks. It is found in a common school book; *Synopsis communium locorum*. STEEVENS.

¹ *As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1594. The octavo, 1616, and all the modern editions, read, unintelligibly:

As palmers that make short their pilgrimage. MALONE.

As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.] So, in *K. Richard II.*:

“ —rough uneven ways

“ Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:

“ And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,

“ Making the hard way sweet and delectable.”

Again, *ibid.*:

“ —wanting your company,

“ Which, I protest, hath very much beguill'd

“ The tediousness and process of my travel.” STEEVENS.

² *Where now—*] *Where for whereas.* See Vol. VI. p. 195, n. 4.

MALONE.

* *To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,*

To mask their brows,—] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;

“ Give sorrow words.” MALONE.

³ *Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine;*] So, in Shakespeare's *Lover's Complaint*:

“ Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine,

“ Which season'd woe had pelleted in tears.”

Again, in *All's well that ends well*: —tears,—the best brine a maiden can season her praise in.” MALONE.

That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
May likewise be sepulcher'd in thy shade⁴!

Make me not object to the tell-tale day!
The light will shew, chara^racter'd⁵ in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow:
Yea, the illiterate that know not how
To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote⁶ my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name⁷;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame:
Feast-finding minstrels⁸, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

⁴ *May likewise be sepulcher'd in thy shade!*] The word *sepulcher'd* is thus accented by Milton, in his *Verses on our authour*:

“ And so sepulcher'd in such pomp does lie,

“ That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.” MALONE.

⁵ —character'd in my brow,] So, in one of Daniel's *Sonnets*, 1592:

“ And if a brow with care's chara^racters painted—”

This word was, I suppose, thus accented when our authour wrote, and is at this day pronounced in the same manner by the common people of Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained. MALONE.

⁶ *Will quote—*] *Will mark or observe.* So, in *Hamlet*:

“ I am sorry that with better heed and judgment

“ I had not quoted him.”

See also Vol. I. p. 130, n. 2; and Vol. II. p. 378, n. 6, and p. 432, n. 6. MALONE.

⁷ *And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;*] The power with which the poet here invests the name of Tarquin, has been attributed to the famous John Talbot earl of Shrewsbury, and to our King Richard I. See Vol. VI. p. 24, n. 8. MALONE.

Thus, in Dryden's *Don Sebastian*:

“ Nor shall *Sebastian's* formidable name

“ Be longer us'd to still the crying babe.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Feast-finding minstrels.—*] Our ancient minstrels were the constant attendants on feasts. I question whether Homer's *Demodocus* was a higher character. STEEVENS.

Let

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted :
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted ;
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attain of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

O unseen shame ! invisible disgrace !
O unfelt fore ! crest-wounding, private scar !
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar⁹,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them, knows !

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft :
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guiltless of thy honour's wreck¹ ;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him ;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,

For

⁹ —*may read the mot afar,*] The motto, or word, as it was sometimes formerly called. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“ *The word, lux tua vita mibi.* ”

Again, in the title of Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596 :
“ —The motto or pæsie, instead of *omne tulit punctum, pacis fiducia nunquam.* ”

The modern editions read unintelligibly :

—*may read the mote afar.* MALONE.

¹ *Yet am I guiltless of thy honour's wreck ;*] The old copy reads, I think, corruptedly :

Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck ;

Dr. Sewall has endeavoured to make sense by a different punctuation :

Yet, am I guilty of thy honour's wreck ?

But this does not correspond with the next verse, where the words are arranged as here, and yet are not interrogatory, but affirmative. *Guilty*

For it had been dishonour to disdain him ;
 Besides of weariness he did complain him,
 And talk'd of virtue :—O, unlook'd for evil,
 When virtue is prophan'd in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud²?
 Or hateful cuckows hatch in sparrows' nests?
 Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
 Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts³?
 Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
 But no perfection is so absolute⁴,
 That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers up his gold,
 Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits ;
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,

was, I am persuaded, a misprint. Though the first quarto seems to have been printed under our authour's inspection, we are not therefore to conclude that it is entirely free from typographical faults. Shakspeare was probably not a very diligent corrector of his sheets; and however attentive he might have been, I am sorry to be able to observe, that, notwithstanding an editor's best care, some errors will happen at the press. If the present emendation be not just, and the authour wrote *guilty*, then undoubtedly there was some error in the subsequent line. Shakspeare might have written—

“ Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck ?

“ No; for thy honour did I entertain him.”

The compositor's eye might have glanced a second time on the first line, and thus the word *Yet* might have been inadvertently repeated.

MALONE.

² *Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?*] So, in *Twelfth Night*:

“ But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

“ Feed on her damask cheek.” MALONE.

³ *Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?*] Folly is, I believe, here used as in scripture, for wickedness. *Gentle* is *well-born*. MALONE.

⁴ *But no perfection is so absolute,*] So complete. So, in *Pericles*:

“ ——— still she vies

“ With absolute Marina.”

Perhaps *But* has here the force of—*But that*. MALONE.

— *no perfection is so absolute,*

That some impurity doth not pollute.] So, in *Othello*:

“ —Where's that palace, where into foul things

“ Sometimes intrude not?” STEEVENS.

But

But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And uselefs barns the harvest of his wits⁵;
Having no other pleasure of his gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young⁶;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their curfed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed fours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill annexed opportunity
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O, Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

⁵ *And uselefs barns the harvest of his wits;*] Thus all the copies before that of 1616, which reads:

And uselefs *bans* the harvest of his wits.

This has been followed in all the modern editions. MALONE.

⁶ *So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,*

And leaves it to be master'd by his young; &c.] So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"—Thou hast nor youth nor age,

"But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,

"Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth

"Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms

"Of palsied eld: and when thou art old and rich,

"Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,

"To make thy riches pleasant." MALONE.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath⁷;
 Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
 Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
 Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
 Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
 Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
 Thy private feasting to a publick fast;
 Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name⁸;
 Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste⁹:
 Thy violent vanities can never last¹.
 How comes it then, vile Opportunity.
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

⁷ *Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ —women are not

“ In their best fortunes strong; but want will *perjure*

“ The ne'er-touch'd *vestal*.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;*] *Thy flattering titles.* So, in *King Lear*:

“ —Such smiling rogues as these—

“ —*smooth* ev'ry passion

“ That in the nature of their lords rebels.”

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“ —The sinful father

“ Seem'd not to strike, but *smooth*.”

The edition of 1616, and all afterwards, read without authority:

Thy smothering titles—.

A ragged name means a contemptible, ignominious name. See Vol. V. p. 286, n. 4. MALONE.

⁹ *Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste;*] So, in *Othello*:
 “ —the food that to him now is *luscious* as locusts, shall be to him shortly as *bitter as coliquintida*.” STEEVENS.

¹ *Thy violent vanities can never last.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ These *violent delights* have *violent ends*,

“ And in their triumph die.”

Again, in *Othello*: “ —it was a *violent commencement* in her, and thou shalt see an *answerable sequestration*.” MALONE.

Fierce vanities is an expression in *King Henry V* III: Scene I.

STEEVENS.

When

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour² great strifes to end?
Or free that foul which wretchedness hath chain'd?
Give physick to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds³;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd⁴
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;

² *When wilt thou sort an hour—*] When wilt thou choose out an hour.
So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“Let us into the city presently

“To sort some gentlemen well-skill'd in musick.” MALONE.
Again, in *King Richard III*:

“But I will sort a pitchy day for thee.” STEEVENS.

³ *Advice is sporting while infection breeds;*] While infection is spreading, the grave rulers of the state, that ought to guard against its further progress, are careless and inattentive.—*Advice* was formerly used for *knowledge* and *deliberation*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“How shall I dote on her with more *advice*,

“That thus without *advice* begin to love her?” MALONE.

This idea was probably suggested to Shakspeare by the rapid progress of the *plague* in London. STEEVENS.

⁴ —*and thou art well appay'd,*] *Appay'd* is *pleased*. The word is now obsolete. MALONE.

Guilty

Guilty of incest, that abomination :

An accessary by thine inclination

To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Mishapen Time, copestmate⁵ of ugly night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care ;

Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,

Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare ;

Thou nurfdest all, and murderest all that are.

O hear me then, injurious, shifting Time !

Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,

Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose ?

Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchained me

To endless date of never-ending woes ?

Time's office is, to fine the hate of foes⁶ ;

To eat up errors by opinion bred⁷,

Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,

To unmask falshood, and bring truth to light,

To stamp the seal of time in aged things,

To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,

To wrong the wronger till he render right⁸ ;

To

⁵ —*copestmate*—] i. e. companion. So, in *Hubbard's Tale* :

"Till that the foe his *copestmate* he had found." STEEVENS.

⁶ *Time's office is, to fine the hate of foes* ;] It is the business of time to soften and refine the animosities of men ; to soothe and reconcile enemies. The modern editions read, without authority or meaning :

—to find the hate of foes. MALONE.

"To fine the hate of foes," is to bring it to an end. So, in *All's Well that ends Well* :

"—Still the fine's the crown,

"Whate'er the course, the end is the renown."

The same thought has already occurred in the poem before us :

"When wilt thou fort an hour great strifes to end ?" STEEV.

⁷ To eat up errors by opinion bred,] This likewise is represented as the office of Time in the chorus to the *Winter's Tale* :

"—that make and unfold error." STEEVENS.

⁸ To wrong the wronger till he render right ;] To punish by the compensations

To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours⁹,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments¹,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents²,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs³;

To

punctions wisting of conscience the person who has done an injury to another, till he has made compensation. The *wrong* done in this instance by Time, must be understood in the sense of *damnum sine injuria*; and in this light serves to illustrate and support Mr. Tyrwhitt's explanation of a passage in *Julius Cæsar*, even supposing that it stood as Ben Jonson has maliciously represented it:—"Know, Cæsar, doth not *wrong*, but with *just cause*, &c." See Vol. VII. p. 358, n. 1.

Dr. Farmer very elegantly would read:

To *wring* the wronger till he render right. MALONE.

9 To ruinate proud buildings *with* thy hours,] As we have here no invocation to *time*, I suspect the two last words of this line to be corrupted, and would read:

To ruinate proud buildings with *their bowers*. STEEVENS.

Hours is surely the true reading. In the preceding address to *Opportunity* the same words are employed:

"Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,

"*Thy* heinous *hours* wait on them as their pages."

So, in our authour's 19th Sonnet:

"Devouring *Time*—

"O, carve not *with thy hours* my love's fair brow."

Again, in Davison's Poems, 1621:

"*Time's* young *bowres* attend her still."

To ruinate proud buildings *with thy hours*—is, to destroy buildings by thy slow and unperceived progress. It were easy to read—with *his* hours; but the poet having made Lucretia address Time personally in the two preceding stanzas, and again a little lower—

Why work'st *thou* mischief in thy pilgrimage—

probably was here inattentive, and is himself answerable for the present inaccuracy. MALONE.

¹ To fill *with worm-holes stately monuments*,] So, in the induction to King Henry IV. P. II.

"Between the royal field of Shrewsbury,

"And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone." MALONE.

² To blot old books, and alter their contents,] Our authour probably little thought, when he wrote this line, that his own compositions would afford a more striking example of this species of devastation than any that has appeared since the first use of types. MALONE.

³ To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;] The last two words, if

To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel⁴,
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel :

To

if they make any sense, it is such as is directly contrary to the sentiment here advanced ; which is concerning the *decays*, and not the *re-pairs*, of time. The poet certainly wrote :

To dry the old oak's sap, and *tarish* springs;
i. e. to dry up springs, from the French *tarir*, or *tarissement*, *exarescere*, *exsiccatio* : these words being peculiarly applied to springs or rivers.

WARRBURTON.

Dr. Johnson thinks Shakspeare wrote :

— and *perish* springs ;

And Dr. Farmer has produced from the *Maid's Tragedy* a passage in which the word *perish* is used in an active sense.

If change were necessary, that word might perhaps have as good a claim to admission as any other ; but I know not why the text has been suspected of corruption. The operations of Time, here described, are not all uniform ; nor has the poet confined himself solely to its *destructive* qualities. In some of the instances mentioned, its *progress* only is adverted to. Thus we are told, his glory is—

“ To wake the morn, and sentinel the night—

“ And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel.”

In others, its salutary effects are pointed out :

“ To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,—

“ To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,—

“ To wrong the wronger till he render right.”

Where then is the difficulty of the present line, even supposing that we understand the word *springs* in its common acceptation ? It is the office of Time (says Lucretia) to dry up the sap of the oak, and to furnish springs with a perpetual supply ; to deprive the one of that moisture which she liberally bestows upon the other. In the next stanza the employment of Time is equally various and discordant :

“ To make the child a man, the man a child—”

to advance the infant to the maturity of man, and to reduce the aged to the imbecillity of childhood.

By *springs* however may be understood (as has been observed by Mr. Tollet) the *shoots* of young trees ; and then the meaning will be,—It is the office of Time, on the one hand, to destroy the ancient oak, by drying up its sap ; on the other, to *cherish* young *plants*, and to bring them to maturity. So, in our authour's 15th *Sonnet* :

“ When I perceive that men, as *plants*, increase,

“ *Cheered* and check'd even by the self-same sky—.”

I believe this to be the true sense of the passage. *Springs* have this signification in many ancient English books ; and the word is again used in the same sense in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“ Even in the spring of love thy love-*springs* rot.”

Again,

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
 To make the child a man, the man a child,
 To slay the tyger that doth live by slaughter,
 To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
 To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd;
 To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
 And waste huge stones with little water-drops,

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
 Unless thou could'st return to make amends?
 One poor retiring minute in an age⁵
 Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
 Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends:
 O, this dread night, would'st thou one hour come
 back,
 I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wreck!

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
 With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
 Devise extremes beyond extremity⁶,
 To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
 Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"This canker, that eats up love's tender spring." MALONE.

In Holinshed's *Description of England*, both the contested words in the latter part of the verse, occur. "We have manie woods, forrests, and parks, which *cherish* trees abundantlie, beside infinit numbers of hedge-rows, groves, and *springs*, that are mainteined," &c. TOLLET.

⁴ *To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel.*] The poet was here, I believe, thinking of the costly monuments erected in honour of our ancient kings and some of the nobility, which were frequently made of cast iron, or copper, wrought with great nicety; many of which had probably even in his time begun to decay. There are some of these monuments yet to be seen in Westminster-abbey, and other old cathedrals. MALONE.

⁵ *One poor retiring minute in an age*] Retiring here signifies returning, coming back again. MALONE.

⁶ —*extremes beyond extremity,*] So, in *King Lear*:

"—to make much more,

"And top extremity." STEEVENS.

And

And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil⁷.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances⁸,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan; but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones⁹;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tygers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair¹,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,

Let

⁷ *Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.*] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?"

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"The thief doth fear each bush an officer." STEEVENS.

⁸ *Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,—*

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances, &c.] Here we find in embryo that scene of *King Richard III.* in which he is terrified by the ghosts of those whom he had slain. MALONE.

⁹ *—with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;*] So in *Otello*:

"—my heart is turn'd to stone;

"I strike it, and it hurts my hand."

Again in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—throw my heart

"Against the flint and hardness of my fault,

"Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,

"And finish all foul thoughts." MALONE.

¹ *Let him have time to tear his curled hair, &c.*] This now common fashion is always mentioned by Shakspeare as a distinguishing characteristic of a person of rank. So, in *Otello*:

"The wealthy curled darlings of our nation—."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"If she first meet the curled Antony,—"

This and the next stanza, and many other passages both of the present performance and *Venus and Adonis*, are inserted with very slight variations, in a poem entitled *Acolastus his After-witte*, by S. Nicholson, 1600; a circumstance which I should hardly have thought worth mentioning, but that in the same poem is also found a line taken from *The Third Part of Henry VI.* and a passage evidently copied from *Hamlet*;

from

Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave;
And time to see one that by alms doth live,
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort:
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly, and his time of sport:
And ever let his unrecalling crime²
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill:
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave³?

The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing

from whence we may, I think, conclude with certainty, that there was an edition of that tragedy (probably before it was enlarged) of an earlier date than any yet discovered. MALONE.

Surely a passage short as the first of these referred to, might have been carried away from the play-house by an auditor of the weakest memory. Of Hamlet's address to the ghost, the idea, not the language, is preserved. Either of them, however, might have been caught during representation. STEEVENS.

² *And ever let his unrecalling crime—*] His crime which cannot be unacted. *Unrecalling* for *unrecalled*, or rather for *unrecallable*. This licentious use of the participle is common in the writings of our author and his contemporaries.

The edition of 1616, which has been followed by all subsequent, reads:—his unrecalling time. MALONE.

³ *As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?*] i. e. executioner. So, in one of our author's plays:

“—he's dead; I am only sorry

“He had no other death's-man.” STEEVENS.

That

That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate ;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

The moon being clouded presently is mis'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away ;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night⁴, kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted wherefoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Out, idle words⁵, servants to shallow fools !
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators !
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools ;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters ;
To trembling clients be you mediators :
For me, I force not argument a straw⁶,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

In vain I rail at opportunity,
At time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night⁷ ;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,

⁴ —sightless night,—] So, in *King John*:

“ —thou and eyeless night

“ Have done me shame.” STEEVENS.

⁵ Out, idle words,—] Thus the quarto. The octavo, 1607, has *Our* idle words,—which has been followed by that of 1616. Dr. Sewell reads without authority: *O*, idle words—. *Out* is an exclamation of abhorrence or contempt yet used in the north. MALONE.

⁶ For me, I force not argument a straw,] I do not *value* or *esteem* argument. So, in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ But when he, many monthes, hopeles of his recure,

“ Had served her, who forced not what paynes he did endure—.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ Your oath broke once, you force not to forswear.” MALONE.

⁷ At time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night ;] The octavo, 1607, and all the subsequent copies, have ;—*unsearchful* night. *Uncheerful* is the reading of the quarto, 1594. MALONE.

In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite :
This helpless smoke of words⁸ doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul, defiled, blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'ft thou at this decree ?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame ;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'ft in my defame ;
Since thou could'ft not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death :
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath ;
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from *Ætna*, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

In vain, quoth she, I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife :
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife ;
So am I now :—O no, that cannot be ;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

O ! that is gone, for which I fought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery⁹ ;
A dying life to living infamy :

⁸ *This helpless smoke of words—*] So, in *King John* :

“ They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *A badge of fame to slander's livery ;*] In our authour's time the servants of the nobility all wore silver badges on their liveries, on which the arms of their masters were engraved. MALONE.

Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay !

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth ;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath ;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth¹ :
He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state ;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate ;
And with my trespasss never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses ;
My fable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses :
My tongue shall utter all ; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
To ugly hell ; when lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow :
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

¹ *This bastard graff shall never come to growth :*] The edition of 1616, and all the moderns, have—*This bastard grafts*.—The true reading was supplied by the earliest copy. MALONE.

This sentiment is adopted from the *Wisdom of Solomon*, ch. 4, v. 3 :
“ But the multiplying brood of the ungodly shall not thrive, nor take deep rooting from *bastard slips*, nor lay any fast foundation.” The same allusion is employed in one of our author's historical plays. STEEVENS.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she fees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child²,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractiz'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords³.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody⁴:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;

Sad

² *True grief is fond and testy as a child,*] *Fond*, in old language, is *foolish*. See Vol. III. p. 66, n. 5. MALONE.

³ *Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;*

Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.] Thus, Lothario speaking of Calista:

"At first her rage was dumb, and wanted words;

"But when the storm found way, 'twas wild and loud,

"Mad as the priestesses of the Delphick god," &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ *The little birds that tune their morning's joy,*

Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:] So the unhappy king Richard II. in his confinement exclaims:

"This musick mads me, let it sound no more;

"For though it have holpe madmen to their wits,

"In me it seems it will make wise men mad."

Sad souls are slain in merry company⁵;
 Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:
 True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,
 When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
 He ten times pines, that pines beholding food;
 To see the salve doth make the wound ake more;
 Great grief grieves most at that would do it good:
 Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
 Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-flows;
 Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes entomb
 Within your hollow-swellling feather'd breasts!
 And in my hearing be you mute and dumb⁶!
 (My restless discord loves no stops * nor rests;
 A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests⁷:)

Shakspeare has here (as in all his writings) shewn an intimate acquaintance with the human heart. Every one that has felt the pressure of grief will readily acknowledge that "mirth doth search the bottom of annoy." MALONE.

⁵ *Sad souls are slain in merry company;*] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:
 "Oh, I am flabb'd with laughter." STEEVENS.

⁶ *And in my bearing be you mute and dumb!*] The same pleonasm of expression is found in *Hamlet*:

"Or given my heart a working *mute and dumb*."

The editor of the octavo in 1616, to avoid the tautology, reads without authority:

And in my hearing be you ever dumb. MALONE.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes entomb

Within your hollow-swellling feather'd breasts,

And in my hearing be you mute and dumb!

(My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;

A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:)] Thus, Calista:

"Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,

"Nor let thy fond officious love disturb

"My solemn sadness with the sound of joy." STEEVENS.

* —no stops,] This word is used here in a musical sense. So, in the Prologue to *King Henry IV.* P. II.

"Rumour is a pipe—

"And of so easy and so plain a stop,—." MALONE.

⁷ *A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:)]* So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks." STEEVENS.

Relish

Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears⁸;
Distress likes dumps⁹ when time is kept with tears.

Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear:
For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st, better skill¹.

And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart

⁸ Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;] The quarto and all the other editions till that of 1616, read *ralish*, which was either used in the same sense as *relish*, or was a different mode of spelling the same word. *Relish* is used by Daniel in his 52d *Sonnet* in the same manner as here:

“ If any pleasing *relish* here I use,

“ Then judge the world, her beauty gives the same.

“ O happy ground that makes the *musick* such—”

If ears be right, *pleasing*, I think, was used by the poet for *pleased*. In *Orbello* we find *delighted* for *delighting*:

“ If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack—.” MALONE.

⁹ *Distress* likes dumps—] A *dump* is a melancholy song. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ —to their instruments

“ Tune a deploring *dump*.” MALONE.

¹ *While thou on Tereus descant'st*, better skill.] Philomel, the daughter of Pandion king of Athens, was ravish'd by Tereus, the husband of her sister Progne.—According to the fable, she was turned into a nightingale, Tereus into a lapwing, and Progne into a swallow.

There seems to be something wanting to complete the sense:—*with* better skill,—but this will not suit the metre In a preceding line, however, the preposition *with*, though equally wanting to complete the sense, is omitted as here:

“ For day hath nought to do what's done by night.”

All the copies have:

While thou on Tereus *descants* better skill.

This kind of error (*descants* for *descant'st*) occurs in almost every page of our authour's plays. MALONE.

Perhaps the author wrote, (I say *perhaps*, for in Shakspeare's licentious grammar nothing is very certain:)

—I'll hum on Tarquin's *ill*,

While thou on Tereus' descant'st better *skill*. STEEVENS.

Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
 Who, if it wink², shall thereon fall and die.
 These means, as frets upon an instrument,
 Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day³,
 As shaming any eye should thee behold,
 Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
 That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
 Will we find out⁴; and there we will unfold
 To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds;
 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
 Wildly determining which way to fly,
 Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
 That cannot tread the way out readily;
 So with herself is she in mutiny,
 To live or die which of the twain were better⁵,
 When life is sham'd, and death reproaches debtor⁶.

² Who, if it wink,—] Shakspeare seldom attends to the last antecedent. The construction is—*Which heart, if the eye wink, shall fall, &c.* MALONE.

³ —*thou sing'st not in the day,*] So, in *the Merchant of Venice*:

“The nightingale, if she should sing by day,

“When every goose is cackling, would be thought

“No better a musician than the wren.” MALONE.

⁴ *Some dark deep desert, seated from the way, &c.*

Will we find out—] Thus, *Calista*:

“—my sad soul

“Has form'd a dismal melancholy scene,

“Such a retreat as I would wish to find,

“An unfrequented vale.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *To live or die which of the twain were better,*] So, *Hamlet*:

“To be, or not to be, that is the question.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *When life is sham'd, and death reproaches debtor.*] *Reproaches* is here, I think, the Saxon genitive case:—When death is the debtor of reproach. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“I do wander every where

“Swifter than the moon's sphere.”

She debates whether she should not rather destroy herself than live; life being disgraceful in consequence of her violation, and her death being a debt which she owes to the reproach of her conscience. MALONE.

To

To kill myself, quoth she, alack! what were it,
 But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
 They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
 Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
 That mother tries a merciless conclusion⁷,
 Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
 Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body or my soul, which was the dearer?
 When the one pure, the other made divine.
 Whose love of either to myself was nearer?
 When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.
 Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
 His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
 So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

Her house is sack'd⁸, her quiet interrupted,
 Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
 Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
 Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
 Then let it not be call'd impiety,
 If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole⁹,
 Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
 Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
 That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
 Revenge on him that made me stop my breath¹.
 My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,

⁷ *That mother tries a merciless conclusion,*] A merciless practice; a cruel experiment. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—she hath assay'd

"*Conclusions* infinite to die." MALONE.

⁸ *Her house is sack'd,*—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—tell me, that I may sack

"The hated mansion." STEEVENS.

⁹ *If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole, &c.*] So, in *K. Rich. II.*:

"—with a little pin

"Bore through his castle wall, and—farewel king." STEEV.

¹ *Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.*] So, in *Othello*:

"—There lies your niece,

"Whose *breath* indeed these hands have newly *stopp'd*." MALONE.

Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent²,
And as his due, writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born,

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives, disburied be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this Will³;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;

My

² Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,] The first copy has, by an apparent error of the press:

Which for him tainted—

The correction was made in the octavo, 1598. MALONE.

³ Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this Will;] Thus the quarto. The edition of 1616 has:

Then Collatine, &c. MALONE.

The overseer of a will was, I suppose, designed as a check upon executors. Our author appoints John Hall and his wife for his executors, and Thomas Ruffel and Francis Collins as his overseers. STEEVENS.

Overseers

My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, *so be it*.

Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee;
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish-pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies⁴.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads, when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty⁵;
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow⁶,
(For why? her face wore sorrow's livery:)
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

Overseers were frequently added in Wills from the superabundant caution of our ancestors; but our law acknowledges no such persons, nor are they (as contradistinguished from executors,) invested with any legal rights whatsoever. In some old Wills the term *overseer* is used instead of *executor*. Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the Bodleian Library in Oxford, not content with appointing two executors and two *overseers*, has likewise added three *supervisors*. MALONE.

⁴ —with thought's feathers flies.] So, in *King John*:

“—set feathers to thy heels,

“And fly like thought.” STEEVENS.

⁵ With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty;] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“Such duty to the drunkard let him do,

“With soft-low tongue and lowly courtesy.”

In *King Lear* the same praise is bestowed on Cordelia:

“—Her voice was ever soft,

“Gentle and low:—an excellent thing in woman.”

MALONE.

⁶ And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,] To sort is to choose out.
So before:

“When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end. MALONE.

But

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set⁷,
 Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye⁸;
 Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
 Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
 Of those fair suns, set in her mistress's sky,
 Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
 Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night⁹.

A pretty while¹ these pretty creatures stand,
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling²:
 One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
 No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
 Grieving themselves to guests at others' smarts,
 And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts:

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will³;
 The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds

⁷ —as the earth doth weep, the sun being set, &c.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew.” STEEVENS.

⁸ Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye;

“And when she weeps, weeps every little flower.” STEEVENS.

⁹ Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night. So, in Dryden's *Oedipus*:

“Thus weeping blind like dewy night upon thee.” STEEVENS.

¹ A pretty while—] *Pretty* seems formerly to have sometimes had the signification of *petty*,—as in the present instance. So also in Shelton's translation of *Don Quixote*, 4to, 1612, Vol. I. p. 407: “The admiration and tears joined, indured in them all for a *pretty* space.”

MALONE.

² Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:] So in *As you Like it*: “I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain.” Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“How now? a conduit, girl? What? still in tears?”

“Ever more weeping,” MALONE.

So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

“As from a conduit with their issuing spouts.” STEEVENS.

³ And therefore are they form'd as marble will:] Hence do they [women] receive whatever impression their marble-hearted associates [men] choose. The expression is very quaint. MALONE.

Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authours of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil⁴.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books⁵.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower⁶,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd!
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild⁷
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd

⁴ *Then call them not the authours of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.*] So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"How easy is it for the proper false

"In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

"Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,

"For, such as we are made of, such we be."

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Women! help Heaven! men their creation mar

"In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,

"For we are as soft as our complexions are,

"And credulous to false prints." MALONE.

⁵ — *women's faces are their own faults' books.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men

"May read strange matters." STEEVENS.

Our authour has advanced a contrary sentiment in another poem:

"The wiles and guiles that women work,

"Dissembled with an outward shew,

"The tricks and toys that in them lurk,

"The cock that treads them shall not know." MALONE.

⁶ *No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide—*] Thus the quarto. All the other copies have *inveighs*
and *chides*. MALONE.

⁷ — *O, let it not be hild*] Thus the quarto, for the sake of the rhyme.
Spenser, in imitation of the Italian poets, often takes the same liberty.
See p. 165, n. 2. MALONE.

With

With men's abuses³: those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night, with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong;
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead²?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining¹;
My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went—(and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence?
Madam, ere I was up, reply'd the maid,
The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

³ —that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses;] *Fulfilled* had formerly the sense of *filled*. It
is so used in our liturgy. MALONE.

Fulfilled means completely filled, till there be no room for more. The
word, in this sense, is now obsolete. So, in the Prologue to *Troilus*
and *Cressida*:

“And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts.” STEEVENS.

² —abuse a body dead?] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“—to do some villainous shame

“On the dead bodies—.” STEEVENS.

¹ *To the poor counterfeit of her complaining*:] To her maid, whose
countenance exhibited an image of her mistress's grief. A *counterfeit*,
in ancient language, signified a *portrait*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“What have we here? fair Portia's counterfeit?” MALONE.

But lady, if your maid may be so bold,
 She would request to know your heaviness.
 O peace! quoth Lucrece; if it should be told,
 The repetition cannot make it less;
 For more it is than I can well express:
 And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
 When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—
 Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
 What should I say?—One of my husband's men
 Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
 A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it:
 The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
 First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
 Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
 What wit sets down, is blotted straight with will;
 This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
 Much like a press of people at a door,
 Throng her inventions, which shall go before².

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
 Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
 Health to thy person! next vouchsafe to afford
 (If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see,)
 Some present speed, to come and visit me:
 So I commend me from our house in grief³;
 My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here

² *Much like a press of people at a door,
 Throng her inventions, which shall go before.*] So, in *K. John*:
 "—legions of strange fantasies,
 "Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
 "Confound themselves."

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

"—which forc'd such way,
 "That many maz'd considerations did throng,
 "And press in with this caution." MALONE.

³ *So I commend me from our house in grief;*] Shakspeare has here
 closely

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
 Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
 By this short schedule Collatine may know
 Her grief, but not her grief's true quality :
 She dares not thereof make discovery,
 Lest he should hold it her own grofs abuse,
 Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
 She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her ;
 When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
 Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
 From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
 To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
 With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told ⁴ ;
 For then the eye interprets to the ear
 The heavy motion that it doth behold ⁵ ,
 When every part a part of woe doth bear,
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear :
 Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords ⁶ ,
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her

^closely followed the practice of his own times. Thus, Anne Bullen concluding her pathetick letter to her savage murderer: "*From my doleful prison in the Tower, this 6th of May.*"

So also Gascoigne the poet ends his address to the Youth of England, prefixed to his works: "*From my poor house at Walthamstowe in the Forest, the second of February, 1575.*"

See also Vol. II. p. 218, n. 2. MALONE.

⁴ *To see sad sights moves more than hear them told :*]

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem

"Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus." Hor. MALONE.

⁵ *For then the eye interprets to the ear*

The heavy motion that it doth behold,] Our authour seems to have been thinking of those *heavy motions* called *Dumb-shows*, which were exhibited on the stage in his time. - *Motion*, in old language, signifies a *puppet-show* ; and the person who spoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. So, in *Timon of Athens* :

"—to the dumbness of the gesture

"One might interpret." MALONE.

⁶ *Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,*] Thus the quarto,

1594,

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
*At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste*⁷:
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the four-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast⁸.
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

1594, and all the subsequent copies. The authour probably wrote:
Deep floods make lesser noise, &c.

So, before:

"Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood." MALONE.

The old reading is perhaps the true one. A *sound*, in naval language, is such a part of the sea as may be *sounded*. We have all heard of Plymouth *sound*, the *depth* of which is sufficient to carry vessels that draw the most water. The contradiction in terms is of little moment. We still talk of the *back front* of a house; and every *ford*, or *sound*, is comparatively *deep*. STEEVENS.

As a meaning may be extracted from the reading of the old copy, I have not disturbed it, though I suspect that Shakspeare wrote not *sounds* but *floods*, for these reasons:

1. Because there is scarce an English poet that has not compared real sorrow to a deep water, and loquacious and counterfeited grief to a bubbling shallow stream. The comparison is always between a *river* and a brook; nor have I observed the *sea* once mentioned in the various places in which this trite thought is expressed. Shakspeare, we see, has it in this very poem in a preceding passage, in which deep woes are compared to a gentle *flood*.

2. Because, supposing the poet to have had the sea in his contemplation, some reason ought to be assigned why he should have chosen those parts of it which are called *sounds*. To give force to the present sentiment, they must be supposed to be peculiarly still; whereas the truth I believe is, that all parts of the ocean are equally boisterous; at least those which are called *sounds* are not less so than others.

Lastly, because those parts of the sea which are denominated *sounds*, so far from deserving the epithet *deep*, are expressly defined to be "*shallow* seas; such as may be sounded." MALONE.

⁷ —and on it writ,

At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste:] Shakspeare seems to have begun early to confound the customs of his own country, with those of other nations. About a century and a half ago, all our letters that required speed were superscribed—*With post post haste*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *As lagging fowls*] Thus the quarto. All the modern editions have—*souls*. The quarto reads—*blais*, which the rhyme shews to have been a misprint, and which I should not mention but that it proves that even in Shakspeare's own edition there were some errors. See the preceding note, and p. 119, n. 9. MALONE.

The

The homely villein⁹ court'fies to her low;
 And blushing on her, with a stedfast eye
 Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
 And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
 But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
 For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame.

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
 Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
 Such harmless creatures have a true respect
 To talk in deeds¹, while others faucily
 Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
 Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age²
 Pawn'd honest looks, but lay'd no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
 That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd;
 She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
 And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd;
 Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd:
 The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
 The more she thought he spy'd in her some blemish.

⁹ *The homely villein court'fies to her low*;] *Villein* has here its ancient legal signification; that of a *slave*. The term *court'sy* was formerly applied to men as well as to women. See Vol. V. p. 206, n. 7. MALONE.

¹ *To talk in deeds*—] So, in *Hamlet*:

“As he, in his peculiar act and force,

“May give his *saying deed*.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“*Speaking in deeds*, and deedless in his tongue.” MALONE.

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“*Cæsa. Speak hands for me*.” STEEVENS.

² —*this pattern of the worn-out age*—] This example of antient simplicity and virtue. So in *King Richard III*:

“Behold this *pattern of thy butcheries*.”

See also p. 123, n. *.

We meet with nearly the same expression in our authour's 68th *Sonnet*:

“Thus is his cheek the *map of days out-worn*.” MALONE.

So, in *As you like it*:

“—how well in thee appears

“The constant service of the *antique world*.” STEEVENS.

But

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan :
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy ;
Before the which is drawn³ the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape⁴ the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy⁵ ;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud⁶,
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life :
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear⁷,

³ *Before the which is drawn—*] That is, before Troy. MALONE.
Drawn, in this instance, does not signify *delineated*, but *drawn out*
into the field, as armies are. So, in *King Henry IV* :

“ He cannot draw his power these fourteen days.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *For Helen's rape—*] *Rape* is used by all our old poets in the sense of
raptus, or carrying away by force. It sometimes also signifies the person
forcibly carried away. MALONE.

⁵ *Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy* ;] So, in *Pericles* :

“ Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds.”

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ —like the herald Mercury,

“ New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.” MALONE.

⁶ *Which the conceited painter drew so proud*,] *Conceited*, in old lan-
guage, is *fanciful*, *ingenious*. MALONE.

⁷ *Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear*,] Thus the quarto. The
variation made in this line, in the edition of 1616, which is said in the
title-page to be *newly revised and corrected*, would alone prove it not
to have been prepared by our authour. The editor, knowing that all
drops are wet, and not observing that the poet is here speaking of a
picture, discarded the old reading, and gave, instead of it,

Many a dire drop seem'd a weeping tear ;

which has been followed in all the subsequent copies. Had he been at
all acquainted with Shakspeare's manner, he never would have made
this alteration, or have adopted it, if made before. MALONE,

Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife :
 The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife ;
 And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights⁹.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
 Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;
 And from the towers of Troy there would appear
 The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
 Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust :
 Such sweet observance in this work was had,
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
 You might behold, triumphing in their faces ;
 In youth, quick bearing and dexterity ;
 And here and there the painter interlaces
 Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces ;
 Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,¹
 That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
 Of physiognomy might one behold !
 The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart ;
 Their face their manners most expressly told :
 In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd ;
 But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,
 Show'd deep regard and smiling government².

Their pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
 As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight ;
 Making such sober action with his hand,

⁹ *And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.* Perhaps Milton had
 these lines in his thoughts when he wrote :

“ Where glowing embers through the room

“ Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.”

It is probable he also remembered these of Spenser :

“ —his glistening armour made

“ A little glooming light much like a shade.” MALONE.

¹ *—deep regard and smiling government.* Profound wisdom, and the
 complacency arising from the passions being under the command of
 reason. The former word [*regard*] has already occurred more than once
 in the same sense. MALONE.

That

That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight :
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky².

About him were a press of gaping faces³,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice⁴;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid⁵ did their ears entice ;
Some high, some low ; the painter was so nice,
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear ;
Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all boll'n and red⁶ ;
Another

² *In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.* So, in *Troilus*
and *Cressida* :

"—and such again

" As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,

" Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree

" On which heaven rides) knit all the Greckish ears

" To his experienc'd tongue." MALONE.

I suppose we should read—*curl'd*. Thus, Pope :

" While *curling* smoaks from village tops are seen."

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

" And let our *crooked* smoaks climb to their nostrils." STEEV.

There is no need of change, for *purling* had formerly the same meaning, being sometimes used to denote the *curling* of water, without any reference to sound. So, in Drayton's *Mortimeriades*, 4to, no date :

" Whose stream an easie breath doth seem to blow ;

" Which on the sparkling gravel runs in *purles*,

" As though the waves had been of silver *curls*."

This sense of the word is unnoticed in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.

MALONE.

³ *About him were a press of gaping faces, &c.*] Had any engraving, or account, of Raphael's celebrated picture of *The School of Athens* reached England in the time of our authour, one might be tempted by this description to think that he had seen it. MALONE.

⁴ *Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ;*] So, in *King John* :

" With open mouth, *swallowing* a taylor's news." STEEVENS.

⁵ *As if some mermaid—*] See p. 33, n. 5. MALONE.

⁶ *—all boll'n and red ;*] Thus the old copy. In the former edition,

Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear⁷;
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
 As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
 It seem'd they would debate with angry swords⁸.

For much imaginary work was there;
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind⁹,
 That for Achilles' image stood his spear,

when I was less cautious than I am at present, I substituted *blown* for *bol'n*, which I conceived to be a misprint; but scarcely had the book issued from the press, when I discovered my mistake. The reader will, I trust, find no instances of similar temerity in the present edition of our authour's works.

Bol'n means *swollen*, and is used by Golding in his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 1567:

"Her leanneſſe made her joynts *bolne* big, and knee-pannes,
 for to swell."

Auxerat articulos macies, genuumque rigebat
 Orbis—

Again, (as an anonymous writer has observed,) in Phaer's translation of the tenth book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

"—with what bravery *bolne* in pride

"King Turnus prosperous rides."

—tumidusque secunda

Marte ruat.

Gawin Douglas translating the same passage uses the words "*orpie* and proudly." See p. 78 of this volume.

Skinner supposes the word to be derived from *bouillier*, Fr. to bubble. But Mr. Tyrwhitt in his accurate Glossary to Chaucer, (as has likewise been observed by the same anonymous writer,) says, it is the part. pa. of *bolge*, v. Sax. MALONE.

⁷ *Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear*;] To *pelt* meant, I think, to be clamorous, as men are in a passion. So, in an old collection of tales, entitled *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614: "The young man, all in a *pelting* chafe,—." MALONE.

⁸ —*debate with angry swords*.] i. e. *fall to contention*. *Bate* is an ancient word signifying *strife*. So, in the old play of *Acolastus*, 1540:

"We shall not fall to *bate*, or stryve for this matter." STEEV.

Debate has here, I believe, its usual signification. They seemed ready to *argue* with their *swords*. So, in *Julius Cæsar*: "*Speak bands* for me."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"I will *speak daggers* to her; but use none."

Again, more appositely, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"*Speaking in deeds*, and deedless in his tongue." MALONE.

⁹ *Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind*.] An artful delineation, so nicely and *naturally* executed. *Kind* and *nature*, in old language, were synonymous. See Vol. III. p. 164, n. 8, and p. 210, n. 6. MALONE.

Grip'd

Grip'd in an armed hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind¹:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That, through their light joy, seemed to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strand of Dardan where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle fought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than²
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To

¹ *Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:*] We meet with the same expression in *Hamlet*, and in one of our authour's *Sonnets*. Again, in *King Richard II*:

“—with the eyes of heavy mind

“I see thy glory.” MALONE.

² *To break upon the galled shore, and than—*] *Than for then*. This licence of changing the termination of words is sometimes used by our ancient poets, in imitation of the Italian writers. Thus, Daniel, in his *Cleopatra*, 1594:

“And now wilt yield thy streames

“A prey to other reames;”

i. e. realms. Again, in his *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592:

“When cleaner thoughts my weakness 'gan upbray,

“Against myself, and shame did force me say,—.”

Again, in Hall's *Satires*, 1599:

“As frozen dunghills in a winter's morne,

“That voyd of vapours seemed all before,

“Soone as the sun,” &c.

Again, *ibid*:

“His bonnet vail'd, or ever he could thinke,

“The unruly winde blowes off his *periwinkle*.”

Again, in *Godrey of Bulloigne*, translated by Fairfax, 1600:

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
 To find a face where all distress is stêl'd³.
 Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
 But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
 Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
 Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
 Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies⁴.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
 Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
 Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;
 Of what she was, no semblance did remain:
 Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,

“ Time was, (for each one hath his doting time,
 “ These silver locks were golden tresses *iban*,)
 “ That countrie life I hated as a crime,
 “ And from the Forrest's sweet contentment ran.”

Again, in Drayton's *Mortemeriados*, sign. Q. 1. 4to, no date:

“ Out of whose top the fresh springs trembling downe,
 “ Duly keep time with their harmonious *flowne*.”

Again, in *Songes and Sonnetes* by the earle of Surrey and others, edit. 1567, f. 81:

“ —half the paine had never man
 “ Which had this woful Troyan *iban*.”

Many other instances of the same kind might be added. See the next note. MALONE.

Reames, in the first instance produced, is only the French *royaumes* affectedly anglicized. STEEVENS.

In Daniel's time the French word was usually written *royaulme*.

MALONE.

³ *To find a face where all distress is stêl'd.*] Thus the quarto, and all the subsequent copies.—In our authour's twenty-fourth *Sonnet* we find these lines:

“ Mine eye hath play'd the *painter*, and hath *steel'd*
 “ Thy beauty's form in table of my heart.”

This therefore I suppose to have been the word intended here, which the poet altered for the sake of rhyme. So before—*bild* for *beld*, and *iban* for *then*. He might, however, have written:

—where all distress is *spell'd*.

i. e. *written*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ And careful hours with time's deformed hand
 “ Have *written* strange defeatures in my face.” MALONE.

⁴ *Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.*] Dr. Sewall unnecessarily reads—*Who* bleeding, &c. The neutral pronoun was anciently often used for the personal. It still remains in the Liturgy. *Which*, however, may refer to *wounds*, notwithstanding the false concord which such a construction produces. See p. 66, n. 9. MALONE.

Wanting

Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes⁵,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words, to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no God to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong;
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument, quoth she, without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy, that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The fire, the son, the dame, and daughter, die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the publick plague of many mo⁶?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

⁵ On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,] Fixes them earnestly; gives it her whole attention. Hounds are said to spend their tongues, when they join in full cry. MALONE.

⁶ —the plague of many mo?] Mo for more. The word is now obsolete. See Vol. III. p 195, n. 9. MALONE.

Lô, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
 Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds⁷;
 Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
 And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds⁸,
 And one man's lust these many lives confounds^{*}:
 Had dotting Priam check'd his son's desire,
 'Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
 For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
 Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
 Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
 So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell
 To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
 She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round⁹,
 And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament:
 At last she sees a wretched image bound,
 That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
 His face, though full of cares, yet shew'd content:

⁷ *Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds;*] In the play of *Troilus and Cressida*, his name is frequently introduced in the same manner as here, as a dissyllable. The mere English reader still pronounces the word as, I believe, Shakspeare did.

Swoonds is *swoons*. *Swoon* is constantly written *sound* or *swoond* in the old copies of our authour's plays; and from this stanza it is probable that the word was anciently pronounced as it is here written. So also Drayton in his *Mortimeriades*, 4to, no date:

“ Thus with the pangs out of this trauce areysed,

“ As water sometime wakeneth from a *swoond*,—

“ As when the blood is cold, we feele the wound.” MALONE.

⁸ *And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds;*] *Advice*, it has been already observed, formerly meant *knowledge*. *Friends wound friends*, not knowing each other. It should be remembered that Troy was sacked in the night. MALONE.

^{*} —*confounds*:] i. e. destroys.—See Vol. VII. p. 502, n. 2.

MALONE.

⁹ *She throws her eyes about the painting, round;*] i. e. she throws her eyes round about, &c. The octavo, 1616, and all the subsequent copies, read:—about the *painted* round. MALONE.

Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes¹.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show²
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance^{*} gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil³,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such faint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjurd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell, wherein they view'd their faces⁴.

This

¹ So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.] That is, the woes suffered by Patience. We have nearly the same image in our author's *Twelfth Night*:

"She seem'd like Patience on a monument,

"Smiling at grief."

Again, in *Pericles*:

"—Yet thou dost look

"Like Patience, gazing on king's graves, and smiling

"Extremity out of act." MALONE.

² —the harmless show—] The harmless painted figure. MALONE.

^{*} —no guilty instance—] No example or symptom of guilt. See Vol. IV. p. 97, n. 2. MALONE.

³ And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil,] And by that means so concealed his secret treachery. A sconce was a species of fortification. See Vol. I. p. 232, n. 1. MALONE.

⁴ And little stars shot from their fixed places,

When the glass fell, wherein they view'd their faces.] So in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"—the

This picture she advisedly perus'd⁵,
 And chid the painter for his wond'rous skill;
 Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,
 So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill;
 And still on him she gaz'd; and gazing still,
 Such signs of truth in his plain face she spy'd,
 That she concludes the picture was bely'd.

It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile—
 (She would have said) *can lurk in such a look*;
 But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
 And from her tongue, *can lurk from cannot* took;
It cannot be she in that sense forfook,
 And turn'd it thus: "It cannot be, I find,
 But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
 So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
 (As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)
 'To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd
 With outward honesty⁶, but yet defil'd

With

"—the rude sea grew civil at her song,
 "And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 "To hear the sea-maid's musick."

Why, Priam's palace, however beautiful or magnificent, should be called the mirror in which the fixed stars beheld themselves, I do not see. The image is very quaint and far-fetched. MALONE.

⁵ *This picture she advisedly perus'd,*] *Advisedly* is attentively; with deliberation. MALONE.

⁶ *So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,*
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd

With outward honesty,—] *To me came Tarquin with the same armour of hypocrisy that Sinon wore.* The old copy reads:

To me came Tarquin armed to beguil'd
 With outward honesty, &c.

To must, I think, have been a misprint for *so*. *Beguil'd* is *beguiling*. Our author frequently confounds the active and passive participles. Thus, in *Othello*, *delighted* for *delighting*:

"If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack,—." MALONE.

I think the reading proposed is right; and would point thus:
 To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd
 With outward honesty, but yet, &c.

With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls⁷, a Trojan bleeds;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds:

Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire, to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
Fool! fool! quoth she, his wounds will not be sore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,

So beguil'd is so cover'd, so masked with fraud, i. e. like Sinon. Thus;
in The Merchant of Venice, Act III. sc. ii:

"Thus ornament is but the *guiled* shore

"To a most dangerous sea," STEEVENS.

7 *For every tear he falls—*] He lets fall. So, in *Otello*:

"Each *tear* she *falls* would prove a crocodile." MALONE.

A similar thought occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"For every false drop in her *barudy* veins,

"A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple

"In her contaminated carrion weight,

"A Trojan bath been slain." STEEVENS.

And

And both she thinks too long with her remaining :
 Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.
 Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps ;
 And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
 That she with painted images hath spent ;
 Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
 By deep surmise of others' detriment ;
 Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
 It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
 To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
 Brings home his lord and other company ;
 Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black ;
 And round about her tear-distained eye
 Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.
 These water-galls in her dim element⁸
 Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
 Amazedly in her sad face he stares :
 Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw⁹,
 Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
 He hath no power to ask her how she fares ;
 But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
 Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
 And thus begins : What uncouth ill event
 Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand ?

⁸ *These water-galls in her dim element—*] The *water-gall* is some appearance attendant on the rainbow. The word is current among the shepherds on Salisbury plain. STEEVENS.

⁹ *—look'd red and raw,*] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ The Danish cicatrice looks red and raw.” STEEVENS.

Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
 Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent¹?
 Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
 And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
 Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
 At length address'd to answer his desire²,
 She modestly prepares to let them know
 Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
 While Collatine and his comforted lords
 With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
 Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
 Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,
 Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
 In me more woes than words are now depending;
 And my laments would be drawn out too long,
 To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say:
 Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
 A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head³;
 And what wrong else may be imagined

By

¹ *Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?*] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,

"I know not what to say." STEEVENS.

² *At length address'd to answer his desire,*] *Address'd* is ready, prepared. So, in *King Henry V*:

"To-morrow for the march are we address'd." MALONE.

³ *Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed*

A stranger came, and on that pillow lay

Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;] "*Vestigia viri alieni, Collatine, in lecto sunt tuo.*" *Liv. lib. i. cap. 58*. Since the former edition I find these words had been translated by Painter in his novel: "Alas, Collatine, the steppes of another man be now fixed in thy bed." *Palace of Pleasure*, Vol. I. fol. 6. MALONE.

Peradventure the pillow which the lady here speaketh of, was what

By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas ! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cry'd, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love ; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed : this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword ;
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word :
So should my shame still rest upon record ;
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear :
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak ;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there :
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

O, teach me how to make mine own excuse !
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find ;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,

in a former stanza is denominated *the heart of all her land*. Tarquin slept not, it is to be presumed, though, like Jachimo, he had that was well worth watching. AMNER.

Imma-

Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that stops his answer so:
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste⁴,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd on him so fast;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past⁵:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a law,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slacketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes⁶.

⁴ *As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste, &c.]* So, in *Coriolanus*:

"*Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,*

"*As the recomforted through the gates.*" MALONE.

⁵ *In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:]* Should we not read:

In rage sent out, recall'd, the rage being past. FARMER.

⁶ *To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.]* The quarto has:

To drown on woe,——

On and one are perpetually confounded in old English books. See Vol. IV. p. 512, n. 7. The former does not seem to have any meaning here. The edition of 1600 has—*one woe*. We might read:

To drown in woe one pair of weeping eyes. MALONE.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
 For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me;
 Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
 Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou dost defend me
 From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
 Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
 For sparing justice feeds iniquity⁷.

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth she,
 (Speaking to those that came with Collatine,)
 Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
 For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
 To chafe injustice with revengeful arms:
 Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms⁸.

At this request, with noble disposition
 Each present lord began to promise aid,
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
 The protestation stops. O speak, quoth she,
 How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?

What is the quality of mine offence,
 Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
 May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
 My low-declined honour to advance?
 May any terms acquit me from this chance?
 The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
 And why not I from this compelled stain⁹?

With

⁷ For sparing justice feeds iniquity.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.” MALONE.

⁸ Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.] Here one of the laws of chivalry is somewhat prematurely introduced. MALONE.

⁹ The poison'd fountain clears itself again;

And why not I from this compelled stain?] There are perhaps few who would not have acquiesced in the justice of this reasoning. It did not however, as we learn from history, satisfy this admired heroine of antiquity.

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away

The

antiquity. Her conduct on this occasion has been the subject of much speculation. It is not alledged by any of the historians that actual violence was offered to her. *Διὰ μὲν ἐν ταύτῃ* (says Dion) *οὐκ ἈΚΟΥΣΑ δι' ἐπαχθεύθη*. Why then, it is asked, did she not suffer death rather than submit to her ravisher? An ingenious French writer thinks she killed herself too late to be entitled to any praise. [*Les Oeuvres de Sarazin*, p. 182, edit. 1694.]—A venerable father of the church (St. Austin) censures her still more severely, concluding his strictures on her conduct with this dilemma: “Ita hæc causa ex utroque latere coarctatur; ut, si extenuatur homicidium, adulterium confirmetur; si purgatur adulterium, homicidium cumulatur; nec omnino invenitur exitus, ubi dicitur, si adulterata, cur laudata? si pudica, cur occisa?”—On these words a writer of the last century [Renatus Laurentius de la Barre] formed the following Latin Epigram:

- “Si tibi forte fuit, Lucretia, gratus adulter,
“Immerito ex meritâ præmia cæde petis:
“Sin potius casto vis est allata pudori,
“Quis furor est hostis crimine velle mori?
“Frustra igitur laudem captas, Lucretia; namque
“Vel furiosa ruis, vel scelerata cadis.”
“If Tarquin's guilt, Lucretia, pleas'd thy soul,
“How could thy blood wash out a stain so foul?
“But if by downright force the joy he had,
“To die on his account, must prove you mad:
“Then be thy death no more the matron's pride;
“You liv'd a strumpet, or a fool you dy'd.”

The ladies must determine the question.

I am indebted to a friend for perhaps the best defence that can be made for this celebrated suicide:

- “Heu! misera, ante alias, Lucretia! rumor iniquus
“Me referet pactam me violâsse fidem?
“Criminis et socius fingetur servus? Imago
“Vincit, et horrendis cedo, tyranne, minis.
“Te, pudor, heu violo;—valeant jam gaudia vitæ!
“Carior et vitâ, care marite, vale!
“Ferrum at restituet læso sua jura pudori,
“Ad cælum et surget sanguine fama meo.”

In these verses the authour seems to have had in view the following lines in Young's seventh Satire:

- “Ambition, in the truly noble mind,
“With sister virtue is for ever join'd:

The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.

No,

“ As in fam'd LUCRECE, who, with equal dread,
“ From guilt and shame by her last conduct fled :
“ Her virtue long rebell'd in firm disdain,
“ And the sword pointed at her heart in vain ;
“ But when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
“ Dead by her side, *her love of fame* obey'd.”

M. Antonius Casanova, a writer of the sixteenth century, has also defended the conduct of Lucretia in the following lines:

“ Dicite, cum melius cadere ante Lucretia posset,
“ Cur potius voluit post scelus illa mori ?
“ Crimine se absolvit manus, habitura coactæ
“ Ultorem, et patriæ depositura jugum.
“ Quam bene contempto sacrat sua pectora ferro,
“ Dum pariter famæ consulit et patriæ !”

Thus translated by Thomas Heywood, the dramatick poet :

“ Why Lucrece better might herselfe have slain,
“ Before the Act, than after her black stain,
“ Can any tell ? No crime she did commit,
“ For of all guilt her hand did her acquit.
“ Her ravisher she slew by that brave stroke,
“ And from her countries neck tooke off the yoke ;
“ From thine own hand thy death most willing came,
“ To save thy country, and preserve thy fame.” MALONE.

Peradventure a certain lady of Basil, whose name those who have leisure or inclination to disport themselves in such researches, may hereafter discover, hath a better title to admiration than the loquacious wife of Tarquinius Collatinus. I have heretofore met with a pretty epigram, of good antiquity, in praise of the aforesaid lady, which, me seemeth, may afford no improper supplement to the remarks that the conduct of the celebrated Roman matron hath produced :

Passa torum, non passa virum, Lucretia nostri
Ævi, postgenitis nobilis historia ;
Quæ virgo et matrona simul tria lustra peregi,
Nupta innupta simul semiviri atque viri.
Conjugium tacui ; cujus languentia membra
Non Venus aspexit, non ruber ille deus.
Sed tacui, atque tuli : non hanc vicina querelam
Audiit, aut frater, aut pater, aut genetrix.
Heu male pro meritis tribuuntur præmia tantis ;
Alcestem exorians sol scit et occiduus,
Solum me Basilea ; sed est, me iudice, majus
Semper ab igne uri, quam semel igne mori.”

And this remindeth me of another unfortunate lady, whose ill hap gave birth to some pretty conceited verses :

“ Im-

No, no, quoth she, no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving¹.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: *He, he*, she says,
But more than *he* her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short affays,
She utters this: *He, he*, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breath'd:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chafe;

Impubes nupsi valido, nunc firmior annis

Exsucco et moli sum satiata viro.

Ille fatigavit teneram, hic ætate virentem

Intactam tota nocte jacere sinit.

Dum licuit, nolui; nunc, dum volo, non licet uti.

O Hymeni, aut annos aut mihi redde virum." AMNER.

¹ —no dame, hereafter living,

By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.] "Ego me, et si peccato
absolvo, supplicio non libero; nec ulla deinde impudica exemplo Lucretiæ
vivet." Liv. lib. i. cap. 58.—No translation of the first book of Livy
having appeared before the publication of this poem, this coincidence
seemed to me extraordinary; but since the former edition I have ob-
served that Painter's novel furnished our authour with this sentiment.
"As for my part, though I clear my selfe of the offence, my body
shall feel the punishment, for no unchaste or ill woman shall here-
after impute no dishonest act to Lucrece."

Palace of Pleasure, 1567, Vol. I. f. 7. MALONE.

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
 In two flow rivers, that the crimson blood
 Circles her body in on every side,
 Who like a late-sack'd island vastly stood²,
 Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
 And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd,

About the mourning and congealed face
 Of that black blood, a watery rigol goes³,
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
 And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
 Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
 And blood untainted still doth red abide,
 Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter, old Lucretius cries,
 That life was mine, which thou hast here depriv'd.
 If in the child the father's image lies,
 Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd⁴?
 Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.

If

² —vastly stood,] i. e. like a waste. *Vastum* is the law-term for waste ground. Thus, in *The Winter's Tale*: "—shook hands as over a wast." Again, in *Pericles*:

"Thou God of this great wast, rebuke the surges." STEEV.

³ —a watery rigol goes,] A *rigol* is a circle. MALONE.
 So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"———a sleep

"That from this golden *rigol* hath divorc'd

"So many English kings." STEEVENS.

⁴ If in the child the father's image lies,

Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd?] So, in *K. Richard III.*

"And liv'd by looking on his *images*." MALONE.

—unliv'd?] The quaintness of this word has only been equalled by another of the same kind in *Chrononhotontologies*:

"Himself he unfatigues with pleasing slumbers." STEEVENS.

I do not perceive any peculiar uncouthness in this expression. What is *unliv'd* but *liveless* (for so the word *lifeless* was frequently written in our author's time)? Thus, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"But to procrastinate his *liveless* end.

The privative *un* may be joined to almost any English participle. When indeed it is annexed to a word that is itself of a privative nature, (as *fatigue*,)

If children pre-decease progenitors⁵,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old⁶,
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn⁷;
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn⁸!

And

fatigue,) the word so formed may justly be objected to. But *unliv'd* does not appear to me more exceptionable than *unboused*, *unpawed*, and twenty more.

In *Macbeth* we meet with *unrough*:

"—many *unrough* youths, that even now

"Protest their first of manhood."

And in *King Richard II.* we have *undeaf*:

"My death's sad tale may yet *undeaf* his ear." MALONE.

⁵ *If children pre-decease progenitors*,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—oh, thou untaught!

"To press before thy father to a grave!" STEEVENS.

⁶ *But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old*,] Thus the quarto.

The modern editions have—*dim and cold*, which I once thought might have been the true reading. This indeed is not a very proper epithet, because all mirrors are cold. But the poet, I conceived, might have thought that its being descriptive of Lucretia's state was sufficient. On a more mature consideration, however, I am of opinion that the old copy is right. As *dim* is opposed to *fair*, so *old* is to *fresh*. MALONE.

Old, I believe, is the true reading. Though *glass* may not prove subject to decay, the quicksilver behind it will perish, through *age*, and it then exhibits a faithless reflection. A *steel-glass*, however, would certainly grow *dim* in proportion as it grows *old*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Poor broken glass, I often did behold*

In thy sweet semblance my old age new born:

But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,

Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn;] So, in *K. Rich. III.*:

"I have bewept a worthy husband's death,

"And liv'd by looking on his images;

"But now two mirrors of his princely semblance

"Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;

"And I for comfort have but one false glass,

"That grieves me when I see my shame in him."

Again, in our authour's third Sonnet:

"Thou art thy mother's glass," &c. MALONE.

Compare this stanza with the speech of *King Richard II.* when he commands a mirror to be brought, and afterwards dashes it on the ground. STEEVENS.

And shiver'd all the beauty of my glafs,
That I no more can see what once I was.

O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer⁹,
If they surcease to be, that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place¹;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream²
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face*,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who mad that sorrow should his use control,

Shows me a bare-bon'd death—] So, in *King John*:

"—and on his forehead sits

"A bare-ribb'd death—." STEEVENS.

⁸ O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!] Thus the quarto.
The edition of 1600, and all subsequent to it, have:

O, from my cheeks my image thou hast torn!

But the father's image was in his daughter's countenance, which she had now disfigured. The old copy is therefore certainly right. MALONE:

⁹ O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,] Thus the quarto.
The octavo, 1616, reads:

—haste no longer—

which has been followed by all the modern editions. MALONE.

¹ And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;] So, *Queen Margaret*, in *King Richard III*:

"And let my griefs frown on the upper band." STEEVENS.

² And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream] This epithet is frequently used by our authour and his contemporaries. So, in *King Richard III*:

"Poor key-cold figure of a holy king." MALONE.

* —the pale fear in his face,] So, in *King Richard II*.

"And with pale beggar-fear impeach my height." MALONE.

Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
 Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
 Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid,
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
 This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
 Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er³:
 Then son and father weep with equal strife,
 Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
 The father says, she's mine: O, mine she is,
 Replies her husband: Do not take away
 My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
 He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
 And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
 Which she too early and too late hath spill'd⁴.
 Woe, woe, quoth Collatine, she was my wife,

I owed

³ *At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"That tears shall drown the wind." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"Where are my tears?—rain, rain, to lay this wind."

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III.

"Would'st have me weep? why now thou hast thy will:

"For raging wind blows up incessant showers,

"And where the rage allays, the rain begins."

Again, in *King John*:

"But this effusion of such manly drops,

"This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,—. MALONE.

⁴ *O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,*

Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.] The same conceit occurs in the third part of *King Henry VI*:

"O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,

"And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!" STEEVENS.

I ow'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.
My daughter and *my wife* with clamours fill'd
 The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life,
 Answer'd their cries, *my daughter* and *my wife*.

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
 Seeing such emulation in their woe,
 Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
 Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
 He with the Romans was esteemed so
 As filly-jeering ideots are with kings,
 For sportive words, and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
 Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
 And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
 To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
 Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, arise;
 Let my unfounded self, suppos'd a fool,
 Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

Why Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
 Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
 Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
 For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
 Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds;
 Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
 To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
 In such relenting dew of lamentations;
 But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
 To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
 That they will suffer these abominations⁵,

Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.] *Too late* here means *too recently*. So, in *King Richard III.* Vol. VI. p. 523, n. 2:

"*Too late* he died, that might have kept that title,

"Which by his death hath lost much majesty." MALONE.

⁵ *That they will suffer these abominations, &c.*] The construction is—
 that they will suffer these abominations *to be chased*, &c. MALONE.

Since

Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chas'd.

Now by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun, that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us⁶, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who wondering at him, did his words allow⁷:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly⁸ did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment⁹.

⁶ *And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us—*] To *complain* was anciently used in an active sense, without an article subjoined to it. So, in Fairfax's translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*:

"Pale death our valiant leader hath oppress'd;

"Come, wreak his loss, *whom* bootless ye *complain*." MALONE.

⁷ *Who wondering at him, did his words allow:*] Did approve of what he said. So, in *King Lear*:

"—if your sweet sway

"Allow obedience—." MALONE.

⁸ *The Romans plausibly—*] That is, *with acclamations*. To express the same meaning, we should now say, *plausively*: but the other was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 1426, edit. 1605: "This change was very *plausible* or well pleasing to the nobility and gentry."

Bullocker in his *English Expofitor*, 8vo, 1616, interprets *plaufible* thus: "That which greatly pleafeth, or rejoiceth." MALONE.

Plaufibly may mean, with expreffions of applaufe. *Plaufibilis*, Lat. Thus, in the *Argument* prefixed to this poem: "—wherewith the people were fo moved, that with one confent, and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled." STEEVENS.

9 *To Tarquin's everlasting banifhment.*] In examining this and the preceding poem, we fhould do Shakspeare injufice, were we to try them by a comparifon with more modern and polished productions, or with our prefent idea of poetical excellence.

It has been obferved, that few authours rife much above the age in which they live. If their performances reach the ftandard of perfection eftablifhed in their own time, or furpafs fomewhat the productions of their contemporaries, they feldom aim further; for if their readers are fatisfied, it is not probable that they fhould be difcontented. The poems of *Venus and Adonis*, and *The Rape of Lucrece*, whatever opinion may be now entertained of them, were certainly much admired in Shakspeare's life-time. In thirteen years after their firft appearance, fix impreffions of each of them were printed, while in nearly the fame period his *Romeo and Juliet* (one of his moft popular plays) paffed only twice through the prefs. They appear to me fuperior to any pieces of the fame kind produced by Daniel or Drayton, the moft celebrated writers in this fpecies of narrative poetry that were then known. The applaufe beftowed on the *Rofamond* of the former authour, which was publifhed in 1592, gave birth, I imagine, to the prefent poem. The ftanza is the fame in both.

No compositions were in that age oftener quoted, or more honourably mentioned, than thefe two of Shakspeare. In the preliminary and concluding notes on *Venus and Adonis*, various proofs of the truth of this afertion may be found. Among others, Drayton, in the firft edition of his *Matilda*, has pronounced the following elogium on the preceding poem:

"Lucrece, of whom proud Rome hath boafed long,
 "Lately reviv'd to live another age,
 "And here arriv'd, to tell of Tarquin's wrong,
 "Her chafte denial, and the tyrant's rage,
 "Acting her paffions on our ftately ftage,
 "She is remember'd, all forgetting me,
 "Yet I as fair and chafte as ere was ſhe."

Matilda, the fair and chafte daughter of Lord Robert Fitzwater. By Michael Drayton, 4to, 1594.—If the reader fhould look for thefe lines in any edition of *Matilda* after the fecond in 1596, in octavo, he will be difappointed. It is obfervable that Daniel and Drayton made many alterations in their poems at every re-impreffion.

From Drayton's having omitted this elogium on Shakspeare in the fubfequent editions, there is reafon to believe, that however friendly they might have been in 1596, at a fubfequent period fome coolnefs fubfifted between them. In Drayton's works he has, I think, mentioned Shakspeare but once, and been rather niggard in his praife.

In

In *The Times* displayed in *Six Sestiads*, 4to, 1646, dedicated by S. Shephard to Philip Earl of Pembroke, p. 22, Sestiad VI. Stanza 9, the authour thus speaks of our poet:

- “ See him, whose tragick scenes Euripides
- “ Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
- “ Compare great Shakspeare; Aristophanes
- “ Never like him his fancy could display:
- “ Witness the Prince of Tyre, his Pericles;
- “ His sweet and his to-be-admired lay
- “ He wrote of lustful Tarquin’s rape, shews he
- “ Did understand the depth of poesie.”

If it should be asked, how comes it to pass that Shakspeare in his dramattick productions also, did not content himself with only doing as well as those play-wrights who had gone before him, or somewhat surpassing them; how it happened, that whilst his contemporaries on the stage crept in the most groveling and contemptible prose, or stalked in ridiculous and bombastick blank verse, he has penetrated the inmost recesses of the human mind, and, not contented with ranging through the wide field of nature, has with equal boldness and felicity often expatiated *extra flammantia mœnia mundi*, the answer, I believe, must be, that his disposition was more inclined to the drama than to the other kinds of poetry; that his genius for the one appears to have been almost a gift from heaven, his abilities for the other, of a less splendid and transcendent kind, and approaching nearer to those of other mortals.

Of these two poems *Venus and Adonis* appears to me entitled to superior praise. Their great defect is, the wearisome circumlocution with which the tale in each of them is told, particularly in that before us. When the reader thinks himself almost at his journey’s end, he is led through many an intricate path, and after travelling for some hours, finds his inn at a distance: nor are his wanderings always repaid, or his labour alleviated, by the fertility of the country through which he passes; by grotesqueness of scenery or variety of prospect.

Let us, however, never forget the state of poetry when these pieces appeared; and after perusing the productions of the contemporary and preceding writers, Shakspeare will have little to fear from the unprejudiced decision of his judges. In the foregoing notes we have seen almost every stanza of these poems fraught with images and expressions that occur also in his plays. To the liquid lapse of his numbers, in his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his *Sonnets*, his *Lovers Complaint*, and in all the *songs* which are introduced in his dramas, I wish particularly to call the attention of the reader. In this respect he leaves all his contemporaries many paces behind him.—Even the length of his two principal poems will be pardoned, when the practice of his age is adverted to. Like some advocates at the Bar, our elder poets seem to have thought it impossible to say too much on any subject. On the story of *Rosamond* Daniel has written above nine hundred lines.

Drayton’s

Drayton's *Legend of Rollo duke of Normandy* contains nine hundred and forty five lines; his *Matilda* six hundred and seventy two; and his *Legend of Pierce Gaveston* seven hundred and two. On the story of *Romeo and Juliet*, Arthur Brooke has left a poem of above four thousand lines; and that of *Troilus and Cressida* Chaucer has expanded into no less than eight thousand verses. MALONE.

S O N N E T S.

THE O

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER
OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS,

MR. W. Hⁱ.

ALL HAPPINESS,
AND THAT ETERNITY PROMISED
BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET,
WISHETH THE
WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER
IN SETTING FORTH,

T. T^z.

¹ Dr. Farmer supposes that many of these Sonnets are addressed to our authour's nephew Mr. William Harte. But this, I think, may be doubted. Shakspeare's sister, *Joan Harte*, was born in April, 1569. Supposing her to have married at so early an age as sixteen, her eldest son William could not have been more than twelve years old in 1598*, at which time these Sonnets were composed, though not published for several years afterwards. Many of them are written to show the propriety of marriage; and therefore cannot well be supposed to be addressed to a school-boy.

Mr. Tyrwhitt has pointed out to me a line in the twentieth Sonnet, which inclines me to think that the initials W. H. stand for W. Hughes. Speaking of this person, the poet says he is—

“ A man in *hew* all *Hevs* in his controlling—”
so the line is exhibited in the old copy. The name *Hughes* was formerly written *Hevs*. When it is considered that one of these Sonnets is formed entirely on a play on our authour's Christian name, this conjecture will not appear improbable.—To this person, whoever he was, one hundred and twenty six of the following poems are addressed; the remaining twenty-eight are addressed to a lady. MALONE.

² i. e. Thomas Thorpe. See the extract from the Stationers' books in the next page. MALONE.

* I have here supposed our authour's eldest nephew to have been twelve years old in 1598, but perhaps he was not then even born. It is observable, that Shakspeare, when he had occasion in his Will to mention the children of his sister Joan Harte, did not recollect the Christian name of her second son; from which circumstance we may infer, that in 1616 they were all young,

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S O N N E T S³.

I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
 That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
 But as the ripper should by time decease,
 His tender heir might bear his memory :
 But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
 Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
 Making a famine where abundance lies,
 Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
 'Thou, that art now the world's fresh ornament,
 And only herald to the gaudy spring,
 Within thine own bud burieft thy content,
 And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding⁴.
 Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
 To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee⁵.

II. When

³ Shakspeare's *Sonnets* were entered on the Stationers' books by Thomas Thorpe, on the 20th of May, 1609, and printed in quarto in the same year. They were, however, written many years before, being mentioned by Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598: "As the soul of Euphorbus (says he) was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare. Witnes his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred SONNETS among his private friends," &c.

The general style of these poems, and the numerous passages in them which remind us of our authour's plays, leave not the smallest doubt of their authenticity.

In these compositions, Daniel's Sonnets, which were published in 1592, appear to me to have been the model that Shakspeare followed.

An edition of Shakspeare's Sonnets was published in 1640, in small octavo, which, though of no authority or value, was followed by Dr. Sewell, and other modern editors. The order of the original copy was not adhered to, and according to the fashion of that time, fantastick titles were prefixed to different portions of these poems: *The glory of beauty*; *The force of love*; *True admiration*, &c. Heywood's translations from Ovid, which had been originally blended with Shakspeare's poems in 1612, were likewise reprinted in the same volume. MALONE.

⁴ And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?"

"Rom. She hath: and in that sparing makes huge waste." C.

⁵ —this glutton be,

To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.] The ancient editors of Shakspeare's works, deserve at least the praise of impartiality. If

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
 And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
 Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
 Will be a tatter'd weed⁶, of small worth held:
 Then, being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
 To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
 Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
 How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
 If thou could'st answer—" *This fair child of mine
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,—*"
 Proving his beauty by succession thine.

This were to be new made, when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

they have occasionally corrupted his noblest sentiments, they have likewise depraved his most miserable conceits; as, perhaps, in this instance. I read (piteous constraint, to read such stuff at all!)

———this glutton be;

To eat the world's due, *be thy grave and thee.*

i. e. be at once thyself, and thy grave. The letters that form the two words were probably transposed. I did not think the late Mr. Rich had such example for the contrivance of making Harlequin jump down his own throat. STEEVENS.

I do not believe there is any corruption in the text. Mankind being daily thinned by the grave, the world could not subsist if the places of those who are taken off by death were not filled up by the birth of children. Hence Shakspeare considers the propagation of the species as *the world's due*, as a right to which it is entitled, and which it may demand from every individual. The sentiment in the lines before us, it must be owned, is quaintly expressed; but the obscurity arises chiefly, I think, from the awkward collocation of the words for the sake of the rhyme. The meaning seems to me to be this.—Pity the world, *which is daily depopulated by the grave, and beget children, in order to supply the loss; or, if you do not fulfil this duty, acknowledge, that as a glutton swallows and consumes more than is sufficient for his own support, so you (who by the curse of nature must die, and by your own remissness are likely to die childless) thus "living and dying in single blessedness," consume and destroy the world's due; to the desolation of which you will doubly contribute; 1. by thy death, 2. by thy dying childless.*

Our authour's plays, as well as the poems now before us, affording a sufficient number of conceits, it is rather hard that he should be answerable for such as can only be obtained through the medium of alteration; that he should be ridiculed not only for what he has, but for what he has not written. MALONE.

⁶ —a tatter'd weed,—] A torn garment. MALONE.

III. Look

III.

Look in thy glafs, and tell the face thou vieweft,
 Now is the time that face ſhould form another ;
 Whoſe freſh repair if now thou not reneweſt,
 Thou doſt beguile the world, unbleſs ſome mother.
 For where is ſhe ſo fair, whoſe un-ear'd womb
 Diſdains the tillage of thy huſbandry ⁷ ?
 Or who is he ſo fond, will be the tomb
 Of his ſelf-love, to ſtop poſterity ⁸ ?
 Thou art thy mother's glafs, and ſhe in thee ⁹
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime ¹ :
 So thou through windows of thine age ſhalt ſee,
 Deſpite of wrinkles, this thy golden time ².
 But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
 Die ſingle, and thine image dies with thee.

⁷ — *whose un-ear'd womb*

Diſdains the tillage of thy huſbandry ?] Thus, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ ——— her plenteous womb

“ Expreſſeth his full tilt and huſbandry.” STEEVENS.

Un-ear'd is unploughed. See p. 3, n. 1. MALONE.

⁸ Or who is he ſo fond, will be the tomb

Of his ſelf-love, to ſtop poſterity ?] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ ——— beauty, ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,

“ Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ What is thy body but a ſwallowing grave,

“ Seeming to bury that poſterity

“ Which by the rights of time thou needs muſt have,

“ If thou deſtroy them not in their obſcurity ?”

Fond, in old language, is *fooliſh*. See Vol. III. p. 66, n. 5. MALONE.

⁹ Thou art thy mother's glafs, &c.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Poor broken glafs, I often did behold

“ In thy ſweet ſemblance my old age new-born.” MALONE.

¹ Calls back the lovely April of her prime :] So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ She, whom the ſpital houſe and ulcerous ſores

“ Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and ſpices

“ To the April day again.” MALONE.

² So thou through windows of thine age ſhalt ſee,

Deſpite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.] Thus, in our authour's
Lover's Complaint :

“ Time had not ſcythed all that youth begun,

“ Nor youth all quit ; but, ſpite of heaven's fell rage,

“ Some beauty peep'd through lattice of ſear'd age.” MALONE.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
 Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend;
 And being frank, she lends to those are free³.
 Then,auteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
 The bounteous largess given thee to give?
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
 For having traffick with thyself alone,
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
 Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
 What acceptable audit canst thou leave⁴?
 Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
 Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Those hours*, that with gentle work did frame
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
 Will play the tyrants to the very same,
 And that unfair, which fairly doth excell⁵;
 For never-resting time leads summer on⁶
 To hideous winter, and confounds him there;

³ Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend
 And being frank, she lends to those are free, &c.] So, Milton, in his
Masque at Ludlow Castle:

“Why should you be so cruel to yourself,

“And to those dainty limbs which nature lent

“For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?

“But you invert the covenants of her trust,

“And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,

“With that which you receiv'd on other terms.” STEEVENS.

⁴ What acceptable audit canst thou leave?] So, in *Macbeth*:

“To make their audit at your highness' pleasure.” STEEVENS.

* Those hours, &c.] *Hours* is almost always used by Shakspeare as a
 dissyllable. MALONE.

⁵ And that unfair, which fairly doth excell;] And render that which
 was once beautiful, no longer fair. To unfair, is, I believe, a verb of
 our authour's coinage. MALONE.

⁶ For never-resting time leads summer on—] So, in *All's well that
 ends well*:

“For, with a word, the time will bring on summer.” STEEV.

Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
 Beauty o'er-snow'd, and bareness every where⁷:
 Then, were not summer's distillation left,
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
 Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
 But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
 Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet⁸.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand⁹ deface
 In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
 Make sweet some phial; treasure thou some place
 With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
 That use¹ is not forbidden usury,
 Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
 Then, what could death do, if thou should'st depart,
 Leaving thee living in posterity?

Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
 To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir:

⁷ *Beauty o'er snow'd, and bareness every where:]* Thus the quarto, 1609. The modern editions have

— *barrenness* every where.

In the 97th *Sonnet* we meet again with the same image:

“What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!

“What old December's *barrenness* every where!” MALONE.

⁸ *But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,*

Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.] This is a thought with which Shakspeare seems to have been much pleased. We find it again in the 54th *Sonnet*, and in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I. sc. i. MALONE.

⁹ — *let not winter's ragged hand—*] *Ragged* was often used as an opprobrious term in the time of our authour. See p. 136, n. 8, and Vol. V. p. 286, n. 4. MALONE.

¹ *That use—*] *Use* here signifies *usance*. See Vol. II. p. 232, n. 6. MALONE.

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
 And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age²,
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage³;
 But when from high-moist pitch, with weary car,
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
 From his low tract, and look another way:
 So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
 Unlook'd on die'st, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Musick to hear⁴, why hear'st thou musick sadly?
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?

² *And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,*

Resembling strong youth in his middle age,] Perhaps our authour had the sacred writings in his thoughts: "—in them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course. It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth about unto the end of it again: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." MALONE.

³ *Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,*

Attending on his golden pilgrimage;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun

"Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,—." MALONE.

⁴ *Musick to hear, &c.]* Thou, whom to hear, is musick, why, &c.

I have sometimes thought Shakspeare might have written—Musick to ear, &c. i. e. thou, whose every accent is musick to the ear. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"That never words were musick to thine ear."

Hear has been printed instead of ear in the *Taming of the Shrew*; or at least the modern editors have supposed so. See Vol. III. p. 275, n. 7. MALONE.

If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
 By unions married⁵, do offend thine ear,
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
 In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.
 Mark, how one string, sweet husband to another,
 Strikes each in each, by mutual ordering;
 Resembling fire and child and happy mother,
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
 Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
 Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife⁶;
 The world will be thy widow, and still weep,
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
 When every private widow well may keep,
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
 Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
 And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.

⁵ *If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,*

By unions married,—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, quarto, 1599:

"Examine ev'ry married lineament,

"And see how one another lends content."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"The unity and married calm of states—."

Milton had perhaps these lines in his thoughts when he wrote:

"And ever against eating cares

"Lap me in soft Lydian airs,

"Married to immortal verse,

"Such as the meeting soul may pierce,

"In notes with many a winding bout

"Of linked sweetness long drawn out." MALONE.

⁶ *—like a makeless wife;*] As a widow bewails her lost husband. *Make* and *mate* were formerly synonymous. So, in *Kyng Appolyn of Tbyre*, 1510: "Certes, madam, I sholde have great joy yf ye had such a prynce to your *make*."

Again, in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect-loving *make*," MALONE.

No love toward others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murderous shame commits⁷.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st, is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire;
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate⁸,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world away.

⁷ *That on himself such murderous shame commits.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ And here is come to do some, villainous shame

“ To the dead bodies.” MALONE.

⁸ *Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate, &c.*] This is a metaphor of which our author is peculiarly fond. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ Shall love in building grow so ruinate?”

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,

“ Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,

“ Left, growing ruinous, the building fall,

“ And leave no memory of what it was.

“ Repair me with thy presence, Silvia.” STEEVENS.

Let

Let those whom nature hath not made for store⁹,
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
 Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more;
 Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish¹:
 She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
 Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die².

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white³;
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd⁴,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard⁵.

⁹ —for store—] i. e. to be preserved for use. MALONE.

¹ Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more;

Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish:] On a survey of mankind, you will find that nature, however liberal she may have been to others, has been still more bountiful to you. The old copy reads—she gave the more; which was evidently a misprint. MALONE.

² Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.] So, in *Twelfth Night*;

“ Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,

“ If you will lead these graces to the grave,

“ And leave the world no copy.” MALONE.

³ And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;] The old copy reads: —or silver'd o'er with white.

Or was clearly an error of the press. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read: —are silver'd o'er with white. MALONE.

So, in *Hamlet*:

“ His beard was, as I've seen it in his life,

“ A sable silver'd.” STEEVENS.

⁴ When lofty trees I see, baren of leaves,

Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“ ————a bank

“ Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine.” MALONE.

⁵ And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,

Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“ ————and the green corn

“ Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard,” C.

Then

Then of thy beauty do I question make,
 That thou among the waites of time must go,
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
 And die as fast as they see others grow ;
 And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence,
 Save breed, to brave him⁶, when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
 No longer yours, than you yourself here live :
 Against this coming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give⁷.
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease,
 Find no determination⁸ : then you were
 Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold⁹,

⁶ *Save breed, to brave him*—] Except children, whose youth may set the scythe of Time at defiance, and render thy own death less painful. MALONE.

⁷ *Against this coming end you should prepare, And your sweet semblance to some other give.*] This is a sentiment that Shakspeare is never weary of expressing. We meet with it again in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
 “ That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead ;
 “ And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
 “ In that thy likeness still is left alive.” MALONE.

⁸ *—that beauty which you hold in lease, Find no determination :*] So Daniel, in one of his Sonnets, 1592 :

“ —in beauty's lease expir'd appears
 “ The date of age, the calends of our death.”

Again, in *Macbeth* :

“ But in them nature's copy's not eterne.”

Determination in legal language means *end*. See Vol. V. p. 403, n. 1 ; and Vol. VI. p. 84, n. *. MALONE.

So, in *Macbeth* :

“ —our high-plac'd Macbeth
 “ Shall live the lease of nature.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Which husbandry in honour might uphold,*] Husbandry is generally used by Shakspeare for *æconomical prudence*. So, in *King Henry V* :

“ For our bad neighbours make us early stirrers,
 “ Which is both healthful and good husbandry.” MALONE.

Against

Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?

O! none but unthrifths:—Dear my love, you know,
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy;
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict¹ that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive²,
And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou would'st convert³:
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge state presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;

¹ *By oft predict*—] Dr. Sewel reads,—*By aught predict*; but the text is right.—So, in *the Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

“How much the *oft* report of this blest'd hermit

“Hath won on my desires!” MALONE.

The old reading may be the true one. *By oft predict*—may mean—
By what is most frequently prognosticated. STEEVENS.

² *But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,*] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“From women's eyes this doctrine I derive.” STEEVENS.

³ *If from thyself to store thou would'st convert:*] If thou would'st change thy single state, and beget a numerous progeny. So, before:

“Let those whom nature hath not made for store.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,

“That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.” MALONE.

When

When I perceive that men as plants increase,
 Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky;
 Vau't in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
 And wear their brave state out of memory;
 Then the conceit of this inconstant itay
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
 Where wasteful time debateth with decay⁴,
 To change your day of youth to sullied night⁵;
 And, all in war with time, for love of you,
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
 And fortify yourself in your decay
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
 And many maiden gardens, yet unset⁶,
 With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers⁷,
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit⁸:
 So should the lines of life⁹ that life repair,
 Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen¹,

Neither

⁴ *Where wasteful time debateth with decay,*] So, in *All's well that ends well*:

“ — nature and sickness

“ *Debate it at their leisure.*” MALONE.

⁵ *To change your day of youth to sullied night,*] So, in *K. Rich. III.*:

“ Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *And many maiden gardens, yet unset,*] We have the same allusion in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

“ And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling,

“ Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew.” MALONE.

⁷ *—would bear you living flowers,*] The first edition reads, by an apparent error of the press:—*your living flowers.* MALONE.

⁸ *Much liker than your painted counterfeit:*] A *counterfeit* formerly signified a portrait. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: “ Why do the painters, in figuring forth the *counterfeit* of Love, draw him blind?” See also Vol. III. p. 59, n. 5. MALONE.

⁹ *So should the lines of life—*] This appears to me obscure. Perhaps the poet wrote—the *lines* of life: i. e. children. MALONE.

The lines of life perhaps are *living pictures*, viz. children. ANONYMOUS.
 This explanation is very plausible. Shakspere has again used *line* with a reference to painting in *All's well that ends well*:

“ And

Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
 To give away yourself, keeps yourself still²;
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
 Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
 Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
 The age to come would say, this poet lies,
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
 So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
 Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
 And stretched metre of an antique song:
 But were some child of yours alive that time,
 You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:

"And every line and trick of his sweet favour." MALONE.

¹ —my pupil pen,] This expression may be considered as a slight proof that the poems before us were our author's earliest compositions.

STEEVENS.

² To give away yourself, keeps yourself still;] To produce likenesses of yourself, (that is, children,) will be the means of preserving your memory. MALONE.

³ Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,

"Shakes all our buds from growing."

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds."

MALONE.

Sometime

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines⁴,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd⁵;
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest⁶;
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tyger's jaws,
 And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood⁷;
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
 To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
 O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
 Him in thy course untainted do allow,
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

⁴ *Sometime too hot the eye of heaven—*] That is, the sun, So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,—”

Again, in *King Richard II*:

“—when the searching eye of heaven is hid

“Behind the globe, and lights the lower world.”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“The eye of heaven is out.” MALONE.

⁵ —untrimm'd,] i. e. divested of ornament. So, in *King John*:

“—a new untrimmed bride.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;*] Of that beauty thou possessest. *Fair* was, in our author's time, used as a substantive. See Vol. II. p. 448, n. 6. To *owe* in old language is to *possess*. See Vol. III. p. 414, n. 7. MALONE.

⁷ *And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

“Your temples burned in their cement.”

The meaning of neither phrase is very obvious; however, *burned in her blood*, may signify burnt alive; and *burned in their cement*, burnt while they were standing. STEEVENS.

— Yet,

Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion⁸;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth⁹;
A man in hue all hues in his controlling¹,
Which steals men's eyes², and women's souls amazeth.

⁸ —*the master-mistress of my passion*,] It is impossible to read this fulsome panegyrick, addressed to a male object, without an equal mixture of disgust and indignation. We may remark also, that the same phrase employed by Shakspeare to denote the height of encomium, is used by Dryden to express the extreme of reproach:

“That woman, but more daub'd; or, it a man,

“Corrupted to a woman; thy *man-mistress*.” *Don Sebastian*.

Let me be just, however, to our author, who has made a proper use of the term *male varlet*, in *Troilus and Cressida*. See that play, Act V. sc. i. STEEVENS.

Some part of this indignation might perhaps have been abated, if it had been considered that such addresses to men, however indelicate, were customary in our authour's time, and neither imported criminality, nor were esteemed indecorous. See a note on the words—“thy deceased lover,” in the 32d Sonnet. To regulate our judgment of Shakspeare's poems by the modes of modern times, is surely as unreasonable as to try his plays by the rules of Aristotle.

Master-mistress does not perhaps mean *man-mistress*, but *sovereign-mistress*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on the 165th verse of *the Canterbury Tales*, Vol. IV. p. 197. MALONE.

⁹ An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,

Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth:] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most gracious eyeliads; sometimes *the beam of her view gilded my foot*, sometimes *my portly belly*.” C.

¹ *A man in-hue all hues in his controlling*,] This line is thus exhibited in the old copy:

A man in hew all *Hews* in his controlling.

Hews was the old mode of spelling *hues* (colours,) and also *Hughes*, the proper name. See the printer's dedication of these sonnets to W. H.

MALONE.

And for a woman wert thou first created ;
 Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting ³,
 And by addition me of thee defeated,
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
 But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure ⁴;
 Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me, as with that muse
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse ;
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;
 Making a couplement ⁵ of proud compare,
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems ⁶.

² *Which steals men's eyes,—*] So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“ —————reserve

“ That excellent complexion, which did steal

“ *The eyes of young and old.*” MALONE.

³ *And for a woman wert thou first created ;*

Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a doting, &c.] There is an odd coincidence between these lines and a well-known modern epigram :

“ Whilst nature Hérvey's clay was blending,

“ Uncertain what the thing would end in,

“ Whether a female or a male,

“ A pin dropp'd in, and turn'd the scale.” MALONE.

⁴ *But since she prick'd thee out, &c.*] To prick is to nominate by a puncture or mark. So, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ These many then shall die, their names are prick'd.”

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II :

“ Shall I prick him, Sir John ? ”—I have given a wrong explanation of this phrase elsewhere. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Making a couplement—*] That is, an union. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* : “ I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement.”

I formerly thought this word was of our authour's invention, but I have lately found it in Spenser's *Faery Queene* :

“ Allide with bands of mutual couplement.” MALONE.

⁶ *That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.*] *Rondure* is a round. *Rondeur*, Fr. The word is again used by our authour in *K. Henry V* :

“ 'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls.” MALONE.

○ let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air⁷:
Let them say more that like of hear-say well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell⁸.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold⁹,
Then look I death my days should expiate¹.

For

⁷ *As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:]* That is, the stars. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“*Night's candles are burnt out,—*”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“*—There's husbandry in heaven;*

“*Their candles are all out.*”

So also in *Hamlet*:—“*this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire—*” See also Vol. III. p. 100, n. 6. MALONE.

—those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:] So, in the old copies of *Pericles*:

“*—the air-remaining lamps.*” STEEVENS.

⁸ *I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.]* So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“*To things of sale a seller's praise belongs.*” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“*We'll not commend what we intend to sell.*

where Dr. Warburton with some probability conjectures that Shakspeare wrote,

—what we intend not sell. MALONE.

⁹ *—time's furrows I behold,]* Dr. Sewell reads:

—time's sorrows— MALONE.

¹ *Then look I death my days should expiate.]* I do not comprehend how the poet's days were to be expiated by death. Perhaps he wrote:

—my days should expire,
i. e. bring them to an end. In this sense our author uses the verb *expire*, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“*—and expire the term*

“*Of a despised life.*”

I am sure I have met with the verb I would supply, though I have no example of it to offer in support of my conjecture. Shakspeare, however,
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For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
 How can I then be elder than thou art?
 O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
 As I not for myself but for thee will;
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
 Prefume not on thy heart, when mine is slain;
 'Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
 Who with his fear is put besides his part²,
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;

So

ever, delights to introduce words with this termination. Thus we meet with *festinate* and *conspirate*, in *K. Lear*; *combinat* in *Measure for Measure*; and *ruinate*, in *K. Henry VI.* STEEVENS.

The old reading is certainly right. Then do I expect, says Shakespeare, that death *should fill up the measure* of my days. The word *expiate* is used nearly in the same sense in the tragedy of *Lochrine*, 1595:

"Lives Sabren yet to *expiate* my wrath?"

i. e. *fully to satisfy* my wrath.

So also in *Byron's Conspiracie*, a tragedy by Chapman, 1608, an old courtier says, he is

"A poor and *expiate* humour of the court."

Again, in our authour's *King Richard III.*:

"Make haste; the hour of death is *expiate*." MALONE.

² *As an unperfect actor on the stage,*

Who with his fear is put besides his part,] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—Like a dull actor now,

"I have forgot my part, and I am out,

"Even to a full disgrace."

From the introductory lines of this Sonnet, it may be conjectured that these poems were not composed till our authour had arrived in London, and became conversant with the stage. He had perhaps himself experienced what he here describes. MALONE.

It is highly probable that our author had seen plays represented, before he left his own country, by the servants of Lord Warwick. Most of our ancient noblemen had some company of comedians who enrolled themselves among their vassals, and sheltered themselves under their protection. See Vol. III. p. 248, n. 7. STEEVENS.

The

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite ;
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
 O'er-charg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
 O, let my books be then the eloquence³
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast⁴ ;
 Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
 More than that tongue that more hath more exprest'd.
 O, learn to read what silent love hath writ :
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart⁵ ;

My

The *seeing* a few plays exhibited by a company of strollers in a barn at Stratford, or in Warwick castle, would not however have made Shakspeare acquainted with the *feelings* of a timid actor on the stage. It has never been supposed that our authour was himself a player before he came to London. Whether the lines before us were founded on experience, or observation, cannot now be ascertained. What I have advanced is merely conjectural. MALONE.

³ O, let my books be then the eloquence—] A gentleman to whom I am indebted for the observations which are marked with the letter C, would read :

O, let my looks, &c.

But the context, I think, shows that the old copy is right. The poet finding that he could not sufficiently collect his thoughts to express his esteem by *speech*, requests that his *writings* may speak for him. So afterwards :

" O, learn to read what silent love hath writ."

Had looks been the authour's word, he hardly would have used it again in the next line but one. MALONE.

⁴ And dumb presagers of my speaking breast ;] So, in *King John* :

" And sullen presage of your own decay." MALONE.

⁵ Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd

Thy beauty's form in table of my heart ;] So in *All's well that ends well* :

" ——— 'Twas pretty, though a plague,

" To see him ev'ry hour ; to sit and draw

" His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,

" In our heart's table ; heart, too capable

" Of ev'ry line and trick of his sweet favour !"

My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
 And perspective it is best painter's art.
 For through the painter must you see his skill,
 To find where your true image pictur'd lies;
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
 'That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
 Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
 Of publick honour and proud titles boast,
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread⁶,
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die.
 The painful warrior famoused for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honour razed quite⁷,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd;

Then

Again, in *King John*:

"—till I beheld myself

"Drawn in the flattering table of her eye."

A *table* was the ancient term for a picture. See Vol. III. p. 358,

. 7. MALONE.

⁶ Great princes' favourites *their fair leaves spread*, &c.] Compare Wolsey's speech in *King Henry VIII.* Vol. VII. p. 90.

"This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth

"The tender leaves of hope, tomorrow blossoms,

"And bears his blushing honours thick upon him,

"The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;" &c.

MALONE.

⁷ *The painful warrior famoused for fight**After a thousand victories once foil'd,**Is from the book of honour razed quite,]* The old copy reads—
famoused

Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit^s,

famoused for *worth*, which not rhyming with the concluding word of the corresponding line, (*quite*) either one or the other must be corrupt. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Theobald, who likewise proposed, if *worth* was retained, to read—*razed forth*.

"Is from the book of honour *razed* quite," reminds us of Bolingbroke's enumeration of the wrongs done to him by King Richard II.

"From my own windows torn my household coat,

"*Raz'd out my impress*, leaving me no sign—

"To shew the world I am a gentleman."

Again, in *King Richard II.*

"—'tis not my meaning,

"To *raze* one title of your *honour* out." MALONE.

This stanza is not worth the labour that has been bestowed on it. By transposition, however, the rhyme may be recovered, without further change:

The painful warrior for worth *famoused*,

After a thousand victories once foil'd,

Is from the book of honour quite *razed*—

"My name be *blotted* from the *book of life*,"

is a line in *King Richard II.* STEEVENS.

Why it should not be worth while to correct this as well as any other manifest corruption in our authour's works, I confess, I do not comprehend. Neither much labour, nor many words, have been employed upon it. MALONE.

^s *Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage,*

Thy merit bath my duty strongly knit;] So, in *Macbeth*:

"—Lay your highness'

"Command upon me; to the which my *duties*

"Are with a most *indissoluble* tie

"For ever *knit*." STEEVENS.

Again, in the same play:

"—Your highness' part

"Is to receive our duty, and our *duties*

"Are to your throne and state children and *servants*."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"To make you brothers, and to *knit* your hearts

"With an unslipping knot.

Again, in *Othello*: "I have profess'd myself thy friend, and I confess me *knit* to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness."

MALONE.

To thee I send this written embassage,
 To witness duty, not to show my wit⁹ :
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it ;
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it :
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect¹,
 And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect² :
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ;
 Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd ;
 But then begins a journey in my head,
 To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd :

⁹ *Lord of my love, to whom in assalage
 Thy merit bath my duty strongly knits,
 To thee I send this written embassage,
 To witness duty, not to show my wit:] So, in the Dedication of
 The Rape of Lucrece: "The warrant I have of your honourable dispo-
 sition, not the worth of my untutor'd lines, makes it assured of accept-
 ance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being
 part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty
 should show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship." C.*

¹ *Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,] So, in Coriolanus :
 "As if that whatsoever God who leads him,
 "Were slyly crept into his human powers,
 "And gave him graceful posture." C.*

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :
 "—he hath fought to-day,
 "As if a god in hate of mankind had
 "Destroyed in such a shape." MALONE.

² *To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:] The old copy has
 —of their sweet respect.*

It is evidently a misprint. For the correction I am answerable. The same mistake has several times happened in these Sonnets, owing probably to abbreviations having been formerly used for the words *thee* and *thy*, so nearly resembling each other as not to be easily distinguished. I have observed the same error in some of the old English plays.

MALONE.

For

For then my thoughts (from far where I abide) ³
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
 Looking on darknes which the blind do see :
 Save that my foul's imaginary fight
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view ⁴,
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new ⁵.
 Lo thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?
 When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
 But day by night, and night by day, oppres'd ?
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,
 Do in concent shake hands to torture me ;
 The one by toil, the other to complain
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
 I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven :
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night ⁶ ;
 When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even ⁷.
 But

³ For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)] We might better read :

—far from where I abide)

The old reading is, however, sense. For then my thoughts, setting out from my place of residence, which is far distant from thee, intend, &c. MALONE.

⁴ Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,] The quarto reads corruptly: Presents their shadow—. See n. 2. MALONE.

⁵ Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,

“ Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear.” MALONE.

⁶ —swart-complexion'd night ;—] Swart is dark, approaching to black. So in *King Henry VI.* P. I.

“ And where I was black and swart before,—”

The word is common in the North of England. MALONE.

⁷ When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even.] The quarto reads corruptedly : “ —thou gild'st the even.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem
stronger⁸.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes⁹,
I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,

And

Gild'st was formerly written—*guild'st*.—Perhaps we should read :

When sparkling stars *twirl* not—. MALONE.

The word *twire* occurs in *Chaucer*. See *Boethius*, B. III. met. 2 :
“ The bird *twireth*, desiring the wode with her swete voice.” *Twireth*
(says Mr. Tyrwhitt) seems to be the translation of *susurrat*. In *The Merchant of Venice*, our author, speaking of the *stars*, has the following passage :

“ —Look how the floor of heaven

“ Is thick inlaid with pattens of bright gold :

“ There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,

“ But in his motion like an angel *sings*,

“ Still *quiring* to the young-ey'd cherubins.”

Twire may perhaps have the same signification as *quire*. The poet's meaning will then amount to this:—*When the sparkling stars sing not in concert*, (as when they all appear he supposes them to do,) *thou mak'st the evening bright and cheerful*.

Still, however, *twire* may be a corruption. If it is, we may read *twink* for *twinkle*. Thus, in *The Taming of the Shrew* :

“ That in a *twink* she won me to her love.”

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ At first I did adore a *twinkling* star.”

So much for guess-work. STEEVENS.

A passage in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece* may add some support to Mr. Steevens's conjecture :

“ Her [Diana's] *twinkling* handmaids too, by him desil'd.”—

But I believe the original reading is the true one. MALONE.

⁸ *But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,*

And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.] An anonymous correspondent, whose favours are distinguished by the letter C, proposes to make the two concluding words of this couplet change places. But I believe the old copy to be right. *Stronger* cannot well apply to *drawn out* or protracted *sorrow*. The poet, in the first line, seems to allude to the operation of spinning. The day at each return draws out my sorrow to an immeasurable length, and every revolving night renders my protracted grief still more intense and painful. MALONE.

⁹ *When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, &c.*] These nervous and animated lines, in which such an assemblage of thoughts, clothed in the most glowing expressions, is compressed into the narrow compass

And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From fullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate¹:
 For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:

pass of fourteen lines, might I think have saved the whole of this collection from the general and indiscriminate censure thrown out against them in p. 194, n. 5. MALONE.

¹ —and then my state

(Like to the lark at break of day arising

From fullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;] The same image is presented in *Cymbeline*:

“Hark! hark! the lark at heavens' gate sings,

“And Phœbus 'gins to rise.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“—the lark, whose notes do beat

“The vaulty heavens so high above our heads.”

Perhaps, as Mr. Reed has observed, Shakspeare remembered Lilly's *Compassse*, printed in 1584:

“—who is't now we hear?

“None but the lark so shrill and clear;

“How at heaven's gate she claps her wings,

“The morn not waking till she sings.”

Milton certainly had Shakspeare in his thoughts, when he wrote—

“—ye birds,

“That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,” *Par. Lost*. B. I.

MALONE.

Then

Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow²,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night³,
 And weep afresh love's long-since-cancel'd woe,
 And moan the expence of many a vanish'd sight⁴.
 Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er

The

² *Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,*] So, in *Othello* :

“ —whose subdu'd eyes,

“ Albeit *unus'd to the melting mood*,

“ Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees

“ Their med'cinable gum.” MALONE.

³ *—in death's dateless night,*] Shakspeare generally uses the word *dateless* for *endless*; having no certain time of expiration. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ —seal with a righteous kiss

“ A *dateless* bargain to engrossing death.” MALONE.

⁴ *And mourn the expence of many a vanish'd sight.*] *Sight* seems to be here used for *figh*, by the same licence which Shakspeare has already employed in his *Rape of Lucrece*; writing *bild* instead of *beld*, *than* instead of *then*, &c. (See p. 155, n. 7.) and which Spenser takes throughout his great poem; where we have *adore* for *adorn*, *sterve* for *starve*, *skyen* for *sky*, &c. He has in his *Fairy Queene*, B. VI. c. xi. taken the same liberty with the word now before us, employing *figbt*, in the past tense of the verb to *figh*, instead of *figh'd*.

“ —his hart, for very fell *desfight*,

“ And his own flesh he ready was to teare;

“ He chauf'd, he griev'd, he fretted, and he *fight*.”

Again, in his *Colin Clout's come home again* :

“ For one alone he car'd, for one he *fight*,

“ His life's desire, and his dear love's delight.”

The substantive *figh* was in our authour's time pronounced so hard, that in one of the old copies of *King Henry IV*, P. II. either the folio 1623, or the quarto 1600, we have—

“ —and with

“ A rising *fight* he wisheth you in heaven.”

At present the *vulgar* pronunciation of the word is *fightb*.

The poet has just said that he “*figh'd* the lack of many a thing he fought.”—By the word *expence* Shakspeare alludes to an old notion that *fighing* was prejudicial to health. So, in one of the parts of *K. Henry VI*. we have “*blood-consuming fighs*.” Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“ Do not *consume* your blood with *sorrowing*.” MALONE.

Such labour'd perplexities of language, and such studied deformities of style, prevail throughout these Sonnets, that the reader (after our best endeavours at explanation) will frequently find reason to exclaim with Imogen :

“ I see

The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not pay'd before⁵.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear⁶
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie⁷!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover;
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover⁸,

Com-

"I see before me neither here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them
That I cannot look through."

I suppose, however, that by the *expençe of many a vanish'd sight*, the poet means, the *loss of many an object*, which, being "gone hence, is no more seen." STEEVENS.

⁵ *Which I new pay as if not pay'd before.*] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"—which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still." STEEVENS.
Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

"—Which I will ever pay, and pay again,

"When I have found it," MALONE.

⁶ *How many a holy and obsequious tear*] *Obsequious is funeral.* So, in *Hamlet*:

"To do obsequious sorrow." MALONE.

⁷ —*that hidden in thee lie!*] The old copy has—in *there*. The next line shows clearly that it is corrupt. MALONE.

⁸ —*of thy deceased lover,*] The numerous expressions of this kind in

Compare them with the bettering of the time;
 And though they be out-stripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme⁹,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.
 O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age¹,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:

in these Sonnets, as well as the general tenour of the greater part of them, cannot but appear strange to a modern reader. In justice therefore to our authour it is proper to observe, that such addresses to men were common in Shakspeare's time, and were not thought indecorous. That age seems to have been very indelicate and gross in many other particulars beside this, but they certainly did not think themselves so. Nothing can prove more strongly the different notions which they entertained on subjects of decorum from those which prevail at present, than the elogiums which were pronounced on Fletcher's plays for the *chastity* of their language; those very plays, which are now banished from the stage for their *licentiousness* and *obscenity*.

We have many examples in our authour's plays of the expression used in the Sonnet before us, and afterwards frequently repeated. See Vol. III. p. 67, n. 7. Thus, also, in *Coriolanus*:

"—I tell thee fellow,

"Thy general is my *lover*."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, *Ulysses* says,

"Farewell, my lord; I as your *lover* speak."

So also the Soothsayer in *Julius Cæsar* concludes his friendly admonition to the dictator with the words:—"Thy *lover*, Artemedorus."

So, in one of the Psalms: "My *lovers* and friends hast thou put away from me, and hid mine acquaintance out of my sight."

In like manner Ben Jonson concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne by telling him that he is his "ever true *lover*," and Drayton in a letter to Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, informs him that Mr. Joseph Davies is *in love* with him.

Mr. Warton, in confirmation of what has been now advanced, observes in his HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY, that "in the reign of Queen Elizabeth whole sets of Sonnets were written with this sort of attachment." He particularly mentions *The Affectionate Shepherd* of Richard Barnefield, printed in 1595. MALONE.

⁹ Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,] Reserve is the same as preserve. So, in *Pericles*:

"Reserve that excellent complexion,—" MALONE.

¹ Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,] We may hence, as well as from other circumstances, infer, that these were among our authour's earliest compositions. MALONE.

But

*But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.*

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye²,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green³,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy⁴;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face⁵,

² *Full many a glorious morning have I seen,
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face—* So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

“Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops.”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast

“The sun ariseth in his majesty;

“Who doth the world so gloriously behold,

“The cedar tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.” MALONE.

³ *Kissing with golden face, &c.* So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I*:

“Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?” STEEVENS.

⁴ *—with heavenly alchymy;* So, in *King John*:

“——the glorious sun

“Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *With ugly rack on his celestial face,* Rack is the fleeting motion of the clouds. The word is again used by Shakspeare in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“That which is now a horse, even with a thought

“The rack dissimns.”

Again, in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdes*:

“——shall I stray

“In the middle air, and stay

“The sailing rack—.” MALONE.

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride

With ugly rack on his celestial face, So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I*:

“——herein will I imitate the sun;

“Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

“To smother up his beauty from the world,

“That when he please again to be himself,

“Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,

“By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

“Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.” C.

And

And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace⁶;
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
 But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud⁷ hath mask'd him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain*, when heaven's sun
 staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,
 To let base clouds o'er-take me in my way,
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke⁸?
 'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
 For no man well of such a salve can speak,
 That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
 Nor can thy shame give physick to my grief;
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
 The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross⁹.
 Ah! but those tears are pearl, which thy love sheds,
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

⁶ *Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:*] The article *the* may have been omitted through necessity; yet I believe our author wrote, to rest. STEEVENS.

⁷ *The region cloud—*] i. e. the clouds of this *region* or country. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ I should have fatted all the *region* kites

“ With this slave's offal.” STEEVENS.

* *—may stain,*] *Stain* is here used as a verb neuter. MALONE.

⁸ *—their rotten smoke?*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ —the reek o' the rotten fens.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *To him that bears the strong offence's cross.*] The old copy, by a manifest error of the press, reads *loss* here, as well as in the corresponding line. The word now substituted is used by our author (in the sense required here) in the 42d Sonnet:

“ And both for my sake lay on me this *cross*.”

Again, in *As you Like it*: “ If I should bear you, I should bear no *cross*.” MALONE.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done :
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorizing thy trespasss with compare ;
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss¹,
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are²;
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense³,
 (Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence :
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,

That

¹ —*salving thy amiss,*] That is, thy misbehaviour. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss.” MALONE.

² *Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :*] The old copy here also has *their* twice, instead of *thy*. The latter words of this line, which ever reading we adopt, are not very intelligible. MALONE.

Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are, I believe, means only this :
 —*Making the excuse more than proportioned to the offence.* STEEVENS.

³ *For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,*] Thus the quarto. The line appears to me unintelligible. Might we read :

For to thy sensual fault I bring *incense*—

A jingle was evidently intended ; but if this word was occasionally accented on the last syllable, (as perhaps it might formerly have been,) it would afford it as well as the reading of the old copy. Many words that are now accented on an early syllable, had formerly their accent on one more remote. Thus, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ It stands as an edict in destiny.”

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a seal'd compact—”

Again, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ This is the hand, which with a vow'd contract,—”

Again, in *King Henry V* :

“ 'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim—”

Again, in *Lochrine*, a tragedy, 1595 :

“ Nor my exile can move you to revenge.”

Again, in our authour's 50th *Sonnet* :

“ As if by some instinct the wretch did find.—”

Again, in the 128th *Sonnet* :

“ Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap—”

Again,

That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief, which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain *,
Although our undivided loves are one :
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite †,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame ;
Nor thou with publick kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name :
But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

Again in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.”

Again, *ibid* :

“ If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage.”

Again, *ibid* :

“ But her fore-sight could not forestall their will.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ Peaceful commerce from dividable shores.”

Dryden has concluded a line with the same word, which to our ears sounds as oddly as *incense* would :

“ Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce.” MALONE.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. The passage, divested of its jingle, seems designed to express this meaning.—*Towards thy exculpation, I bring in the aid of my soundest faculties, my keenest perception, my utmost strength of reason, my sense.*

I think I can venture to affirm that no English writer, either ancient or modern, serious or burlesque, ever accented the substantive *incense* on the last syllable. STEEVENS.

* —[*that we two must be twain,*] So, in *Troilus and Cressida* : “—she'll none of him ; *they two are twain.*” MALONE.

† *Though in our lives a separable spite,*] A cruel fate, that spitefully separates us from each other. Separable for separating.

MALONE.

XXXVII. A

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite⁵,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit⁶,
I make my love engrafted to this store:

So

⁵ So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,] *Dearest* is most operative.
So, in *Hamlet*:

" 'Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven."

A late editor, grounding himself on this line, and another in the 89th Sonnet,

" Speak of my *lameness*, and I straight will halt,—"
conjectured that Shakspeare was literally lame: but the expression appears to have been only figurative. So again, in *Coriolanus*:

" —I cannot help it now,

" Unless by using means I *lame* the foot

" Of our design."

Again, in *As you Like it*:

" Which I did store to be my foster-nurse,

" When service should in my old limbs lie *lame*."

In the 89th Sonnet the poet speaks of his friend's imputing a fault to him of which he was not guilty, and yet, he says, he would acknowledge it: so, (he adds,) were he to be described as lame, however untruly, yet rather than his friend should appear in the wrong, he would immediately halt.

If Shakspeare was in truth lame, he had it not in his power to *halt occasionally* for this or any other purpose. The defect must have been fixed and permanent.

The context in the verses before us in like manner refutes this notion. If the words are to be understood literally, we must then suppose that our admired poet was also *poor* and *despised*, for neither of which suppositions there is the smallest ground. MALONE.

—made lame by fortune's *dearest* spite,] So, in *King Lear*:

" A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows." STEEV.

⁶ Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,] This is a favourite expression of Shakspeare. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

" And on thy eyelids crown the god of sleep."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

" It yields a very echo to the feat

" Where love is throned."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,

" That I account them blessings."

VCL. X.

Q

Entitled

So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
 And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
 This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
 O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
 Worthy perusal, stand against thy sight;
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
 When thou thyself dost give invention light?
 Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
 Than those old nine, which rhymers invoke;
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to out-live long date.

If my slight muse do please these curious days,
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
 And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?
 Even for this let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one;
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.

Entitled means, I think, ennobled. The old copy reads,—in their parts. The same error, as has been already observed, has happened in many other places. MALONE.

Entitled in thy parts—] So, with equal obscurity, in The Rape of Lucrece:

“ But beauty, in that white intituled,

“ From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field.”

I suppose he means, that beauty takes its title from that fairness or whiteness. STEEVENS.

O absence,

O absence, what a torment would'st thou prove,
 Were it not thy four leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
 (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive⁷),
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain⁸.

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
 No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call;
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
 Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest⁹;
 But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest¹
 By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.

⁷ (*Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,*) Which, viz. entertaining the time with thoughts of love, doth so agreeably beguile the tediousness of absence from those we love, and the melancholy which that absence occasions. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"A summer day will seem an hour but short,

"Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

Thought in ancient language meant *melancholy*. See Vol. IV. p. 49, n. 2; and Vol. VII. p. 528, n. 2.

The poet, it is observable, has here used the Latin idiom, probably without knowing it:

Jam vino querens, jam somno fallere curam.

The old copy reads:

Which time and thoughts so sweetly *doſt* deceive.

but there is nothing to which *doſt* can refer. The change being so small, I have placed *doth* in the text, which affords an easy sense.

MALONE.

⁸ —*how to make one twain,*

By praising him here, who doth hence remain.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Our separation so abides and flies,

"That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,

"And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee." STEEV.

⁹ —*for my love thou usest;*] *For* has here the signification of *because*.

MALONE.

¹ *But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceiv'st*] The quarto reads—*if thou this self deceivest*. It is evidently corrupt. MALONE.

I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
 And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
 Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
 Thy beauty and thy years full well besits,
 For still temptation follows where thou art.
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd²;
 And when a woman wooes, what woman's fon
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd³.
 Ah me! but yet thou might'st, my sweet, forbear⁴,
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
 Who lead thee in their riot even there
 Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;

Hers

² *Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;*] So, in the first Part of
King Henry VI.

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;

"She is a woman, therefore to be won." STEEVENS.

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,

"If with his tongue he cannot 'win a woman." MALONE.

³ —till she have prevail'd.] The quarto reads:—till he have prevail'd. But the lady, and not the man, being in this case supposed the wooer, the poet without doubt wrote:

—till she have prevail'd.

The emendation was proposed to me by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

⁴ —but yet thou might'st, my sweet, forbear,] The old copy reads—
 thou might'st my seat forbear. The context proves it to have been a
 corruption: for the emendation I am responsible. See, in another Son-
 net:

"—in my sight,

"Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside."

Again, in our authour's *Lover's Complaint*:

"But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave," &c.

Again,

Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain⁵,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected⁶;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?

Again, in *Otello*:

“The sooner, *sweet*, for you.”

Again, in *the Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“*Pro.* Except my mistress.

“*Val.* *Sweet*, except not any.”

Here a man is addressed by a man.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“*Sweet*, rouse yourself.”

Patroclus is the speaker, and Achilles the person addressed.

MALONE:

⁵ *If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,*] If I lose thee, my *mistress*
gains by my loss. MALONE.

⁶ —*things unrespected*] Things unnoticed, unregarded. MALONE

How

How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade⁷
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
 All days are nights to see⁸, till I see thee,
 And nights, bright days, when dreams do show thee
 me⁹.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way;
 For then, despite of space, I would be brought
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
 No matter then, although my foot did stand
 Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land¹,
 As soon as think the place where he would be.
 But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
 To leap large lengths of miles, when thou art gone,
 But that, so much of earth and water wrought²,
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan;

⁷ —thy fair imperfect shade—] The old copy reads—their. The two words, it has been already observed, are frequently confounded in these Sonnets. MALONE.

⁸ All days are nights to see,] We should, perhaps, read :

All days are nights to me.

The compositor might have caught the word *see* from the end of the line. MALONE.

As, *fair to see* (an expression which occurs in a hundred of our old ballads) signifies *fair to sight*, so, all days are nights to see, means, all days are gloomy to behold, i. e. look like nights. STEEVENS.

⁹ —do show thee me.] That is, do show thee to me. MALONE.

¹ —can jump both sea and land,] *Jump* has here its common signification. In Shakspeare it often signifies to *bazard*. This is its meaning in the well known passage in *Macbeth* :

“ We’d jump the life to come.” MALONE.

² —so much of earth and water wrought,] i. e. being so thoroughly compounded of these two ponderous elements. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ —I am air and fire, my other elements

“ I give to baser life.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *King Henry V* : “ He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him.” MALONE.

Receiving

Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

XLV.

The other two, flight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four³, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health⁴, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war⁵,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's fight would bar⁶,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
(A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes),
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies⁷.

³ *My life, being made of four,—*] So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"Does not our life consist of the four elements?" STEEVENS.

⁴ *Of thy fair health,*] The old copy has:—*their* fair health.

MALONE.

⁵ *Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,*] So, in a passage in Golding's *Translation of Ovid*, 1576, which our authour has imitated in *The Tempest*, p. 87:

"Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortal war did set."

MALONE.

⁶ —*thy picture's fight would bar,*] Here also *their* was printed instead of *thy*. MALONE.

⁷ —*thy fair appearance lies.*] The quarto has *their*. In this Sonnet this mistake has happened four times. MALONE.

To 'cide this title is impannelled⁸
 A quest of thoughts⁹, all tenants to the heart;
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety¹, and the dear heart's part:
 As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
 And my heart's right thine inward love of heart;

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other:
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look²,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart*:
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
 So, either by thy picture or my love³,
 Thyself away art present⁴ still with me;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
 And I am still with them, and they with thee;
 Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

⁸ To 'cide *this title is impannelled*—] To 'cide, for to decide. The old copy reads—*side*. MALONE.

⁹ A quest of thoughts,—] An inquest or jury. So, in *King Richard III*:

“What lawful quest have given their verdict up

“Unto the frowning judge?” MALONE.

¹ The clear eye's moiety,—] *Moiety* in ancient language signifies any portion of a thing, though the whole may not be equally divided. See p. 81, n. *. MALONE.

² When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,] So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“While I at home starve for a merry look.” MALONE.

* —bids my heart:] i. e. invites my heart. See Vol. III. p. 36, n. 3. MALONE.

³ So, either by thy picture or my love,] The modern editions read unintelligibly:

So either by the picture of my love. MALONE.

⁴ Thyself away art present—] i. e. Thyself, though away, art present, &c. The old copy is here evidently corrupt. It reads—are instead of art, MALONE.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
 Each trifle under trueſt bars to thruſt ;
 That, to my uſe, it might unuſed ſtay
 From hands of falſhood, in ſure wards of truſt !
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are *,
 Moſt worthy comfort, now my greateſt grief,
 Thou, beſt of deareſt, and mine only care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any cheſt,
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
 Within the gentle cloſure of my breaſt⁵,
 From whence at pleaſure thou may'ſt come and part ;
 And even thence thou wilt be ſtolen, I fear,
 For truth proves thieviſh for a prize ſo dear⁶.

XLIX.

Againſt that time, if ever that time come,
 When I ſhall ſee thee frown on my defects,
 Whenas thy love hath caſt his utmoſt ſum⁷,
 Call'd to that audit by advis'd reſpects ;
 Againſt that time, when thou ſhalt ſtrangely paſs,
 And ſcarcely greet me with that ſun, thine eye ;
 When love, converted from the thing it was,
 Shall reaſons find of ſettled gravity⁸ ;

* *But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,*] We have the ſame alluſion in *King Richard II.*:

“ — Every tedious ſtride I make,

“ Will but remember me what a deal of world

“ I wander from the *jewels* that I love.” MALONE.

⁵ *Within the gentle cloſure of my breaſt,*] So, in *K. Richard III.*:

“ Within the guilty cloſure of thy walls.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *For truth proves thieviſh for a prize ſo dear.*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Rich preys make rich men thieves.” C.

⁷ *Whenas thy love hath caſt his utmoſt ſum,*] *Whenas*, in ancient language, was ſynonymous to *when*. MALONE.

⁸ *When love, converted from the thing it was,*

Shall reaſons find of ſettled gravity ;] A ſentiment ſomewhat ſimilar, occurs in *Julius Cæſar*:

“ When love begins to ſicken and decay,

“ It uſeth an enforced ceremony.” STEEVENS.

Againſt

Against that time do I ensconce me here⁹,
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
 And this my hand against myself uprear,
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
 Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!¹
 'The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on², to bear that weight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know
 His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee :
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide ;
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,—
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :
 From where thou art why should I halte me thence ?
 Till I return, of posting is no need.

⁹ —do I ensconce me here,] I fortify myself. A *seconce* was a species of fortification. See Vol. II. p. 151. n. 3. MALONE.

¹ *Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend*!] So, in one of our author's plays:

“ *Measuring our steps from a departed friend.*” STEEVENS.

See also the passage quoted on the other side, in n. *. MALONE.

² *Plods dully on,—*] The quarto reads—*Plods dully on.* The context supports the reading that I have substituted. So, in the next Sonnet, where the same thought is pursued :

“ Thus can my love excuse the slow offence

“ Of my dull bearer.” MALONE.

O, what,

O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
 When swift extremity can seem but slow³?
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind⁴;
 In winged speed no motion shall I know:
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
 Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
 Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race⁵;
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
 Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,

3 *When swift extremity can seem but slow?*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"The swiftest wing of recompence is *slow*." STEEVENS.

4 *Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,

"*Sriding the blast*, or Heaven's cherubin, *kors'd*

"*Upon the fightless couriers of the air,*

"*Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye.*"

It is likewise one of the employments of Ariel,

"*To run upon the sharp wind of the north.*"

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

"I, from the orient to the drooping west,

"*Making the wind my post-horse—*"

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"—whose breath

"*Rides on the posting winds.*" MALONE.

5 *Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race;*] The expression is here so uncouth, that I strongly suspect this line to be corrupt. Perhaps we should read:

Shall neigh to dull flesh, in his fiery race.

Desire, in the ardour of impatience, shall call to the sluggish animal, (the horse) to proceed with swifter motion. MALONE.

Perhaps this passage is only obscured by the awkward situation of the words *no dull flesh*. The sense may be this: "Therefore desire, being *no dull* piece of horse-flesh, but composed of the most perfect love, shall neigh as he proceeds in his hot career." "A good piece of horse-flesh," is a term still current in the stable. Such a profusion of words, and only to tell us that our author's passion was impetuous, though his horse was slow! STEEVENS.

The

The which he will not every hour survey,
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure⁶.
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are⁷,
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet⁸.
 So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
 Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,
 To make some special instant special-blest⁹,
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
 Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

⁶ For blunting *the fine point of seldom pleasure*.] That is, for fear of blunting, &c. See Vol. VI. p. 204, n. 9.

Voluptates commendat rarior usus. HOR. MALONE.

—aciesque babetatur amori

Mutato toties. *Alicubi*. STEEVENS.

⁷ Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
 Like stones of worth, &c.] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

"If all the year were playing holidays,

"To sport would be as tedious as to work;

"But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come;

"And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents."

Again, *ibidem*:

"—my state,

"Seldom, but sumptuous, shew'd like a feast,

"And won by rareness much solemnity." MALONE.

—feasts so solemn and so rare,] He means the four *festivals* of the year. STEEVENS.

⁸ Or captain jewels in the carcanet.] Jewels of superior worth. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"The ass more captain than the lion, and the fellow

"Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge."

Again, in the 66th *Sonnet*:

"And captive Good attending captain Ill."

The carcanet was an ornament worn round the neck. MALONE.

⁹ Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,

To make some special instant special-blest,] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"Then did I keep my person fresh and new;

"My presence, like a robe pontifical,

"Ne'er seen but wonder'd at." STEEVENS.

LIII. What

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit¹
 Is poorly imitated after you;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
 Speak of the spring, and foizon of the year²;
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear³;
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses⁴;

Hang

¹ —and the counterfeit—] A *counterfeit*, it has been already observed, formerly signified a *portrait*. See p. 202, n. 8. MALONE.

² *Speak of the spring, and foizon of the year*;] *Foizon* is plenty. See Vol. I. p. 40, n. 6. The word is yet in common use in the North of England. MALONE.

³ *The other as your bounty*,—] The *foizon*, or plentiful season, that is, the autumn, is the emblem of your bounty. So, in *The Tempest*:

“How does my *bounteous* sister [Ceres]?”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“—For his *bounty*,

“There was no winter in’t; an *autumn* ’twas,

“That grew the more by reaping.” MALONE.

⁴ *The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,*
As the perfumed tincture of the roses;] The *canker* is the *canker-rose* or *dog-rose*. The rose and the canker are opposed in like manner in *Much ado about Nothing*: “I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge than a *rose* in his grace.” MALONE.

Shakspeare

Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses⁵;
 But, for their virtue⁶ only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
 Die to themselves; Sweet roses do not so;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made⁷:
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth⁸.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments⁹
 Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time¹.

Shakspeare had not yet begun to observe the productions of nature with accuracy, or his eyes would have convinced him that the *cynorhodon* is by no means of as deep a colour as the *rose*. But what has truth or nature to do with Sonnets? STEEVENS.

⁵ *When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:*] So, in *Hamlet*:

"The charest maid is prodigal enough,

"If she unmask her beauty to the moon:

"Virtue itself escapes not calumnious strokes:

"The canker galls the infants of the spring,

"Too oft before their buttons be disclosed." MALONE.

⁶ *But, for their virtue—*] *For* has here the signification of *because*. So, in *Othello*:

"—haply for I am black." MALONE.

⁷ *—Sweet roses do not so;*

Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:] The same image occurs in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"—earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,

"Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,

"Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness." MALONE.

⁸ *—my verse distills your truth*] The old copy reads, I think, corruptedly:—*by verse distills your truth*. MALONE.

⁹ *Not marble, nor the gilded monuments, &c.*]

Exegi monumentum aere perennius,

Regaliq[ue] situ pyramidum altius. Hor.

This Sonnet furnishes a very strong confirmation of my interpretation of the words, "*—a paper epitaph,*" in *K. Henry V.* See Vol. V. p. 468, n. 7. MALONE.

¹ *Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.*] So, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

"Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb

"Of honour'd bones indeed." MALONE.

When

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory².
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity,
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said,
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite;
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
 So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
 Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
 Return of love, more blest may be the view:
 Or call it winter³, which being full of care,
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more
 rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require.

² *When wasteful war shall statues overturn, &c.]*

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira nec ignes,
 Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas. *Ovid.*

MALONE.

³ *Or call it winter,]* The old copy reads—*As* call it, &c. The emendation, which requires neither comment nor support, was suggested to me by the late Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour ⁴,
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
 When you have bid your servant once adieu;
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose;
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
 Save, where you are, how happy you make those:
 So true a fool is love, that in your will
 (Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
 O, let me suffer (being at your beck)
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty;
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check ⁵,
 Without accusing you of injury.
 Be where you list; your charter is so strong,
 That you yourself may privilege your time:
 Do what you will ⁶, to you it doth belong
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,

⁴ —*the* world-without-end hour,] The tedious hour, that seems as if it would never end. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“—a time, methinks, too short

“To make a *world-without end* bargain in.”

i. e. an everlasting bargain. This singular epithet our authour borrowed probably from our Liturgy. MALONE.

⁵ *And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,*] So, in *K. Lear*:

“A most poor man, made tame to *fortune's blows*.” MALONE.

⁶ *Do what you will*—] The quarto reads:—*To* what you will,—
 There can, I think, be no doubt that *To* was a misprint. MALONE.

Which

Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
 The second burthen of a former child?
 O, that record could with a backward look,
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
 Show me your image in some antique book,
 Since mind at first in character was done⁷!
 That I might see what the old world could say
 To this composed wonder of your frame;
 Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they⁸,
 Or whether revolution be the same.

O! sure I am, the wits of former days
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In frequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity once in the main of light⁹,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And time that gave, doth now his gift confound¹.

⁷ Show me your image in some antique book,

Since mind at first in character was done!] Would that I could read a description of you in the earliest manuscript that appeared *after the first use of letters*. That this is the meaning appears clearly from the next line:

"That I might see what the old world could say."

Again: "—the *wits* of former days," &c.

We yet use the word *character* in the same sense. MALONE.

This may allude to the ancient custom of inserting real portraits among the ornaments of illuminated manuscripts, with inscriptions under them. STEEVENS.

⁸ —or whe'r better they,] *Whe'r* for *whether*. The same abbreviation occurs in *Venus and Adonis*, and in *King John*. See Vol. IV. p. 469, n. 1. MALONE.

⁹ *Nativity once in the main of light,*] In the *great body* of light. So, the *main* of waters. MALONE.

¹ —*his gift* confound.] To *confound* in Shakspeare's age generally meant to *destroy*. See Vol. V. p. 506, n. 4. MALONE.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth²,
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow³;
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
 And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand⁴,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,
 The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
 O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
 It is my love⁵ that keeps mine eye awake;
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
 From me far off, with others all-too-near.

² *Time doth transfix the flourish—*] The external decoration. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“Like painted trunks o'er-flourish'd by the devil.” MALONE.

³ *And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;*] Renders what was before even and smooth, rough and uneven. So, in the second Sonnet:

“When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,

“And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field.”

Again, in the 19th Sonnet:

“———Swift-footed time,

“O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,

“Nor draw no line there with thine antique pen.”

Our author uses the word *parallel* in the same sense in *Orbello*:

“—How am I then a villain,

“To counsel Cassio to this *parallel* course?” MALONE.

⁴ *And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,*] So, in *K. Rich. II.*:

“Strong as a tower in hope, I say amen.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *It is my love—*] See p. 220, n. 8. MALONE.

LXII. Sin

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
 And all my soul, and all my every part;
 And for this sin there is no remedy,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.
 Methinks no face so gracious is as mine⁶,
 No shape so true, no truth of such account;
 And for myself mine own worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths surmount.
 But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
 Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity⁷,
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
 Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
 With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn⁸;
 When

⁶ *Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,*] Gracious was frequently used by our authour and his contemporaries in the sense of *beautiful*. So, in *King Jobn*:

"There was not such a *gracious* creature born." MALONE.

⁷ *Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,*] Thus the old copy. *Beated* was perhaps a misprint for *'bated*. *'Bated* is properly *over-tbrown*; *laid low*; *abated*; from *abatre*, Fr. Hence (if this be the true reading) it is here used by our authour with his usual licence, for *disfigured*; reduced to a *lower* or worse state than before. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"With *'bated* breath and whispering humbleness,"

Again, in the 63d Sonnet:

"With time's injurious hand *crush'd* and o'erworn.

Beated however, the regular participle from the verb to *beat*, may be right. We had in a former Sonnet—*weather-beaten* face. In *K. Henry V.* we find—*casted*, and in *Macbeth*—*thrusted*. MALONE.

I think we should read *blasted*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"—every part about you *blasted* with antiquity." STEEVENS.

⁸ *With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn* ;] The old copy reads *crusht*. I suspect that our author wrote *frusht*, a word that occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"I'll *frush* it, and unlock the rivets all."

R 2

Again,

When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
 With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
 Hath travell'd on to age's sleepy night⁹;
 And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
 Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
 Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
 For such a time do I now fortify
 Against confounding age's cruel knife,
 That he shall never cut from memory
 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life¹:
 His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
 And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
 The rich-proud coat of out-worn bury'd age;

Again, Holinshed in his *Description of Ireland*, p. 29: "When they are fore *frusht* with sickness, or so farre withered with age." To say that a thing is first *crush'd*, and then *over-worn*, is little better than to observe of a man, that he was first *killed*, and then *wounded*.

STEEVENS.

To *frush* is to bruise or batter. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act V. sc. vi. What then is obtained by the change? MALONE.

9 —when his youthful morn

Hath travell'd on to age's sleepy night;] So in *K. Richard III*:

"And turn my infant morn to aged night."

I once thought that the poet wrote—*sleepy* night. But the word *travell'd* shows, I think, that the old copy is right, however incongruous the epithet *sleepy* may appear. So, in the 7th *Sonnet*:

"Lo, in the orient when the gracious light

"Lifts up his burning head—

"And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,

"Resembling strong youth in his middle age,—"

These lines fully explain what the poet meant by the *sleepy night* of age.

The same opposition is found in the 15th *Sonnet*:

"Then wasteful Time debateth with decay

"To change your day of youth to sullied night."

Were it not for the antithesis which was certainly intended between *morn* and *night*, we might read:

—to age's sleepy height. MALONE.

¹ —though my lover's life:] See p. 220, n. 8. MALONE.

When

When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage :
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore²,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;
 When I have seen such interchange of state³,
 Or state itself confounded to decay ;
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—
 That Time will come, and take my love away.
 This thought is as a death, which cannot choofe
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea⁴,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?

² —the hungry ocean gain

Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,] So, Mortimer, in
King Henry IV. P. I. speaking of the Trent :

“ —he bears his course, and runs me up

“ With like *advantage* on the other side,

“ Gelding the opposed continent as much.” STEEVENS.

³ When I have seen the hungry ocean gain

Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,

And the firm soil win of the watery main,

Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;

When I have seen such interchange of state, &c.] So, in *K. Henry IV.*

P. II:

“ O heaven ! that one might read the book of fate ;

“ And see the revolution of the times

“ Make mountains level, and the continent,

“ Weary of solid firmness, melt itself

“ Into the sea ! and, other times, to see

“ The beachy girdle of the ocean

“ Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances mock,

“ And changes fill the cup of alteration

“ With diverse liquors !” C.

⁴ How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,] Shakspeare, I be-
 lieve, wrote—with *his* rage,—i. e. with the rage of Mortality.

MALONE.

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days⁵,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack,
 Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid⁶?

Or

⁵ —the siege of battering days,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ —the siege of loving terms.” STEEVENS.

⁶ O fearful meditation! where, alack,

Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?] I once thought Shakspeare might have written—from time's *quest*, but am now convinced that the old reading is right. “Time's best jewel” is the person addressed, who, the authour feared, would not be able to escape the devastation of time, but would fall a prey, however beautiful, to his all-subduing power. So, in his 48th Sonnet:

“ —thou, to whom my *jewels* trifles are,

“ Thee have I not lock'd up in any *chest*,

“ Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art.”

This allusion is a favourite one of Shakspeare, for he has introduced it in several places. Thus again, in *K. Richard II.*

“ A *jewel* in a ten-times-barr'd-up *chest*

“ Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.”

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,

“ And bids it leap from thence, where it may find

“ Some purer *chest*, to close so pure a mind.”

Again, in *King John*:

“ They found him dead, and thrown into the street,

“ An empty *caske*, where the *jewel* of life

“ By some damn'd villain was robb'd and ta'en away!”

A similar conceit is found in an Epitaph on Prince Henry, eldest son of King James I. written in 1613:

“ Within this marble *caske* lies

“ A matchless *jewel* of rich price;

“ Whom nature, in the world's disdain,

“ But shew'd, and then put up again.”

The *chest* of *Time* is the repository where he lays up the most rare and curious productions of nature; one of which the poet esteemed his friend.

—vobis male sit, malæ tenebræ

Orci, quæ omnia bella devoratis. *Catal.* MALONE.

Time's chest is the repository into which he is poetically supposed to throw those things which he designs to be forgotten. Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ Time hath, my lord, a *wallet* at his back,

“ Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.”

Again,

Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?

Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restless death I cry⁸,—

As, to behold desert a beggar born,

And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,

And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,

And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,

And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,

And strength by limping sway disabled,

And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,

And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,

And simple truth miscall'd simplicity⁹,

And captive good attending captain ill¹:

Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,

And with his presence grace impiety,

That sin by him advantage should achieve,

And lace itself with his society²?

Again, in Sonnet LII:

“So is the time that keeps you, as my chest.”

The thief who evades pursuit, may be said with propriety to *lie hid from justice*, or from confinement. STEEVENS.

⁷ Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid? The reading of the quarto—his spoil or beauty, is manifestly a misprint. MALONE.

⁸ Tir'd with all these, &c.] Compare Hamlet's celebrated soliloquy with this Sonnet. C.

⁹ And simple truth miscall'd simplicity.] Simplicity has here the signification of folly. MALONE.

¹ And captive good attending captain ill:] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“—the ass more captain than the lion.”

Again, in the 52d Sonnet:

“Like captain jewels in the carcanet.” MALONE.

² And lace itself with his society?] i. e. embellish itself. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“—what envious streaks

“Do lace the severing clouds,—” STEEVENS.

Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
 And steal dead seeing of his living hue³?
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
 Why should he live, now nature bankrupt is,
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
 For he hath no exchequer now but his,
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
 O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had,
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn⁴,
 When beauty liv'd and died, as flowers do now,
 Before these bastard signs of fair were borne⁵,
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
 Before the golden tresses of the 'dead,'
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
 To live a second life on second head⁶;
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:

In

³ *And steal dead seeing of his living hue?*] Dr. Farmer would read—
seeming. MALONE.

⁴ *—the map of days out-worn,*] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“Even so this *pattern of the worn-out age*

“*Pawn'd honest looks.*” MALONE.

⁵ *Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,*] *Fair* was formerly
 used as a substantive, for *beauty*. See Vol. II. p. 148, n. 6.

MALONE.

⁶ *Before the golden tresses of the dead,*

The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,

To live a second life on second head;] Our authour has again in-
 veighed against this practice in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“So are those crisped snaky golden locks,

“Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,

“Upon supposed fairness, often known

“To be the dowry of a *second head*,

“*The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.*”

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

“—thatch your poor thin roofs

“With burdens of the dead.”

See

In him those holy antique hours are seen,
 Without all ornament, itself, and true⁷,
 Making no summer of another's green,
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
 And him as for a map doth nature store,
 To show false art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
 All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due⁸,
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
 Thine outward⁹ thus with outward praise is crown'd;
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
 In other accents do this praise confound,
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,
 And that, in guesses, they measure by thy deeds;
 Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes were
 kind,
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:

So, in *Svetnam arraigned by women*, a comedy, 1620:

“ —She'll instruct them how

“ ————— to use,

“ The mysteries, painting, curling, powd'ring,

“ And with strange *periwigs*, pin-knots, borderings;

“ To deck them up, like to a vintner's bush,

“ For man to gaze at on a midsummer-night.”

See also Vol. I. p. 176, n. 8.

In our authour's time, the false hair usually worn, perhaps in compliment to the queen, was of a sandy colour. Hence the epithet *golden*. See Hentzner's Account of Queen Elizabeth. MALONE.

⁷ *Without all ornament, itself, and true,*] Surely we ought to read—*himself*, and true. In him the primitive simplicity of ancient times may be observed; in him, who scorns all adscitious ornaments, who appears in his native genuine state, [*himself* and true,] &c. MALONE.

⁸ *All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,*] The quarto has—that *end*. For the present emendation (which the rhyme requires) the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. The letters that compose the word *due* were probably transposed at the press, and the *u* inverted.

MALONE.

⁹ *Thine outward—*] The quarto reads—*Their*. MALONE.

But

But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The solve is this ¹,—that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect ²,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time ³;

¹ *The solve is this,—*] This is the *solution*. The quarto reads:
The solve is this,—.

I have not found the word now placed in the text, in any authour;
but have inserted it rather than print what appears to me unintelligible.
We meet with a similar sentiment in the 102d Sonnet:

“—sweets grown common lose their dear delight.”

The modern editions read: *The veil is this—*. MALONE.

I believe we should read: *The sole is this,—*i. e. here the *only* explanation lies; this is *all*. STEEVENS.

² *The ornament of beauty is suspect,*] *Suspicion* or *slander* is a constant attendant on beauty, and adds new lustre to it. *Suspect* is used as a substantive in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. See Vol. VI. p. 168, n. 9. Again, by Middleton in *A Mad World my Masters*, a comedy, 1608:

“And poize her words i' the ballance of *suspect*.” MALONE.

³ *Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;*] The old copy here, as in many other places, reads corruptly—*Their worth, &c.*

I strongly suspect the latter words of this line also to be corrupt. What idea does *worth woo'd of* [that is, *by*] *time*, present?—Perhaps the poet means, that however slandered his friend may be at present, his *worth* shall be celebrated in all *future* time. MALONE.

Perhaps we are to disentangle the transposition of the passage, thus: *So thou be good, slander, being woo'd of time, doth but approve thy worth the greater.* i. e. if you are virtuous, slander, being the favorite of the age, only stamps the stronger mark of approbation on your merit.

I have already shewn, on the authority of Ben Jonson, that “*of time*” means, *of the then present one*. See note on *Hamlet*, Act II. sc. i. STEEVENS.

Might we not read—being *wood of time*? taking *wood* for an epithet applied to *slander*, signifying *frantic*, doing mischief at random. Shakspeare often uses this old word. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies *wood*.”

I am far from being satisfied with this conjecture, but can make no sense of the words as they are printed. C.

For

For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love ⁴,
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
 Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd:
 If some suspect ⁵ of ill mask'd not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st owe ⁶.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled ⁷
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay ⁸,

⁴ For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ —As in the sweetest buds

“ The eating canker dwells, so eating love

“ Inhabits in the finest wits of all.” C.

Again, *ibidem*:

“ —as the most forward bud

“ Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow,

“ Even so by love the young and tender wit

“ Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,

“ Losing his verdure even in the prime,” &c. MALONE.

⁵ If some suspect—] See p. 250, n. 2. MALONE.

⁶ —should'st owe.] That is, should possess. See Vol. IV. p. 473, n. 7. MALONE.

⁷ Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell

Give warning to the world that I am fled—] So, in *K. Henry IV.*

P. II:

“ —and his tongue

“ Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,

“ Remember'd knolling a departed friend.” MALONE.

⁸ When I perhaps compounded am with clay,] Compounded is mixed, blended. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

“ Only compound me with forgotten dust.” MALONE.

Do

Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
 But let your love even with my life decay :
 Left the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should talk you to recite
 What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
 After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
 To do more for me than mine own desert,
 And hang more praise upon deceased I,
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
 O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang⁹
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang¹.

In

⁹ *When yellow leaves, &c.*] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ —my way of life

“ Is fallen into the fear, the *yellow leaf*.” STEEVENS.

¹ *Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.*] The quarto has—*Bare ruin'd choirs*,—from which the reader must extract what meaning he can. The edition of our authour's poems in 1640, has—*ruin'd*.—*Quires* or *choirs* here means that part of cathedrals where divine service is performed, to which, when uncovered and in ruins,

“ A naked subject to the weeping clouds,”

the poet compares the trees at the end of autumn, stripped of that foliage which at once invited and sheltered the feathered songsters of summer; whom Ford, a contemporary and friend of our authour's, with an allusion to the same kind of imagery, calls in his *Lover's Melancholy* “ the *quiristers* of the woods.” So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ Then

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
 As after sun-set fadeth in the west;
 Which by and by black night doth take away²,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie³;
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
 Without all bail shall carry me away⁴,
 My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.

"—Then was I as a tree,
 " Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night,
 " A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
 " Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
 " And left me bare to weather."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 " Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush,
 " Fallen from their boughs, and left me open, bare,
 " For ew'ry storm that blows." MALONE.

This image was probably suggested to Shakespeare by our desolated monasteries. The resemblance between the vaulting of a Gothick isle, and an avenue of trees whose upper branches meet and form an arch over-head, is too striking not to be acknowledged. When the roof of the one is shattered, and the boughs of the other leafless, the comparison becomes yet more solemn and picturesque. STEEVENS.

² Which by and by black night doth take away,] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" And by and by a cloud takes all away." STEEVENS.

³ —the glowing of such fire,

That on the ashes of his youth doth lie;] Mr. Gray perhaps remembered these lines:

" Even in our ashes glow their wonted fires." MALONE.

⁴ —when that fell arrest

Without all bail shall carry me away,] So, in *Hamlet*:

" Had I but time, (as this fell serjeant, death,
 " Is strict in his arrest,) O I could tell you,—
 " But let it be." C.

When

When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
 The very part was consecrate to thee.
 The earth can have but earth⁵, which is his due ;
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me :
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The prey of worms, my body being dead ;
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
 Too base of thee to be remembered.
 The worth of that, is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains⁶.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife⁷
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found ;
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure :
 Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,
 And by and by clean starved for a look⁸ ;
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,
 Save what is had or must from you be took.

⁵ *The earth can have but earth,—*] Shakspeare seems here to have had the burial service in his thought. MALONE.

⁶ *—and this with thee remains.]* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *And for the peace of you I hold such strife—*] The context seems to require that we should rather read :

—for the *price* of you—or—for the *sake* of you.

The conflicting passions described by the poet were not produced by a regard to the ease or quiet of his friend, but by the high value he set on his esteem : yet as there seems to have been an opposition intended between *peace* and *strife*, I do not suspect any corruption in the text.

MALONE.

⁸ *—clean starved for a look ;]* That is, *wholly* starved. So, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.” MALONE.

So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“ While I at home *starve* for a merry look.” STEEVENS.

Thus

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away⁹.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed¹,
That every word doth almost tell my name²;
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know, sweet love, I always write of you
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves* thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste³.

The

⁹ *Or gluttoning on all, or all away.*] That is, either feeding on various dishes, or having nothing on my board,—all being away. MALONE.

Perhaps *or all away*, may signify, *or away with all!* i. e. I either devour like a glutton what is within my reach, or command all provisions to be removed out of my sight. STEEVENS.

¹ —in a noted weed,] i. e. in a dress by which it is always known, as those persons are who always wear the same colours. STEEVENS.

² *That every word doth almost tell my name;*] The quarto has:—*fel* my name. MALONE.

* *The vacant leaves*—] Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*These vacant leaves*. So afterwards: “Commit to *these* waste blanks.” MALONE.

³ *And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.*] *This, their*, and *thy*, are so often confounded in these Sonnets, that it is only by attending to the context that we can discover which was the author's word. In the present instance, instead of *this* book, should we not read *thy* book? So, in the last line of this Sonnet:

“These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,

“Shall profit thee, and much enrich *thy* book.” MALONE.

Probably

The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
 Of mouthed graves⁴ will give thee memory;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
 Time's thievish progress⁵ to eternity.
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
 Commit to these waste blanks⁶, and thou shalt find
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoc'd thee for my muse,
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,
 As every alien pen hath got my use,
 And under thee their poetry disperse.

Probably this Sonnet was designed to accompany a present of a book consisting of blank paper. Were such the case, the old reading (*this book*) may stand. Lord Orrery sent a birth-day gift of the same kind to Swift, together with a copy of verses of the same tendency. STEEV.

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable. We learn from the 122d Sonnet that Shakspeare received a *table-book* from his friend.

In his age it was customary for all ranks of people to make presents on the first day of the new year. Even Queen Elizabeth condescended to receive new-year's gifts from the lords and ladies of her court.

MALONE.

⁴ *Of mouthed graves*—] That is, of *all-devouring* graves. Thus, in *King Richard III*:

“—in the *swallowing* gulph

“Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“What is thy body but a *swallowing grave*?” MALONE.

⁵ *Time's thievish progress*—] So, in *All's well that ends well*:

“Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass

“Hath told the *thievish minutes* how they pass.”

Milton in one of his Sonnets has imitated our author:

“How soon hath *time*, that subtle *thief*,” &c. MALONE.

⁶ —*to these waste blanks*—] The old copy has—*waste blacks*. The emendation was proposed by Mr. Theobald. It is fully supported by a preceding line: *The vacant leaves*, &c. MALONE.

Thine

Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly⁷,
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing⁸,
 And given grace a double majesty.
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee :
 In others' works thou dost but mend the stile,
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
 And my sick muse doth give another place.
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
 He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
 From thy behaviour ; beauty doth he give,
 And found it in thy cheek ; he can afford
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
 Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name⁹,

And

⁷ *And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,*] So, in *Othello*: "O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst, best." MALONE.

⁸ *Have added feathers to the learned's wing,*] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"—your lord,

"(The best feather of our wing,)—." STEEVENS.

⁹ *Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,*] *Spirit* is here, as in many other places, used as a monosyllable. Curiosity will naturally endeavour to find out who this *better spirit* was, to whom even Shaks-

And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tongue-ty'd, speaking of your fame!
 But since your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear¹,
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear,
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
 Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
 The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
 'Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
 And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
 When all the breathers of this world are dead²;

peare acknowledges himself inferior. There was certainly no poet in his own time with whom he needed to have feared a comparison; but these Sonnets being probably written when his name was but little known, and at a time when Spenser was in the zenith of his reputation, I imagine he was the person here alluded to. MALONE.

¹ *The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,*] The same thought occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ —The sea being smooth,

“ How many shallow bauble boats dare sail

“ Upon her patient breast, making their way

“ With those of nobler bulk?—where's then the *saucy* boat?”

See *Troilus and Cressida*, Vol. VIII. p. 162, n. 5. STEEVENS.

² *When all the breathers of this world are dead;*] So, in *As you like it*: “ I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.” MALONE.

You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen,)
 Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of
 men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
 And therefore may'st without attaint o'er-look
 The dedicated words which writers use
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
 And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
 And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
 In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
 And their gross painting might be better us'd
 Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
 And therefore to your fair no painting set;
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
 The barren tender of a poet's debt³:
 And therefore have I slept in your report⁴,
 That you yourself, being extant, well might show

3 *The barren tender of a poet's debt:*] So, the poet in *Timon of Athens*:

“——all minds

“——tender down

“Their services to lord Timon.”

Again, in *King John*:

“And the like tender of our love we make.” MALONE.

4 *And therefore have I slept in your report,*] And therefore I have
 not founded your praises. MALONE.

The same phrase occurs in *K. Henry VIII*:

“——Heaven will one day open

“The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon

“This bold, bad man.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

“——hung their eyelids down,

“Slept in his face.” STEEVENS:

How far a modern quill doth come too short⁵,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow⁶.
 This silence for my sin you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
 For I impair not beauty, being mute,
 When others would give life, and bring a tomb⁷.
 Their lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
 Than this rich praise—that you alone are you?
 In whose confine immured is the store,
 Which should example where your equal grew.
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
 That to his subject lends not some small glory;
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,
 And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,
 Making his stile admired every where.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse⁸.

⁵ *How far a modern quill doth come too short,*] *Modern* formerly signified *common* or *trite*. See Vol. III. p. 163, n. 5. MALONE.

⁶ —*what worth in you doth grow.*] We might better read:
 —*that* worth in you doth grow.

i. e. that worth, which, &c. MALONE.

⁷ *When others would give life, and bring a tomb.*] When others endeavour to celebrate your character, while in fact they disgrace it by the meanness of their compositions. MALONE.

⁸ *Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse*] i. e. being fond of such panegyrick as debases what is praise-worthy in you, instead of exalting it. *On* in ancient books is often printed for *of*. It may mean, “behaving foolishly *on* receiving praise.” STEEVENS.

Fond on was certainly used by Shakspeare for *fond of*. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

“—my master loves her dearly;

“And I, poor monster, *fond* as much *on* him.”

Again, in Holland’s translation of *Sueronius*, folio, 1606, p. 21:
 “He was *enamoured* also *upon* queens.” MALONE.

LXXXV.

My tongue-ty'd muse in manners holds her still,
 While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
 Reserve their character with golden quill⁹,
 And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd.
 I think good thoughts, whilst others write good words,
 And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
 Hearing you prais'd, I say, 'tis so, 'tis true,
 And to the most of praise add something more;
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
 Then others for the breath of words respect,
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
 Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhere,
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew¹?
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
 Giving him aid, my verse astonish'd.
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence²;

⁹ Reserve their character with golden quill,] Reserve has here the sense of preserve. See p. 206, n. 2. MALONE.

¹ Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;

"What is her burying grave, that is her womb."

Again, in *Pericles*:

"For he's their parent, and he is their grave."

So also, Milton:

"The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave." MALONE.

² —that affable familiar ghost

Which nightly gulls him with intelligence;] Alluding perhaps to the celebrated Dr. Dee's pretended intercourse with an angel, and other familiar spirits. STEEVENS.

As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
 I was not sick of any fear from thence:
 But when your countenance fil'd up his line³,
 Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewel! thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
 My bonds in thee are all determinate⁴.
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
 And for that riches where is my deserving?
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 And so my patent back again is swerving.
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
 In sleep a king⁵, but waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
 And place my merit in the eye of Scorn⁶,
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
 Upon thy part I can set down a story

³ —fil'd up his line,] i. e. polish'd it. So, in Ben Jonson's Verses on Shakspere:

“In his well-torned and true-*filed* lines.” STEEVENS.

⁴ —determinate.] i. e. determin'd, ended, out of date. See Vol. V. p. 403, n. 1. MALONE.

⁵ *In sleep a king,—*] Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“—I dreamt, &c.

“That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.” STEEVENS

And place my merit in the eye of Scorn,] Our authour has again personified Scorn in *Orbello*:

“A fixed figure, for the time of Scorn

“To point his slow unmoving finger at.” MALONE.

Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attained⁷;
 That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory;
 And I by this will be a gainer too;
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
 The injuries that to myself I do,
 Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
 That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
 And I will comment upon that offence:
 Speak of my lameness⁸, and I straight will halt;
 Against thy reasons making no defence.
 Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
 To set a form upon desired change,
 As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
 I will acquaintance strangle⁹, and look strange;

7 —I can set down a story

Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attained;] So, in *Hamlet*: "—but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me." STEEVENS.

⁸ *Speak of my lameness, &c.*] See p. 225, n. 5. MALONE.

⁹ *I will acquaintance strangle,—*] I will put an end to our familiarity. This expression is again used by Shakspeare in *Twelfth Night*:

"—it is the baseness of thy fear

"That makes thee strangle thy propriety."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"—he has strangled

"His language in his tears."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing,

"That you behold the while."

Again, more appositely in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "You shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together, shall be the very strangler of their amity." So also Daniel, in his *Cleopatra*, 1594:

"Rocks strangle up thy waves,

"Stop cataracts thy fall!" MALONE.

This uncouth phrase seems to have been a favourite with Shakspeare, who uses it again in *Macbeth*:

"—night strangles the travelling lamp." STEEVENS.

Be absent from thy walks¹; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell;
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate:

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-lost:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe²;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
— And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
But these particulars are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best.

¹ *Be absent from thy walks;*] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:
"Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
"Hop in his walks." MALONE.

² *Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"But with a rearward following Tybalt's death," &c. STEEV.
Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"And in the rearward of reproaches," &c.

Again, in *K. Henry IV. P. II.* "He came ever in the rearward of the fashion." MALONE.

Thy

Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost³,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.

Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assured mine ;
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end.
 I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend :
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.

O, what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die !
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot ?
 Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not :

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband⁴ ; so love's face

May

³ *Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,*] So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ Richer than doing nothing for a babe ;

“ Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *So shall I live, supposing thou art true,*

Like a deceived husband ;—] Mr. Oldys observes in one of his manuscripts, that this and the preceding Sonnet “ *seem to have been addressed by Shakspeare to his beautiful wife on some suspicion of her infidelity.*” He must have read our authour's poems with but little attention ; otherwise he would have seen that these, as well as the preceding Sonnets, and many of those that follow, are not addressed to a female. I do not know whether this antiquary had any other authority than his misapprehension concerning these lines for the epithet by which he has described our great poet's wife. He had made very
 large

May still seem love to me, though alter'd-new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:

For

large collections for a life of our authour, and perhaps in the course of his researches had learned this particular. However this may have been, the other part of his conjecture (that Shakspeare was jealous of her) may perhaps be thought to derive some probability from the following circumstances; at least, when connected with the well known story of the Oxford vintner's wife, they give some room to suppose that he was not very strongly attached to her. It is observable, that his daughter, and not his wife, is his executor; and in his will he bequeaths the latter only an old piece of furniture; nor did he even think of her till the whole was finished, *the clause relating to her being an interlineation*. What provision was made for her by settlement, does not appear. It may likewise be remarked, that jealousy is the principal hinge of *four* of his plays; and in his great performance (*Othello*) some of the passages are written with such exquisite feeling, as might lead us to suspect that the authour, at some period of his life, had himself been *perplexed* with doubts, though not perhaps in the extreme.

By the same mode of reasoning, it may be said, he might be proved to have stabbed his friend, or to have had a *tenantless* child; because he has so admirably described the horror consequent on murder, and the effects of filial ingratitude, in *Macbeth*, and *K. Lear*. He could indeed assume all shapes; and therefore it must be acknowledged that the present hypothesis is built on an uncertain foundation. All I mean to say is, that he appears to me to have written more immediately *from the heart* on the subject of jealousy, than on any other; and it is therefore not improbable he might have felt it. The whole is mere conjecture. MALONE.

As all that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakspeare, is—*that he was born at Stratford upon Avon,—married and had children there,—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays,—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried,*—I must confess my readiness to combat every unfounded supposition respecting the particular occurrences of his life.

The misapprehension of Oldys may be naturally accounted for, and will appear venial to those who examine the two Sonnets before us. From the complaints of *inconstancy*, and the praises of *beauty*, contained in them, they should seem at first sight to be addressed by an innamorato to a mistress. Had our antiquarian informed himself of the tendency of such pieces as precede and follow, he could not have failed to discover his mistake.

Whether the wife of our author was beautiful, or otherwise, was a circumstance beyond the investigation of Oldys, whose collections for his life I have perused; yet surely it was natural to impute charms to one who could engage and fix the heart of a young man of such uncommon elegance of fancy.

That

For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.

In

That our poet was jealous of this lady, is likewise an unwarantable conjecture. Having, in times of health and prosperity, provided for her by settlement, (or knowing that her father had already done so) he bequeathed to her at his death, not merely *an old piece of furniture*, but perhaps, as a mark of peculiar tendernefs,

“ The very bed that on his bridal night

“ Receiv’d him to the arms of Beividera.”

His momentary forgetfulness as to this matter, must be imputed to disease. He has many times given support to the sentiments of others, let him speak for once in his own defence :

“ Infirmary doth still neglect all office

“ Whereto our health is bound ; we are not ourselves

“ When nature, being oppress’d, commands the mind

“ To suffer with the body.”

Mr. Malone therefore ceases to argue with his usual candour, when he

“ —takes the indispos’d and sickly fit

“ For the found man.”

The *perfect health* mentioned in the will, (on which Mr. Malone relies in a subsequent note) was introduced as a thing of course by the attorney who drew it up ; and perhaps our author was not sufficiently recovered during the remaining two months of his life to attempt any alterations in this his last work. It was also natural for Shakspeare to have chosen his daughter and not his wife for an executrix, because the latter, for reasons already given, was the least interested of the two in the care of his effects.

That Shakspeare has written with his utmost power on the subject of jealousy, is no proof that he had ever felt it. Because he has, with equal vigour, expressed the varied aversions of Apemantus and Timon to the world, does it follow that he himself was a Cynic, or a wretch deserted by his friends ? Because he has, with proportionable strength of pencil, represented the vindictive cruelty of Shylock, are we to suppose he copied from a fiend-like original in his own bosom ?

Let me add (respecting the four plays alluded to by Mr. Malone,) that in *Cymbeline* jealousy is merely incidental. In the *Winter’s Tale*, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the folly of it is studiously exposed. *Orbello* alone is wholly built on the fatal consequences of that destructive passion. Surely we cannot wonder that our author should have lavished his warmest colouring on a commotion of mind the most vehement of all others ; or that he should have written with sensibility on a subject with which every man who loves is in some degree acquainted. Besides, of different pieces by the same hand, one will prove the most highly wrought, though sufficient reasons cannot be assigned to account for its superiority.

No argument, however, in my opinion, is more fallacious than that

while

In many's looks the false heart's history
 Is writ^s, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
 But heaven in thy creation did decree,
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.

How

which imputes the success of a poet to his interest in his subject. Accuracy of description can be expected only from a mind at rest. It is the unruffled lake that is a faithful mirror. STEEVENS.

Every authour who writes on a variety of topicks, will have sometimes occasion to describe what he has himself felt. To attribute to our great poet (to whose amiable manners all his contemporaries bear testimony,) the moroseness of a cynick, or the depravity of a murderer, would be to form an idea of him contradicted by the whole tenour of his character, and unsupported by any kind of evidence: but to suppose him to have felt a passion which it is said "most men who ever loved have in some degree experienced," does not appear to me a very wild or extravagant conjecture.—Let it also be remembered, that he has not exhibited *four* Shylocks, nor *four* Timons, but *one* only of each of those characters.

Our authour's forgetfulness of his wife, from whatever cause it arose, cannot well be imputed to the *indisposed and sickly fit*; for, from an imperfect erasure in his will (which I have seen) it appears to have been written (though not executed) *two* months before his death; and in the first paragraph he has himself told us that he was, at the time of making it, in *perfect health*: words, which no honest attorney, I believe, ever inserted in a will, when the testator was notoriously in a contrary state. Any speculation on this subject is indeed unnecessary; for the various regulations and provisions of our authour's will show that at the time of making it (whatever his *health* might have been,) he had the entire use of his *faculties*. Nor, supposing the contrary to have been the case, do I see what in the two succeeding months he was to recollect or to alter. His wife had not wholly escaped his memory; he had forgot her,—he had recollected her,—but so recollected her, as more strongly to mark how little he esteemed her; he had already (as it is vulgarly expressed) cut her off, not indeed with a shilling, but with an old bed.

However, I acknowledge, it does not follow, that because he was inattentive to her in his will, he was therefore jealous of her. He might not have loved her; and perhaps she might not have deserved his affection.

This note having already been extended to too great a length, I shall only add, that I must still think that a poet's intimate knowledge of the passions and manners which he describes, will generally be of use to him;

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation flow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expence;
They are the lords and owners of their faces⁶,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed out-braves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn fourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds⁷.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,

him; and that in some few cases experience will give a warmth to his colouring, that mere observation may not supply. No man, I believe, who had not felt the magick power of beauty, ever composed loves-verses that were worth reading. Who (to use nearly our authour's words,)

“ In leaden contemplation e'er found out

“ Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes

“ Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd men with?”

That in order to produce any successful composition, the mind must be at ease, is, I conceive, an incontrovertible truth. It has not been suggested that Shakspeare wrote on the subject of jealousy during the paroxysm of the fit. MALONE.

⁵ *In many's looks the false heart's history*

I writ,] In *Macbeth* a contrary sentiment is asserted:

“ — There is no art

“ To find the mind's construction in the face.” MALONE.

In many's looks, &c.] Thus, in Gray's *Church-yard Elegy*:

“ And read their history in a nation's eyes.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *They are the lords and owners of their faces,]* So, in *K. John*:

“ Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.” MALONE.

⁷ *Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.]* This line is likewise found in the anonymous play of *K. Edward III.* 1596. STEEV.

Doth

Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name?
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report⁸.
 O, what a mansion have those vices got,
 Which for their habitation chose out thee?
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
 'The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
 Some say, thy grace is youth, and gentle sport;
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less⁹;
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a throned queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd;
 So are those errors that in thee are seen,
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!¹
 How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
 If thou would'st use the strength of all thy state!

⁸ *Naming thy name blesses an ill report.*] The same ideas offer in the speech of Ænobarbus to Agrippa in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“——For vilest things

“Become themselves in her; that the holy priests

“Bless her when she is riggish.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:*] By great and small. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

“The more and less came in,” &c. MALONE.

¹ *If like a lamb he could his looks translate!*] If he could change his natural look, and assume the innocent visage of the lamb. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“——to present slaves and servants

“Translates his rivals,” MALONE.

But

But do not so; I love thee in such sort ²,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XC VII.

How like a winter hath my absence been ³
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen?
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time remov'd ⁴! was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime ⁵,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XC VIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, drefs'd in all his trim,

² But do not so: I love thee in such sort, &c. This is likewise the concluding couplet of the 36th Sonnet. MALONE.

³ How like a winter hath my absence been, &c.] In this and the two following Sonnets the pencil of Shakspeare is very discernible. MALONE.

⁴ And yet this time remov'd!—] This time in which I was remote or absent from thee. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ He ever lov'd the life remov'd.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV. P. I*:

“ —nor did he think it meet

“ To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

“ On any foul remov'd.” MALONE.

⁵ The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,

Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ —The spring, the summer,

“ The chiding autumn, angry winter, change

“ Their wonted livries; and the 'mazed world

“ By their increase now knows not which is which.”

The prime is the spring. Increase is the produce of the earth. See Vol. II. p. 467, n. 8. MALONE.

Hath

Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing⁶;
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds⁷, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story tell⁸,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew⁹:
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
 'They were but sweet, but figures of delight',
 Drawn after you; you pattern of all those.

Yet

⁶ ——— in the spring,

When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,

Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Such comfort as do lusty young men feel

"When well-apparel'd April on the heel

"Of limping winter treads." MALONE.

⁷ Yet not the lays of birds, &c.] So Milton, *Par. Lost*, Book IV.

"Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,

"With charm of earliest birds,—

"But neither breath of morn, when she ascends," &c. MALONE.

⁸ Could make me any summer's story tell,] By a summer's story Shakespeare seems to have meant some *gay fiction*. Thus, his comedy founded on the adventures of the king and queen of the fairies, he calls *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. On the other hand, in *The Winter's Tale* he tells us, "a *sad tale's* best for winter." So also, in *Cymbeline*:

"—if it be summer news,

"Smile to it before: if winterly, thou need'st

"But keep that countenance still." MALONE.

⁹ Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:] So, in *King Richard II*:

"——Who are the violets now—

"That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?"

MALONE.

¹ They were but sweet, but figures of delight,] What more could be expected from flowers than that they should be *sweet*? To gratify the smell is their highest praise. I suspect the compositor caught the word but from a subsequent part of the line, and would read:

They were, my sweet, but figures of delight,—

So, in the 109th Sonnet:

"Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all." MALONE.

The old reading is surely the true one. The poet refuses to enlarge on the beauty of the flowers, declaring that they are *only* sweet, *only* delightful, so far as they resemble his friend. STEEVENS.

Nearly

Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play :

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide ;—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand²,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair³;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death⁴.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

Nearly this meaning the lines, after the emendation proposed, will still supply. In the preceding couplet the *colour*, not the *sweetness*, of the flowers is mentioned ; and in the subsequent line the words *drawn* and *pattern* relate only to their external appearance. MALONE.

² *The lily I condemned for thy hand,*] I condemned the lily for presuming to emulate the whiteness of thy hand. MALONE.

³ *One blushing shame, another white despair ;*] The old copy reads :
Our blushing shame, another white despair.

Our was evidently a misprint. MALONE.

All this conceit about the colour of the roses is repeated again in *K. Henry VI.* P. I :

“ —Your cheeks do counterfeit our roses,

“ For pale they look with fear.

“ —thy cheeks

“ Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *A vengeful canker eat him up to death,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ This canker, that eats up love's tender spring.” MALONE.

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T

C. Where

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
 Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?
 Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
 In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
 Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
 If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
 If any, be a satire to decay,
 And make Time's spoils despised every where.
 Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
 So thou prevent'st his scythe⁵, and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
 Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
 So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.
 Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd?
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
 Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee
 To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,
 And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
 Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
 To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
 I love not less, though less the show appear:

⁵ *So thou prevent'st his scythe, &c.*] i. e. so by anticipation thou hinderest the destructive effects of his weapons. STEEVENS.

That

That love is merchandiz'd⁶, whose rich esteeming
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where⁷.
 Our love was new⁸, and then but in the spring,
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing⁹,
 And stops his pipe in growth of riper days;
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
 But that wild musick burdens every bough¹,
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight².

⁶ *That love is merchandiz'd,*—] This expression may serve to support the old reading of a passage in *Macbeth*:

“—the feast is sold

“That is not often vouch'd,” &c.

where Pope would read *cold*. MALONE.

⁷ *That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where.*] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“—my beauty, though but mean,

“Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:

“Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,

“Not utter'd by base *sale of chapmen's tongues*.” C.

⁸ *Our love was new,*] See p. 220, n. 8. MALONE.

⁹ *As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,*] In the beginning of summer. So, in *Othello*:

“The very head and front of my offending

“Hath this extent.”

Again, more appositely, in *the Winter's Tale*:

“—no shepherdes, but Flora,

“Peering in *April's front*.”

Again, in *Coriolanus*: “—one that converses more with the buttock of the night than *the forehead of the morning*.” We meet with a kindred expression in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

“—thou art a summer bird,

“Which ever in the *haunch of winter sings*

“The lifting up of day.” MALONE.

¹ *Not that the summer is less pleasant now
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
 But that wild musick burdens every bough,*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“The nightingale, if she should sing by day,

“When every goose is cackling, would be thought

“No better a musician than the wren.” C.

² *—their dear delight.*] This epithet has been adopted by Pope:

“Peace is my *dear delight*, not Fleury's more.” MALONE.

Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack ! what poverty my muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O, blame me not, if I no more can write !
Look in your glass, and there appears a face,
That over-goes my blunt invention quite³,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well⁴ ?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell ;
And more, much more, than in my verse can fit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride⁵ ;

³ — a face,

That over-goes my blunt invention quite,] So, in *Otello* :

" — a maid,

" One that excells the quirks of blazoning pens."

Again, in *The Tempest* :

" For thou wilt find she will out-strip all praise,

" And make it halt behind her." STEEVENS.

Again, in *the Winter's Tale* : " I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it. and undoes description to do it." MALONE.

⁴ — striving to mend,

To mar the subject that before was well ?] So, in *K. John* :

" When workmen strive to do better than well,

" They do confound their skill." STEEVENS.

Again, more appositely, in *King Lear* :

" Striving to better, oft we mar what's well." MALONE.

⁵ *Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" Let two more summers wither in their pride." STEEVENS.

Three

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd⁶,
 In process of the seasons have I seen ;
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd⁷ ;
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion⁸, and mine eye may be deceiv'd :
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
 Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,
 Since all alike my songs and praises be,
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;
 Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words ;
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
 Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
 Which three, till now, never kept feat in one.

⁶ *Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,*] So, in *Macbeth*:
 " —my way of life

" Is fallen into the fear, the *yellow leaf*." MALONE.

⁷ *Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,*
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd ;] So, before:

" Thou by thy dial's shady *stealth* may know

" Time's thievish progress to eternity."

Again, in *K. Richard III*:

" —mellow'd by the *stealing* hours of time." MALONE.

⁸ *So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,*
Hath motion,—] So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" The *fixure* of her eye hath *motion* in it." MALONE.

Again, in *Othello*:

" —for the time of scorn

" To point his *slow, unmoving* finger at." STEEVENS.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow⁹,
 I see their antique pen would have express'd
 Even such a beauty as you master now¹.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing²:
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise,

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetick soul³
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd⁴,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage⁵;

⁹ *Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,*] So, in *Twelfth Night*;

"Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, &c.

"Do give thee five-fold blazon." STEEVENS.

¹ *—such a beauty as you master now.*] So, in *K. Henry V*;

"Between the promise of his greener days,

"And those he masters now." STEEVENS.

² *They had not skill enough your worth to sing:*] The old copy has;
 They had not *skill* enough. For the present emendation the reader is in-
 debted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

³ *—the prophetick soul—*] So, in *Hamlet*:

"Oh my prophetick soul! mine uncle." STEEVENS.

⁴ *The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*;

"Alas, our *terrene moon* is now *eclips'd*!" STEEVENS.

⁵ *And the sad augurs mock their own presage,*] I suppose he means
 that they *laugh* at the futility of their own predictions. STEEVENS.

Incertainities now crown themselves assur'd,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes⁶ :
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrant's crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit ?
 What's new to speak, what new to register⁷,
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit ?
 Nothing, sweet boy ; but yet, like prayers divine,
 I must each day say o'er the very same ;
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case⁸
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age⁹,
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
 But makes antiquity for aye his page ;
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

⁶ —and death to me subscribes,

Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,

While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes :] To subscribe, is to acknowledge as a superior ; to obey. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes

“ To tender objects.” MALONE.

So, in Dr. Young's *Busiris* :

“ Like death, a solitary king I'll reign,

“ O'er silent subjects and a desert plain.” STEEVENS.

⁷ —what new to register,] The quarto is here manifestly erroneous. It reads :

—what now to register. MALONE.

⁸ —in love's fresh case,] By the case of love the poet means his own compositions. MALONE.

⁹ Weighs not the dust, &c.] A passage in *Love's Labour's Lost* will at once exemplify and explain this phrase :

“ You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.” STEEV.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
 As easy might I from myself depart,
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie¹;
 That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
 Like him that travels, I return again²;
 Just to the time, not with the time exchange'd,—
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood³,
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all,

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley to the view⁴;
 Gor'd mine own thoughts⁵, sold cheap what is most dear,
 Made old offences of affections new:

¹ *As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:*] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.”

See also *Venus and Adonis*, p. 40, n. 4. MALONE.

² *That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,*

Like him that travels, I return again;] Thus, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,

“And now to Helen it is home return'd.”

So also, Prior:

“No matter what beauties I saw in my way,

“They were but my visits, but thou art my home.” MALONE.

³ *All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,*] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“——Nature,

“To whom all foreshew lay siege.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *And made myself a motley to the view,*] Appeared like] a fool; (of whom the dress was formerly a motley coat.) MALONE.

⁵ *Gor'd mine own thoughts,—*] I know not whether this be a quaintness, or a corruption. STEEVENS.

Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
 These blenches gave my heart another youth⁶,
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end⁷;
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast:

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with fortune chide⁸,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide
 Than publick means, which publick manners breeds⁹.
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand :
 Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd ;

The text is probably not corrupt, for our authour has employed the same word in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" My fame is shrewdly gor'd."

The meaning seems to be, I have wounded my own thoughts; I have acted contrary to what I knew to be right. MALONE.

⁶ *These blenches gave my heart another youth,*] These starts or aberrations from rectitude. So, in *Hamlet* :

" —I'll observe his looks ;

" I'll tent him to the quick ; if he but *blench*,

" I know my course." MALONE.

⁷ *Now all is done, save what shall have no end :*] The old copy reads —*have* what shall have, &c. This appearing to me unintelligible, I have adopted a conjectural reading suggested by Mr. Tyrerwhitt.

MALONE.

⁸ *O, for my sake do you with fortune chide,*] The quarto is here evidently corrupt. It reads—*wish* fortune chide. MALONE.

To *chide with* fortune is to quarrel with it. So, in *Oribello* :

" The business of the state does him offence,

" And he does *chide with* you." STEEVENS.

⁹ *Than publick means, which publick manners breeds.*] The authour seems here to lament his being reduced to the necessity of appearing on the stage, or writing for the theatre. MALONE.

Whilst

Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eyfell, 'gainst my strong infection¹;
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow²?
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong³.

¹ *Potions of eyfell, 'gainst my strong infection;*] *Eyfell* is vinegar. So, in *A mery Geste of the Frere and the Boye*:

"God that dyed for us all,

"And drank both *eyfell* and gall." STEEVENS.

Vinegar is esteemed very efficacious in preventing the communication of the plague and other contagious distempers. MALONE.

² *For what care I who calls me well or ill,*

So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?] I am indifferent to the opinion of the world, if you do but throw a friendly veil over my faults, and approve of my virtues. The allusion seems to be either to the practice of covering a bare coarse piece of ground with fresh green-sward, or to that of planting ivy or jessamine to conceal an unsightly building.

To allow, in ancient language, is to approve. MALONE.

I would read:—o'er-grieve my bad,—i. e. I care not what is said of me, so that you compassionate my failings, and approve my virtues.

STEEVENS.

³ *That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.*] It appears from the next line but one, that *sense* is here used for *senses*. We might better read:—e'er changes, right or wrong. MALONE.

None else to me, nor I to none alive,

That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.] The meaning of this purblind and obscure stuff seems to be—You are the only person who has power to change my stubborn resolution, either to what is right, or to what is wrong. STEEVENS.

Ln

In so profound abyſm I throw all care⁴
 Of others' voices, that my adder's ſenſe
 To critick and to flatterer ſtopped are⁵.
 Mark how with my neglect I do diſpenſe :—
 You are ſo ſtrongly in my purpoſe bred,
 That all the world beſides methinks they are dead⁶.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind⁷ ;
 And that which governs me to go about,
 Doth part his function⁸, and is partly blind,
 Seems ſeeing, but effectually is out⁹ :

⁴ *In ſo proſtund abyſm I throw all care*] Our author uſes this word likewiſe in the *Tempeſt*, and *Antony and Cleopatra* : “ —the *abyſm* of time,” and “ —the *abyſm* of hell.” STEEVENS.

⁵ —that my adder's ſenſe

To critick and to flatterer ſtopped are:] That my ears are equally deaf to the ſnarling cenſurer, and the flattering encomiaſt. *Critick* for *cynick*. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt* :

“ And *critick* Timon laugh at idle toys.”

Our authour again alludes to the deafneſs of the adder in *Troilus and Creſſida* :

“ —ears more deaf than adders to the voice

“ Of any true deciſion. MALONE.

⁶ *That all the world beſides methinks they are dead.*] The quarto has—That all the world beſides methinks y^e are dead.

Y^e are was, I ſuppoſe, an abbreviation for *they are* or *th^e are*. Such unpleaſing contractions are often found in our old poets. MALONE.

The ſenſe is this.—I pay no regard to the ſentiments of mankind ; and obſerve how I account for this my indifference. I think ſo much of you, that I have no leiſure to be anxious about the opinions of others. I proceed as if the world, yourſelf excepted, were no more.

STEEVENS.

⁷ —mine eye is in my mind ;] We meet with the ſame phraſe in *Hamlet* :

“ In my mind's eye, Horatio.”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Was left unſeen, ſave to the eye of mind.” MALONE.

⁸ *Doth part his function,—*] That is, partly performs his office.

MALONE.

⁹ *Seems ſeeing, but effectually is out* :] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Doſt. You ſee her eyes are open.

“ Gent. Ay, but their ſenſe is ſhut.” STEEVENS

For

For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch¹;
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet favour², or deformed'st creature,
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue³.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you⁴,
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,

Or

¹ —*which it doth latch*;] The old copy reads—it doth *lack*. The corresponding rhyme shews that what I have now substituted was the author's word. To *latch* formerly signified to *lay bold of*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ —But I have words

“ That should be howl'd out in the desert air,

“ Where hearing should not *latch* them.”

See Vol. IV. p. 411, n. 1. MALONE.

² *The most sweet favour*,] Favour is countenance. See Vol. II. p. 449, n. 6. MALONE.

³ *My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue*.] I once suspected that Shakspeare wrote

My most true mind thus makes mine eye untrue.

Or,

Thy most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

but the text is undoubtedly right. The word *untrue* is used as a substantive. *The sincerity of my affection is the cause of my untruth*; i. e. of my not seeing objects truly, such as they appear to the rest of mankind. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ Say what you can, my false outweighs your *true*.”

Again, in *King John*:

“ This little abstract doth contain that *large*,

“ That dy'd in Geoffrey.”

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

“ How easy is it for the proper *false*

“ In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!”

Milton has taken the same liberty:

“—grace descending had remov'd

“ The *stony* from their hearts.” MALONE.

⁴ —*being crown'd with you*,] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ And

Or whether shall I say, mine eye faith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchymy,
 To make, of monsters and things indigest,
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble;
 Creating every bad a perfect best,
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
 O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing⁶,
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
 If it be poison'd⁷, 'tis the lesser sin
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
 But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
 Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
 Might I not then say, *now I love you best*,
 When I was certain o'er incertainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
 Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

⁶ "And in some sort these wants of mine are *crown'd*,"

"That I account them blessings." MALONE.

5 Creating *every bad a perfect best*,] So, in *The Tempest*:

"—creating you

"Of every creature's best." STEEVENS.

⁶ —*what with* his gust is 'greeing,] That is, what is pleasing to the taste of my mind. MALONE.

⁷ If it be poison'd, &c.] The allusion here is to the tasters of princes. So, in *King John*:

"—who did taste it to him?"

"Hub. A monk whose bowels suddenly burst out." STEEV.

CXVI. Let

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds⁸
 Admit impediments. Love is not love,
 Which alters when it alteration finds⁹;
 Or bends, with the remover to remove:
 O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool², though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom³.
 If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

⁸ —to the marriage of true minds—] To the sympathetick union of souls. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 4to, 1599:

“Examine every married lineament—.” MALONE.

⁹ —Love is not love,
 Which alters when it alteration finds; &c.] So, in *K. Lear*:

“—Love's not love,
 “When it is mingled with regards, that stand
 “Aloof from th' entire point.” STEEVENS.

¹ O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;] So, in *K. Hen. VIII*:

“—though perils did
 “Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
 “Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty,
 “As doth the rock against the chiding flood,
 “Should the approach of this wild river break,
 “And stand unshaken yours.”

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“Like a great sea-mark, standing every storm,
 “And saving those that eye thee.” MALONE.

² Love's not Time's fool,—] So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I*:

“But thought's the slave of life, and life Time's fool.”

MALONE.

³ But bears it out even to the edge of doom.] So, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

“We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
 “To the extreme edge of hazard.” MALONE.

CXVII. Ac-

CXVII.

Accuse me thus; that I have scant'd all
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay⁴;
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day⁵;
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
 And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight:
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
 And on just proof, surmise accumulate,
 Bring me within the level of your frown⁶,
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate⁷:

Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager compounds⁸ we our palate urge;

⁴ —that I have scant'd all

Wherein I should your great deserts repay;] So, in *K. Lear*:

"Than she to scant her duty." STEEVENS.

⁵ *Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day*;] So, in *K. Richard II*;

"—There is my bond of faith,

"To tie thee to my strong correction."

Again, in *Macbeth*

"—to the which my duties

"Are with a most indissoluble tie

"For ever knit."

The expression, *day by day*, was probably suggested by the *Magnificat*: "*Day by day we magnify thee.*" MALONE.

⁶ *Bring me within the level of your frown*,] So, *K. Henry VIII*:

"—I stood i' the level

"Of a full-charg'd confederacy STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"—the harlot king

"Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank

"And level of my brain." MALONE.

⁷ —your waken'd hate:] So, in *Othello*:

"Than answer my wak'd wrath." STEEVENS.

⁸ *With eager compounds*—] *Eager* is sour, tart, poignant. *Aigre*, Fr. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Did curd like *eager* droppings into milk." STEEVENS.

As,

As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetnesss,
 To bitter savces did I frame my feeding;
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
 To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,
 Which, rank of goodness⁹, would by ill be cur'd:
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of syren tears,
 Distill'd from limbeckes foul as hell within,
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
 Still losing when I saw myself to win!
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
 In the distraction of this madding fever¹!
 O benefit of ill! now I find true,
 That better is by evil still made better²;

⁹ —rank of goodness,—] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“Rank of gross diet.” STEEVENS.

¹ *How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
 In the distraction of this madding fever!*] How have mine eyes
 been convulsed during the frantick fits of my feverous love! So, in *Mac-*
beth:

“Then comes my fit again; I had else been perfect,

“Whole as the marble,” &c.

The participle *fitted*, is not, I believe, used by any other authour, in
 the sense in which it is here employed. MALONE.

We meet in *Hamlet* the same image as here:

“Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres.”

STEEVENS.

² *O benefit of ill! now I find true,*

That better is by evil still made better;] So, in *As you Like it*:

“Sweet are the uses of adversity.” STEEVENS.

And

And ruin'd love, when it is built anew³,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I return rebuk'd to my content,
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
 As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time⁴;
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
 O that our night of woe might have remember'd⁵
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits;
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!

³ *And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,*] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ Shall love in building grow so ruinate?”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— most noble Antony,

“ Let not the piece of virtue which is set

“ Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,

“ To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter

“ The fortrefs of it.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ But the strong base and building of my love

“ Is as the very center to the earth,

“ Drawing all things to it.” MALONE.

⁴ — *you have pass'd a hell of time* ;] So, in *Othello*:

“ But oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,

“ Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ And that deep torture may be call'd a bell,

“ Where more is felt than one hath power to tell.” MALONE.

Again, in *King Richard III*:

“ ——— for a season after,

“ Could not believe but that I was in bell.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *might have remember'd*—] That is, might have reminded. So, in *King Richard II*:

“ It doth remember me the more of sorrow.” MALONE.

But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
 When not to be receives reproach of being;
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
 No,—I am that I am⁶; and they that level
 At my abuses, reckon up their own:
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel⁷;
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
 Unless this general evil they maintain,—
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
 Full character'd with lasting memory⁸,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,
 Beyond all date, even to eternity:

⁶ —*I am that I am*;—] So, in *K. Richard III*:

“ —I am myself alone.” STEEVENS.

⁷ —*bevel*;] i. e. crooked; a term used only, I believe, by masons and joiners. STEEVENS.

⁸ —*witbin* my brain

Full character'd with lasting memory,] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ———from the *table of my memory*

“ I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,—

“ And thy commandment all alone shall live

“ Within the *book and volume of my brain*.”

Again, in the same play:

“ And these few precepts in thy *memory*

“ Look thou *character*.”

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ ———I do conjure thee,

“ Who art the *table* wherein all my thoughts

“ Are visibly *character'd* and engrav'd;—.” MALONE.

Or

Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist⁹;
 Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
 That poor retention could not so much hold¹,
 Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score;
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receive thee more:
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
 Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
 They are but dressings of a former sight.
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
 And rather make them born to our desire,
 Than think that we before have heard them told.
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,
 Not wondering at the present nor the past;
 For thy records and what we see do lie,
 Made more or less by thy continual haste:
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee;

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
 It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
 As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.

⁹ *Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist;* } So, in *Hamlet*:

" ——— Remember thee!

" Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

" In this distracted globe." STEEVENS.

¹ *That poor retention could not so much hold,]* *That poor retention is*
 the table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of retaining, or
 rather of containing, so much as the tablet of the brain. MALONE.

No, it was builded far from accident;
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
 Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
 It fears not policy, that heretick,
 Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
 But all alone stands hugely politick²,
 That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers³.
 To this I witness call the fools of time,
 Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime⁴.

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring⁵,
 Or lay'd great bates for eternity,
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent;

² *But all alone stands hugely politick,*] This line brings to mind Dr. Akenfide's noble description of the Pantheon:

"Mark how the dread Pantheon stands,

"Amid the domes of modern hands!

"Amid the toys of idle state,

"How simply, how severely great!" STEEVENS.

³ *That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.*] Though a building may be *drown'd*, i. e. deluged by rain, it can hardly *grow* under the influence of *heat*. I would read—*glows*. STEEVENS.

Our poet frequently starts from one idea to another. Though he had compared his affection to a building, he seems to have deserted that thought; and here, perhaps, meant to allude to the progress of vegetation, and the accidents that retard it. So, in the 15th Sonnet:

"When I perceive, that every thing that grows,

"Holds in perfection but a little moment,—

"When I perceive that men as plants increase,

"Cleared and check'd even by the self-same sky, &c." MALONE.

* ——— *the fools of time,*

Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.] Perhaps this is a stroke at some of Fox's Martyrs. STEEVENS.

⁵ *With my extern the outward honouring:*] Thus in *Othello*:

"When my outward action doth demonstrate

"The native act and figure of my heart

"In compliment extern—." STEEVENS.

For compound sweet foregoing simple flavour,
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
 No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art⁶,
 But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
 When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy⁷, who in thy power
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his fickle, hour;
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
 If nature, sovereign mistress over wreck,
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
 May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure;
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
 And her quietus is to render thee⁸.

CXXVII.

In the old age⁹ black was not counted fair,
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;

But

⁶ Which is not mix'd with seconds,—] I am just informed by an old lady, that *seconds* is a provincial term for the *second kind of flour*, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted. That our author's oblation was pure, *unmixed with baser matter*, is all that he meant to say.

STEEVENS.

⁷ O thou, my lovely boy,—] This Sonnet differs from all the others in the present collection, not being written in alternate rhimes.

MALONE.

⁸ And her quietus—] So, in *Hamlet*:

“—might his *quietus* make

“With a bare bodkin.”

See note on that passage, Act III. sc. i.

This sonnet consists only of twelve lines. STEEVENS.

⁹ In the old age, &c. The reader will find almost all that is said here on the subject of complexion, is repeated in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame :

For

" O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?
" That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
" If that she learn not of her eye to look ?
" No face is *fair* that is not full so *black*.

" O, if in black my lady's brow be deck'd,
" It mourns, that painting and usurping hair
" Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;
" And therefore is she born to make black fair." STEEV.

¹ *In the old age, &c.*] All the remaining Sonnets are addressed to a female. MALONE.

A Sonnet was surely the contrivance of some literary Procrustes. The single thought of which it is to consist, however luxuriant, must be cramped within fourteen verses, or, however scanty, must be spun out into the same number. On a chain of certain links the existence of this metrical whim depends ; and its reception is secure as soon as the admirers of it have counted their expected and statutable proportion of rhimes. The gratification of head or heart is no object of the writer's ambition. That a few of these trifles deserving a better character may be found, I shall not venture to deny ; for chance co-operating with art and genius, will occasionally produce wonders.

Of the Sonnets before us, one hundred and twenty-six are inscribed (as Mr. Malone observes) to a friend : the remaining twenty-eight (a small proportion out of so many) are devoted to a mistress. Yet if our author's Ferdinand and Romeo had not expressed themselves in terms more familiar to human understanding, I believe few readers would have rejoiced in the happiness of the one, or sympathized with the sorrows of the other. Perhaps, indeed, quaintness, obscurity, and tautology, are to be regarded as the constituent parts of this exotic species of composition. But, in whatever the excellence of it may consist, I profess I am one of those who should have wished it to have expired in the country where it was born, had it not fortunately provoked the ridicule of *Lope de Vega*, which, being faintly imitated by *Voiture*, was at last transfused into English by Mr. Roderick, and exhibited as follows, in the second volume of Doddsley's Collection.

A SONNET.

" Capricious Wray a sonnet needs must have ;
" I ne'er was so put to't before :—a sonnet !
" Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it :
" 'Tis good, howe'er, to have conquer'd the first slave.

" Yet

For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
 Fairing the foul with art's false-borrow'd face,

Sweet

- " Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
 " Said I, and found myself i' the midst o' the second.
 " If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,
 " I should turn back on th' hardest part, and laugh.
 " Thus far, with good success, I think I've scribbled,
 " And of the twice seven lines have clean got o'er ten.
 " Courage! another'll finish the first triplet;
 " Thanks to thee, Muse, my work begins to shorten :
 " There's thirteen lines got through, driblet by driblet.
 " 'Tis done. Count how you will, I warr'nt there's four-
 teen."

Let those who might conceive this sonnet to be unpoetical, if compared with others by more eminent writers, peruse the next, being the eleventh in the collection of Milton.

- " A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
 " And woven close, both matter, form, and style ;
 " The subject new : it walk'd the town a while,
 " Numb'ring good intellects ; now seldom por'd on.
 " Cries the stall-reader, Bless us ! what a word on
 " A little page is this ! and some in file
 " Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
 " End Green. Why, is it harder, fir, than Gordon,
 " Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Gallasp ?
 " Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
 " That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
 " Thy age, like ours, O soul of sir John Cheek,
 " Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
 " When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king Edward Greek."

The reader may now proceed to more pieces of the same structure, which the friends of the late Mr. Edwards were willing to receive as effusions of fancy as well as friendship. If the appetite for such a mode of writing be even then unsatisfied, I hope that old Joshua Sylvester, (I confess myself unacquainted with the extent of his labours) has likewise been a sonneteer ; for surely his success in this form of poetry must have been transcendent indeed, and could not fail to afford complete gratification to the admirers of a stated number of lines composed in the highest strain of affectation, pedantry, circumlocution, and nonsense. In the mean time, let inferior writers be warned against a species of composition which has reduced the most exalted poets to a level with the meanest rhimers ; has almost cut down Milton and

Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.

Therefore

Shakspeare to the standards of Pomfret and —, but the name of Pomfret is perhaps the lowest in the scale of English versifiers. As for Mr. Malone, whose animadversions are to follow mine, "Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in." Let me however borrow somewhat in my own favour from the same speech of Mercutio, by observing that "Laura had a better love to be-rhyme her." Let me adopt also the sentiment which Shakspeare himself, on his amended judgment, has put into the mouth of his favourite character in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"Tut! none but minstrels like of *Sonnetting*." STEEVENS.

I do not feel any great propensity to stand forth as the champion of these compositions. However, as it appears to me that they have been somewhat under-rated, I think it incumbent on me to do them that justice to which they seem entitled.

Of Petrarch (whose works I have never read) I cannot speak; but I am slow to believe that a writer who has been warmly admired for four centuries by his own countrymen, is without merit, though he has been guilty of the heinous offence of addressing his mistress in pieces of only that number of lines which by long usage has been appropriated to the sonnet.

The burlesque stanzas which have been produced to depreciate the poems before us, it must be acknowledged, are not ill executed; but they will never decide the merit of this species of composition, until it shall be established that ridicule is the test of truth. The fourteen rugged lines that have been quoted from Milton for the same purpose, are equally inconclusive; for it is well known that he generally failed when he attempted rhyme, whether his verses assumed the shape of a sonnet or any other form. These pieces of our authour therefore must at last stand or fall by themselves.

When they are described as a mass of affectation, pedantry, circumlocution, and nonsense, the picture appears to me overcharged. Their great defects seem to be, a want of variety, and the majority of them not being directed to a female, to whom alone such ardent expressions of esteem could with propriety be addressed. It cannot be denied too that they contain some far-fetched conceits; but are our authour's plays entirely free from them? Many of the thoughts that occur in his dramatick productions, are found here likewise; as may appear from the numerous parallels that have been cited from his dramas, chiefly for the purpose of authenticating these poems. Had they therefore no other merit, they are entitled to our attention, as often illustrating obscure passages in his plays.

I do not perceive that the versification of these pieces is less smooth and harmonious than that of Shakspeare's other compositions. Though many of them are not so simple and clear as they ought to be, yet some

of

Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited²; and they mourners seem

At

of them are written with perspicuity and energy. A few have been already pointed out as deserving this character; and many beautiful lines, scattered through these poems, will, it is supposed, strike every reader who is not determined to allow no praise to any species of poetry except blank verse or heroick couplets. MALONE.

The case of these Sonnets is certainly bad, when so little can be advanced in support of them. Ridicule is always successful where it is just. A burlesque on *Alexander's Feast* would do no injury to its original. Some of the rhyme compositions of Milton (Sonnets excepted,) are allowed to be eminently harmonious. Is it necessary on this occasion to particularize his *Allegro*, *Penferoso*, and *Hymn on the Nativity*? I must add, that there is more conceit in any thirty-six of Shakspeare's *Sonnets*, than in the same number of his *Plays*. When I know where that person is to be found who *allows no praise to any species of poetry, except blank verse and heroick couplets*, it will be early enough for me to undertake his defence. STEEVENS.

That ridicule is generally successful when it is just, cannot be denied; but whether it be just in the present instance, is the point to be proved. It may be successful when it is not just; when neither the structure nor the thoughts of the poem ridiculed, deserve to be derided.

No burlesque on *Alexander's Feast* certainly would render it ridiculous; yet undoubtedly a successful parody or burlesque piece might be formed upon it, which in itself might have intrinsic merit. The success of the burlesque therefore does not necessarily depend upon, nor ascertain, the demerit of the original. Of this Cotton's *Virgil Travestie* affords a decisive proof. The most rigid muscles must relax on the perusal of it; yet the purity and majesty of the *Eneid* will ever remain undiminished.—With respect to Milton, (of whom I have only said that he *generally*, not that he *always*, failed in rhyming compositions,) Dryden, at a time when all rivalry and competition between them were at an end, when he had ceased to write for the stage, and when of course it was indifferent to him what metre was considered as best suited to dramatick compositions, pronounced, that he composed his great poem in blank verse, "because rhyme was not his talent. He had neither (adds the Laureate) the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifest in his *Juvenilia* or Verses written in his youth; where his rhyme is always constrained, and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymers, though not a poet." One of the most judicious critics of the present, I might, I believe, with truth say of any, age, is of the same opinion: "If his English poems, (says Dr.

² Her eyes so suited,—] Her eyes of the same colour as those of the raven. MALONE.

At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem³:

Yet

Dr. Johnson, (speaking of all his smaller pieces,) differ from the verses of others, they differ for the worse, for they are too often distinguished by repulsive *barbness*: the combinations of words are new, but they are not pleasing, the *rhymes* and epithets seem to be laboriously sought and violently applied. All that *short compositions* can commonly attain is neatness and elegance. Milton never learned the art of doing little things with grace." *Life of Milton.* MALONE.

Cotton's work is an innocent parody, was designed as no ridicule on the *Æneid*, and consequently will not operate to the disadvantage of that immortal poem. The contrary is the case with Mr. Roderick's imitation of the Spaniard. He wrote it as a ridicule on the *struélure*, not the *words* of a *Sonnet*; and this is a purpose which it has completely answered. No one ever retired from a perusal of it with a favourable opinion of the species of composition it was meant to deride.

The decisions of Dryden are never less to be trusted than when he treats of blank verse and rhyme, each of which he has extolled and depreciated in its turn. When this subject is before him, his judgment is rarely secure from the seductions of convenience, interest or jealousy; and Gildon has well observed, that in his prefaces he had always confidence enough to defend and support his own most glaring inconsistencies and self-contradictions. What he has said of the author of *Paradise Lost*, is with a view to retaliation. Milton had invidiously asserted that Dryden was *only a rhymist*; and therefore Dryden, with as little regard to truth, has declared that Milton was *no rhymist at all*. Let my other sentiments shift for themselves. Here I shall drop the controversy. STEEVENS.

In justice to Shakspeare, whose cause I have undertaken, however unequal to the task, I cannot forbear to add, that a literary Procrustes may as well be called the inventor of the couplet, the stanza, or the ode, as of the Sonnet. They are all in a certain degree restraints on the writer; and all poetry, if the objection now made be carried to its utmost extent, will be reduced to blank verse. The admirers of that inferior kind of metre have remarked with triumph that of the couplet the first line is generally for sense, and the next for rhyme; and this certainly is often the case in the compositions of mere versifiers; but is such a redundancy an essential property of a couplet, and will the works of Dryden and Pope afford none of another character?—The bondage to which Pindar and his followers have submitted in the structure of strophé, antistrophé, and epode, is much greater than that which the Sonnet imposes. If the scanty thought be disgustingly dilated, or luxuriant ideas unnaturally compressed, what follows? Not surely that it is impossible to write good Odes, or good Sonnets, but that the poet was injudicious in the choice of his subject, or knew not how to adjust his metre to his thoughts.

Supposing

Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe⁴,
That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my musick⁵, musick play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds⁶,
Do I envy⁷ those jacks⁷, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand⁸,

Whilst

[Supposing that Shakspeare meant to deliver his own sentiment in the passage quoted from *Love's Labour's Lost*, (for which there does not seem to be any authority,) whether his judgment was amended or not, can not be ascertained, until it shall be proved that these poems were composed before that play was written.—If however his opinion is to determine the merit of this species of poetry, it may be urged in favour of it, as well as against it, for in *A Lover's Complaint* he has honour'd it with the title of the “deep-brain'd Sonnet.”] MALONE.

³ —and they mourners seem

At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,

Slandering creation with a false esteem:] They seem to mourn that those who are not born fair, are yet possessed of an artificial beauty, by which they pass for what they are not, and thus dishonour nature by their imperfect imitation and false pretensions. MALONE.

⁴ —becoming of their woe,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“—Fye, wrangling queen!

“Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,

“To weep.” MALONE.

⁵ —when thou, my musick,—] So, in *Pericles*:

“You are a viol, and your sense the strings,

“Which, finger'd to make man his lawful musick,” &c. STEEV.

⁶ *The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,*] We had the same expression before in the eighth Sonnet:

“If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,

“By unions married, do offend thine ear.” MALONE.

⁷ *Do I envy those jacks,—*] This word is accented by other ancient writers in the same manner. So, in Marlowe's *Edward II.* 1598:

“If for these dignities thou be envy'd.”

Again, in Sir John Davies's Epigrams, printed at Middlebourg, no date:

“Why doth not Ponticus their fame envy?” MALONE.

⁸ —those jacks that nimble leap

To kiss the tender inward of thy hand ?] So, in *Chrononhotontologia*:

“—the

Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
 To be so tickled, they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait²,
 Making dead wood more blest'd than living lips.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this¹,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expence of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action; and till action, lust
 Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
 Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight;
 Past reason hunted; and, no sooner had,
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
 Mad in pursuit², and in possession so;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;

“ —the tea-cups skip

“ With eager haste to kiss your royal lip.” STEEVENS.

There is scarcely a writer of love-verses, among our elder poets, who has not introduced hyperboles as extravagant as that in the text, which the foregoing quotation was produced to ridicule. Thus Waller, in his *Address to a lady playing on a lute*:

“ The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,

“ And tell their joy for ev'ry kiss aloud.” MALONE.

² *O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,*] Here again *their* is printed in the old copy instead of *thy*. So also in the last line of this Sonnet. MALONE.

¹ *Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,*] He is there speaking of a small kind of spinnet, anciently called a *virginal*. So, in *Ram Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“ Where be these rascals that skip up and down,

“ Like *virginal jacks*?” STEEVENS.

A virginal was shaped like a *piano forte*. See Vol. IV. p. 129, n. 6.

MALONE.

² *Mad in pursuit,*—] The old copy corruptly reads, —*Made in pursuit*. MALONE.

A bliss

A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe³;
 Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
 All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
 That musick hath a far more pleasing sound;
 I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she, bely'd with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
 For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
 To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
 Although I swear it to myself alone.
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
 One on another's neck⁴, do witness bear
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.

² —and prov'd, a very woe;] The quarto is here evidently corrupt:
 It reads:

—and prov'd and very woe. MALONE.

⁴ A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,

One on another's neck—] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ One woe doth tread upon another's heels,

“ So fast they follow.” MALONE.

In

In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east⁵,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west⁶,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face⁷:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear, beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

⁵ *And truly not the morning sun of heaven*

Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,] So, in *K. Hen. IV. P. II.*:

"—it struck upon him as the sun

"In the grey vault of heaven." MALONE.

⁶ *Nor that full star that ushers in the even*

Doth half that glory to the sober west,] Milton had perhaps these lines in his thoughts, when he wrote the description of the evening in his fourth book of *Paradise Lost*:

"Now came still evening on, and twilight grey

"Had in her sober livery all things clad.—" MALONE.

⁷ *As those two mourning eyes become thy face:*] The old copy has—*morning*. The context, I think, clearly shows, that the poet wrote—*mourning*. So before:

"Thine eyes——

"Have put on black, and living mourners be."

The two words were, I imagine, in his time pronounced alike. In a Sonnet of our authour's, printed by W. Jaggard, 1599, we find:

"In black morne I——"

The same Sonnet is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600, and there the line stands:

"In black mourn I." MALONE.

CXXXIII. Be-

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me !
 Is't not enough to torture me alone,
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be ?
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
 And my next self thou harder hast engross'd ;
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;
 Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol :
 And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me⁸.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
 And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will ;
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;
 He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute of thy beauty⁹ thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
 And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake ;
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
 Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me ;
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

⁸ —for I, being pent in thee,
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ You take from me a great part of myself ;

“ Use me well in't.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ I have a kind of self resides with you.” MALONE.

⁹ The statute of thy beauty—] Statute has here its legal signification, that of a security or obligation for money. MALONE.

CXXXV. Who-

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
 And will to boot, and will in over-plus;
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
 And in abundance addeth to his store;
 So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
 One will of mine, to make thy large will more!
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee, that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
 Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfill.
Will will fulfill the treasure of thy love,
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one¹.
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove;
 Among a number one is reckon'd none:
 Then in the number let me pass untold²,
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

¹ Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.] The modern editors, by following the old copy, in which the vowel *I* is here used instead of *ay*, have rendered this line unintelligible. MALONE.

² Among a number one is reckon'd none;
 Then in the number let me pass untold, &c.] The same conceit is found in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ Search among view of many: mine being one,

“ May stand in number, though in reckoning none.” STEEV.

CXXXVII. Thou

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM'.

I.

SWEET Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.

She

* *The Passionate Pilgrim* was first published by William Jaggard in small octavo in 1599, with our authour's name. Two of the Sonnets inserted in that collection are also found (as has been already observed) in the larger collection printed in quarto in 1609; which having been already laid before the reader, (see before, Sonnet 138, and 144,) are here omitted. J. Jaggard in 1598 had printed a collection of Poems written by Richard Barnefield. Among these are found A Sonnet "addressed to his friend Maister R. L. in praise of musique and poetrie," beginning with this line, "*If musique and sweete poetrie agree,*" &c. and an Ode also written by Barnefelde, of which the first line is "*As it fell upon a day*—: notwithstanding which, William Jaggard inserted these two pieces in the *Passionate Pilgrim* as the productions of Shakspeare.

In the year 1612 he went still further, for he then added to the former miscellany several pieces written by Thomas Heywood, and republished the collection under the following title. "*THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME, or certaine Amorous Sonnets betweene Venus and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakspeare.*" The third edition. Whereunto is newly added two love-epistles, the first from *Paris to Hellen*, and *Hellens* answer backe againe to *Paris*." Heywood, being much offended with this proceeding, appears to have insisted on the printer's cancelling the original title-page, and substituting another that should not ascribe the whole to Shakspeare. This I learn from my copy of these poems, in which the two title-pages by some negligence of the binder have been preserved; one with, and the other without, the name of our authour. Heywood in his postscript to his *Apology for Actors*, printed in 1612, thus speaks of this transaction. "Here likewise I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done to me in that worke, [*Britaynes Troy*,] by taking the two epistles of *Paris to Helen*, and *Helen to Paris*, and printing them in a less volume under the name of another; which may put the world in opinion I might steale them from him, and hee, to do himselfe right, hath since published them in his own name: but as I must acknow-

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Y

ledge

She told him stories to delight his ear;
 She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
 To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
 Touches so soft still conquer chastity².
 But whether unripe years did want conceit,
 Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
 The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
 But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
 Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;
 He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

ledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so, the author, *I know*, much offended with Mr. Jaggard, that (altogether unknown to him,) presumed to make so bold with his name."

In consequence of Jaggard's conduct the two poems of Barnefield have till the present edition been printed as Shakspeare's; and Heywood's translations from Ovid, notwithstanding the authour's remonstrance, were again republished in 1640, under the name of our poet: nor was the fallacy detected till the year 1766, when it was pointed out by Dr. Farmer in his very ingenious *Essay on the learning of Shakspeare*.

Beside the poems already enumerated, which the printer falsely ascribed to Shakspeare, he likewise inserted a celebrated Madrigal written by Marlowe, beginning with the words—"Come live with me, and be my love," which is now rejected.

The title-page above given fully supports an observation I made some years ago, that several of the sonnets in this collection seem to have been essays of the authour when he first conceived the notion of writing a poem on the subject of Venus and Adonis, and before the scheme of his work was completely adjusted.

Many of these little pieces bear the strongest mark of the hand of Shakspeare.—I have not adhered to the order in which they stand in the old copy, having classed all those which relate to Adonis together.

MALONE.

Why the present collection of Sonnets, &c. should be entitled *The Passionate Pilgrim*, I cannot discover, as it is made up out of the loose fragments of Shakspeare, together with pieces of other writers. Perhaps it was so called by its first editor William Jaggard the bookseller. We may be almost sure that our author never designed the majority of these his unconnected scraps for the publick.

On the Stationers' books the following entry occurs: "Jan. 3, 1599, Amours by J. D. with certen Sonets by W. S." This entry is made by Eleazar Edgar. STEEVENS.

² Touches so soft: still conquer chastity.] Thus, in *Cymbeline*:

"——a touch more rare

"Subdues all pangs, all fears." STEEVENS.

II. Scarce

II.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn³,
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
 When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
 A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
 Under an osier growing by a brook,
 A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen :
 Hot was the day ; she hotter that did look
 For his approach, that often there had been.
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim ;
 The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
 Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him :
 He spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood ;
 O Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood ?

III.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
 * * * * *
 Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove⁴,
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild ;

³ Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn, &c.] Of this Sonnet the following translation was made by the late Mr. Vincent Bourne :

Vix matutinum ebiberat de gramine rorèm
 Umbrosa invitans Phœbus ad antra boves,
 Cum secum placidi Cytherea ad fluminis undas
 Adventum expectans sedit, Adoni, tuum.
 Sub salicis sedit ramis, ubi sæpe solebat
 Procumbens fastum deposuisse puer.
 Æstus erat gravis ; at gravior sub pectore divæ
 Qui fuit, et longe sævior, æstus erat.
 Mox puer advenit, posuitque a corpore vestem,
 Tam prope vix Venerem delituisse ratus ;
 Utque deam vidit recubantem in margine ripæ,
 Attonitus mediis insiliebat aquis.
 Crudelem decepta dolum fraudemque superbum
 Ut videt, his mæstis ingemit illa modis :
 Cur ex æquoreæ spumâ cum nascerer undæ,
 Non ipsa, o inquit Jupiter ! unda fui ! MALONE.

⁴ Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,] The line preceding this is lost. MALONE.

Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill⁵:
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
 She silly queen, with more than love's good will,
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds;
 Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth
 Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
 Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
 See, in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore⁶:
 She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

IV.

Fair Venus with Adonis sitting by her⁷,
 Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him;
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try her⁸,
 And as he fell to her, she fell to him.

Even

⁵ —upon a steep-up-bill:] It has been suggested to me that this ought to be printed—upon a steep up-bill; but the other regulation is undoubtedly right. So, in a former sonnet:

“ And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly bill,—”.

MALONE.

⁶ See, in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore, &c.] Rabelais hath sported with the same thought in a chapter where he relateth the story of the *Old Woman and the Lion*. La Fontaine also indulgeth himself in *Le Diable Popefiguiere*, after a manner no whit more chastised:

“ Bref aussi tôt qu'il apperçut l'enorme

“ Solution de continuité,

“ Il demeura si fort épouvanté,

“ Qu'il prit la fuite, et laissa-la Perrette.”

The varlet Shakspere, however, on this occasion might have remembered the ancient ballad of the *Gelding of the Devil*, which beginneth thus:

“ A merry jest I will you tell,” &c.

And now I bethink me, somewhat like the same fancy occurreth in the *Speculum Majus* of Vincentius Bellovacensis, otherwise Vincent de Beauvais. AMNER.

⁷ Fair Venus with Adonis sitting by her,] The old copy reads:

Venus with Adonis sitting by her.

The defect of the metre shows that a word was omitted at the press. This remark I owe to Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

⁸ She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,] See *Venus and Adonis*, ante, p. 18:

I have

Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd me ;
 And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms :
 Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me,
 As if the boy should use like loving charms :
 Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure ;
 And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
 And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
 Ah ! that I had my lady at this bay,
 To kiss and clip me till I run away !

V.

Crabbed age and youth⁹
 Cannot live together ;
 Youth is full of pleasance,
 Age is full of care :
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather ;
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare.
 Youth is full of sport,
 Age's breath is short,
 Youth is nimble, age is lame ;
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold ;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.

And

“ I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,

“ Even by the stern and direful god of war,” &c. MALONE.

—how god Mars did try her,] So, Prior:

“ By Mars himself *that armour has been try'd*.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Crabbed age and youth*, &c.] This little poem is likewise found in the *Garland of Good Will*, Part III. Dr. Percy thinks that it was intended for the mouth of Venus, weighing the comparative merits of *youthful* Adonis and *aged* Vulcan.” See the *Reliques of Anc. Poet.* vol. I. p. 337. 2d edit.

This song is alluded to in *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer tam'd*, by B. and Fletcher:

“ ————— Thou fond man,

“ Hast thou forgot the ballad, *Crabbed age*?

“ Can May and January match together,

“ And never a storm between them? MALONE.

Age, I do abhor thee,
 Youth, I do adore thee;
 O, my love, my love is young;
 Age, I do defy thee¹;
 O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

VI.

Sweet rose², fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,
 Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring³!
 Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
 Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
 Like a green plumb that hangs upon a tree,
 And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
 For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.
 And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
 For why? I craved nothing of thee still:
 O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee:
 Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

As we know not that Vulcan was much more *aged* than his brethren, Mars, Mercury, or Phæbus, and especially as the fabled deities were supposed to enjoy a perpetuity of health, life, and pleasure, I am unwilling to admit that the laughter-loving dame disliked her husband on any other account than his ungraceful form and his lameness. He who could forge the thunderbolts of Jove, was surely in full strength, and equal to the task of discharging the highest claims and most terrifying exactions even of Venus herself. I do not, in short, perceive how this little poem could have been put, with any singular propriety, into the mouth of the queen of Love, if due regard were paid to the classical situation of her and her husband. STEEVENS.

¹ *Age, I do defy thee;*] I despise or reject thee. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ I do defy thy conjuration.” MALONE.

² *Sweet rose, &c.*] This seems to have been intended for a dirge to be sung by Venus on the death of Adonis. MALONE.

³ *—faded in the spring.*] The verb *fade* throughout these little fragments, &c. is always spelt *vaded*, either in compliance with ancient pronunciation, or in consequence of a primitive which perhaps modern lexicographers may feel some reluctance to acknowledge. They tell us that we owe this word to the French *fade*; but I see no reason why we may not as well impute its origin to the Latin *vado*, which equally serves to indicate departure, motion, and evanescence. STEEVENS.

VII. Fair

VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle⁴,
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A lily pale*, with damask die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth⁵;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII.

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye,
Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument⁶,

4 *Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,*] *Quam digna inscribi vitro, cum lubrica, lævis, Pellucens, fragilis, vitrea tota nites!*

Written under a lady's name on an inn window. STEEVENS.

* *A lily pale, with damask die to grace her,*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"—a sudden pale,

"Like lawn being laid upon the blushing rose."

Again, in *the Rape of Lucrece*:

"This silent war of lilies and of roses—." MALONE.

⁵ *She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;*] So, in *King Henry IV. P. I*:

"—rash bavin wits,

"Soon kindled and soon burnt." STEEVENS.

⁶ —cannot hold argument.] This is the reading in *Lowe's Labour's Lost*, where this Sonnet is also found. *The Passionate Pilgrim* has:—could not hold argument. MALONE.

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
 A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
 Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
 My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
 Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine⁷,
 Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
 If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
 'To break an oath, to win a paradise⁸?

IX.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
 O, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
 Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
 Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
 Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes⁹,
 Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend.
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:

⁷ —which on my earth dost shine,] Such is the reading in *Love's Labour's Lost*. *The Passionate Pilgrim* reads:

—that on this earth dost shine,

Exhale this vapour, &c. MALONE.

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapour—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"It is some meteor that the sun exhales." STEEVENS.

⁸ To break an oath, to win a paradise?] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"It is religion, to be thus forsworn." STEEVENS.

⁹ —makes his book thine eyes,] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"From women's eyes this doctrine I derive," &c.

Again, *ibidem*:

"—women's eyes—

"They are the books, the arts, the academes—." MALONE.

Thine

Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful
thunder,

Which (not to anger bent) is musick and sweet fire ¹.

Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,

To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly
tongue ².

X.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are feld or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh ³,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,

¹ —thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is musick and sweet fire.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“—his voice was property'd

“As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;

“But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,

“He was as rattling thunder.” STEEVENS.

² This Sonnet is likewise found in *Love's Labour's Lost*, with some slight alterations. The last couplet there stands thus:

“Celestial as thou art, *oh pardon, love, this wrong,*

“*That sings the heavens praise, &c.* MALONE.

³ As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh;] A copy of this poem said to be printed from an ancient Ms. and published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. XXIX. p. 39. reads:

As faded gloss no rubbing will excite,
and in the corresponding line:

As broken glass no cement can unite. MALONE.

Read the first of these lines how we will, it is founded on a false position. Every one knows that the gloss or polish on all works of art may be restored, and that rubbing is the means of restoring it. STEEV.

Shakspeare, I believe, alludes to faded silk, of which the colour, when once faded, cannot be restored but by a second dying.

MALONE.

So

So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physick, painting, pain, and cost.

XI.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share :
She bade good night, that kept my rest away ;
And daff'd me ⁴ to a cabbin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.

Farewel, quoth she, and come again to-morrow ;
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether :
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be ⁵, again to make me wander thither ;
Wander, a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east !
My heart doth charge the watch ⁶ ; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,

⁴ *And daff'd me, &c.*] So, in *Much Ado About Nothing* :

“ — canst thou so daff me ? ”

To daff, or doff, is to put off. MALONE.

⁵ 'T may be, &c.] Thus the old copy. So also in the next line. I have observed the same elision in other poems of the same age, and once in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, though I cannot at present turn to the instance that I had marked. MALONE.

I will never believe any poet could begin two lines together, with such offensive elisions. They may both be omitted without injury to sense or metre. STEEVENS.

⁶ *My heart doth charge the watch ;—*] The meaning of this phrase is not very clear. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the poet, wishing for the approach of morning, enjoins the watch to hasten through their nocturnal duty. MALONE.

While

While Philomela fits and sings, I fit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark⁷;

For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty⁸,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon⁹;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!

Pack

⁷ *While Philomela fits and sings, I fit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark.*] In *Romeo and Juliet*, the lark and nightingale are in like manner opposed to each other.
MALONE.

⁸ *For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"It was the lark, the herald of the morn." MALONE.

⁹ *—each minute seems a moon;*] The old copy reads—each minute seems an hour. The want of rhyme to the corresponding line shews that it must be corrupt. I have therefore not hesitated to adopt an emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens,—each minute seems a moon; i. e. month. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Which had superfluous kings for messengers,

"Not many moons gone by.

Again, in *Othello*:

"—Since these arms had seven years' pith

"Till now some nine moons wasted,—"

In *Romeo and Juliet* our poet describes the impatience of a lover not less strongly than in the passage before us:

"I must hear from thee every day of the hour,

"For in a minute there are many days." MALONE.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;

But now are minutes added to the hours;

To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;] Thus, in Dr.

Young's *Revenge*:

"While in the lustre of her charms I lay,

"Whole summer suns roll'd unperceiv'd away;—

"Now

Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow:
 Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XIII.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three¹,
 That liked of her master as well as well might be,
 Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest eye could see,
 Her fancy fell a turning.
 Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love did fight,
 To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
 To put in practice either, alas it was a spite
 Unto the silly damsel.
 But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain,
 That nothing could be used, to turn them both to gain,
 For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:
 Alas, she could not help it!

"Now fate does rigidly her dues regain,

"And every moment is an age of pain."

Dr. Young, however, was no needy borrower, and therefore the coincidence between these passages may be regarded as the effect of accident. There are, however, certain hyperbolical expressions which the innamoratoes of all ages have claimed as right of commonage. STEEVENS.

¹ *It was a lording's daughter, &c.*] This and the five following Sonnets are said in the old copy to have been set to musick. Mr. Oldys in one of his *Miss.* says they were set by John and Thomas Morley.

MALONE.

There is a wretched ditty, beginning:

"*It was a lady's daughter*

"*Of Paris, properly,*" &c.

Another:

"*It was a blind beggar*

"*That long had left his sight.*—"

Another:

"*It was an old man and his poor wife*

"*In great distress did fall.*—"

and twenty more *It was's*, that might as reputably be imputed to Shakespeare, who excels in ballads, as this despicable composition. STEEV.

I am afraid our authour is himself answerable for one of these *It was's*. See *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 222:

"*It was a lover and his lass,*" &c. MALONE.

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XIV.

On a day (alack the day²!)
Love, whose month was ever May³,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover⁴, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alas! my hand hath sworn⁵
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me⁶,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear⁷
Juno but an Ethiopie were;

² *On a day (alack the day!) &c.*] This Sonnet is likewise found in a collection of verses entitled *England's Helicon*, printed in 1600. It is there called *The Passionate Shepheard's Song*, and our authour's name is affixed to it. It occurs also in *Love's Labour's Lost*, A & IV. sc. iii. MALONE.

³ *—whose month was ever May,*] In *Love's Labour's Lost*,—"is ever May." MALONE.

⁴ *That the lover,—*] *England's Helicon* reads:

That the shepherd, &c. MALONE.

⁵ *—my hand hath sworn*] In *Love's Labour's Lost*, this line is printed with a slight variation:

But alas my hand is sworn. MALONE.

⁶ *Do not call it, &c.*] These two lines are supplied from the play. They are wanting in *England's Helicon*, and in the *Passionate Pilgrim*.

MALONE.

⁷ *Thou for whom Jove would swear.*] *Swear* is here used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

And

And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love⁸.

XV.

My flocks feed not⁹,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,

All is amiss :

Love's denying¹,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,

Causer of this².

All my merry jigs are quite forgot³,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot :
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay⁴ is plac'd without remove.

One silly cross

Wrought all my loss ;

O frowning fortune, cursed, fickle dame !

⁸ —for thy love.] *England's Helicon* reads :

Turning mortal for my love. MALONE.

⁹ *My flocks feed not, &c.*] This Sonnet is also found in *England's Helicon*, 1600. It is there entitled *The Unknown Sheepbeard's Complaint*; and subscribed *Ignoto*. It is likewise printed with some variations, in a Collection of Madrigals, by Thomas Weelkes, quarto, 1597. MALONE.

¹ *Love's denying, &c.*] A denial of love, a breach of faith, &c. being the cause of all these misfortunes. *The Passionate Pilgrim* and Weelkes's book have—*Love is dying*, and—*Heart's denying*. The reading of the text is found in *England's Helicon*, except that it has—*Love is*, and *Faith is*. *Renyng* is from the French, *renier*, to forswear. MALONE.

² *Causer of this.*] Read—*Cause of this*; i. e. *Because of this*.

STEEVENS.

The old copy is right. The word *causer* is again used by Shakspeare in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ And study too, the *causer* of your vow.” MALONE.

³ *All my merry jigs are quite forgot,*] A jig was a metrical composition. So, in *Ruffly d' Ambois*, a tragedy by Chapman, 1607 :

“ 'Tis one of the best *jigs* that ever was *acted*.” MALONE.

⁴ *There a nay*—] So *The Passionate Pilgrim*. Annoy, Weelkes's Madrigals. MALONE.

For now I see

Inconstancy

More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I⁵,

All fears scorn I,

Love hath forlorn me⁶,

Living in thrall :

Heart is bleeding,

All help needing,

(O cruel speeding !)

Fraughted with gall.

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal⁷,

My wethers' bell rings doleful knell ;

My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,

Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;

My sighs so deep⁸,

Procure to weep,

In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.

⁵ *In black mourn I,*] Jaggard's copy has—*morne*. The reading of the text was supplied by *England's Helicon*. MALONE.

⁶ *Love hath forlorn me ;*] As the metre as well as rhyme in this passage is defective, I suspect some corruption, and would read :

Love forlorn I,

i. e. I love-forlorn, i. e. deserted, forsaken, &c. STEEVENS.

All the copies agree in the reading of the text. The metre is the same as in the corresponding line :

O cruel speeding.

To the exactness of rhyme the authour appears to have paid little attention. We have just had *dame* and *remain*. MALONE.

⁷ *My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,*] i. e. in no degree, more or less. Thus Fairfax :

" This charge some *deal* thee haply honour may." STEEV.

⁸ *My sighs so deep,*] Jaggard's copy and *England's Helicon* read—*With* sighs, &c. I some years ago conjectured that Shakspeare wrote—*My* sighs, and the copy in Weelkes's Madrigals which I have lately seen, confirms my conjecture. After the word *procure*, *him*, or the dog, must be understood. MALONE.

The verb *procure* is used with great laxity by Shakspeare in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" —it is my lady mother :

" What unaccustom'd cause *procures* her hither?" STEEV.

How

How sighs resound
Through harklefs ground⁹,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight !

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Loud bells ring not
Cheerfully¹ ;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back creeping²

Fearfully :

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for love is dead.
Farewel, sweet lasfs³,
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan⁴ :

⁹ —*through harklefs ground.*] This is the reading furnished by Weelkes's copy. The other old editions have *beartlefs* ground. If *beartlefs* ground be the true reading, it means, I think, uncultivated, desolated ground, corresponding in its appearance with the unhappy state of its owner. An hypercritick will perhaps ask, how can the ground be *barklefs*, if sighs *resound*? The answer is, that no other noise is heard but that of sighs: "The birds do not sing, the bells ring not," &c. MALONE.

¹ *Loud bells ring not*

Cheerfully ;] Thus Weelkes's copy. The others have :

Green plants bring not

Forth: they die. MALONE.

² —*back creeping—*.] So Weelkes. *England's Helicon* and *Passionate Pilgrim—peeping*. MALONE.

³ *Farewell, sweet lasfs,*] The *Passionate Pilgrim* and *England's Helicon* read—*Farewell, sweet love*. When I printed this poem in 1780, I proposed to read—*sweet lasfs*, and such I now find is the reading in Weelkes's Madrigal. MALONE.

⁴ *For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan :*] This reading was furnished by the copy printed in *England's Helicon*. The rhyme shows it to be the true one. *The Passionate Pilgrim* and Weelkes's copy have—
——the cause of all my woe.

Perhaps we ought to read—*thou cause*, &c. MALONE.

Poor

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
 That they behold, and see not what they see?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
 Be anchor'd in the bay³ where all men ride.
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd⁴?
 Why should my heart think that a several plot⁵,
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say, this is not,
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face⁶?
 In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears⁷ that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies;

That

³ *Be anchor'd in the bay—*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"There should he anchor his aspect, and die

"With looking on his life." MALONE.

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,

"Anchors on Isabel." STEEVENS.

⁴ —hooks,

Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd?] So, in *Hamlet*:

"Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"My heart was to thy rudder ty'd with strings." STEEVENS.

⁵ *Why should my heart think that a several plot,*] The reader will find an account of a *several* or *several* plot, in a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. II. p. 335, n. 9. MALONE.

⁶ *To put fair truth upon so foul a face?*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"False face must hide what the false heart doth know."

STEEVENS.

⁷ *When my love swears, &c.*] This Sonnet is also found (with some variations) in *The Passionate Pilgrim* a collection of verses printed as Shakspeare's in 1599. It there stands thus:

"When my love swears that she is made of truth,

"I do believe her, though I know she lies;

"That she might think me some untutor'd youth,

"Unskillfull in the world's false forgeries.

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X

"Thus

That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
 But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?
 And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
 O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love loves not to have years told:
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong,
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue¹;
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
 Is more than my o'er-prefs'd defence can 'bide?
 Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;

" Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,

" Although *I know* my years be past the best,

" I *smiling* credit her false-speaking tongue,

" *Out-facing* faults in love with love's ill rest.

" But wherefore says *my love* that *she* is young?

" And wherefore say not I that I am old?

" O, love's best habit is a *soothing* tongue,

" And age in love loves not to have years told.

" Therefore I'll lie with *love*, and *love* with me,

" *Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.*" MALONE.

² Wound me not with thine eye,—] Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" —he's already dead; *stab'd* with a white wench's black eye."

MALONE.

Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

" Ah, kill me with thy weapons, not thy words." STEEVENS

And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries :
 Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
 Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
 My tongue-ty'd patience with too much disdain;
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
 (As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physicians know;)
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
 That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go
 wide¹.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
 Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
 Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:
 But my five wits, nor my five senses can
 Dissuade² one foolish heart from serving thee,

Who

⁹ —to tell me so;] To tell me, thou dost love me. MALONE.

¹ Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.] That is, (as it is expressed in a former Sonnet)

“Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place.” MALONE.

² But my five wits nor my five senses can

Dissuade—] That is, but neither my wits nor senses can, &c.
 So, in *Measure for Measure*:

Who leaves unfway'd the likenefs of a man,
 Thy proud heart's flave and vaffal wretch to be :
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
 That ſhe that makes me ſin, awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my ſin, and thy dear virtue hate,
 Hate of my ſin, grounded on ſinful loving :
 O, but with mine compare thou thine own ſtate,
 And thou ſhalt find it merits not reproving ;
 Or, if it do, not from thoſe lips of thine,
 That have profan'd their ſcarlet ornaments³,
 And ſeal'd falſe bonds of love as oft as mine⁴;
 Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents⁵.

“ More nor leſs to others paying—”

“ The *wits*, “ Dr. Johnson obſerves,” ſeem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five ſenſes, or the five inlets of ideas. *Wit* in our authour's time was the general term for the intellectual power.” From Stephen Hawes's poem called *GRAUNDE AMOUR AND LA BELL PUCCEL*, 1554, ch. 24, it appears that the five wits were “common wit, imagination, fantaſy, eſtimation, and memory.” MALONE.

³ *That have profan'd their ſcarlet ornaments,*] The ſame expreſſion is found in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596 :

“ —when ſhe grew pale,

“ His cheeks put on *their ſcarlet ornaments*.” MALONE.

⁴ *And ſeal'd falſe bonds of love as oft as mine ;*] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Pure lips, ſweet ſeals in my ſoft lips imprinted,

“ What bargains may I make, ſtill to be ſealing ?”

Again, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ Take, O take thoſe lips away,

“ That ſo ſweetly were forſworn,—

“ But my kiſſes bring again,

“ *Seals of love*, but ſeal'd in vain.”

Again, more appoſitely, in *the Merchant of Venice* :

“ O, ten times faſter Venus' pigeons fly,

“ To ſeal *love's bonds* new made, than they are woſt

“ To keep obliged faith unforfeited.”

In *Hamlet* we again meet with the *bonds of love* :

“ Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,

“ The better to defile.” MALONE.

⁵ *Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.*] So, in *Othello* :

“ And pour our *treasures* into foreign laps.” STEEVENS.

Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine impórtune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pity'd be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example may'st thou be deny'd!

CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful house-wife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In púrsuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent⁶;
So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kifs me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may'st have thy Will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still⁷.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have⁸ of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still⁹;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.

⁶ *Not prizing her poor infant's discontent*;] Not regarding, nor making any account of, her child's uneasiness. MALONE.

⁷ *—that thou may'st have thy Will,*

If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.] The image with which this Sonnet begins, is at once pleasing and natural; but the conclusion of it is lame and impotent indeed. We attend to the cries of the infant, but laugh at the loud blubberings of the great boy *Will*.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Two loves I have, &c.*] This Sonnet was printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, with some slight variations. MALONE.

⁹ *—do suggest me still*:] i. e. do tempt me still. See p. 88, n. 2.

MALONE:

To

To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side ¹,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride ².
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
 But being both from me ³, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell:
 Yet this shall I ne'er know ⁴, but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out ⁵.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make ⁶,
 Breath'd forth the sound that said, *I hate*,
 To me that languish'd for her sake:
 But when she saw my woeful state,
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,
 Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
 Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
 And taught it thus a-new to greet:
I hate she alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day

¹ *Tempteth my better angel from my side,*] So, in *Othello*:

"Yea, curse his better angel from his side." STEEVENS.

The quarto has—*from my sight*. The true reading is found in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. MALONE.

² —*with her foul pride*.] The copy in *The Passionate Pilgrim* has—*with her fair pride*. MALONE.

³ *But being both from me,*—] *The Passionate Pilgrim* reads—to me. MALONE.

⁴ *Yet this shall I ne'er know,*—] *The Passionate Pilgrim* reads—*The truth I shall not know*— MALONE.

⁵ *Till my bad angel fire my good one out.*] So, in *King Lear*:
 "—and fire us hence, like foxes." STEEVENS.

⁶ *These lips that love's own hand did make,*] —*oscula, quæ Venus*

Quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit. Hor. MALONE.

Doth

Doth follow night⁷, who, like a fiend⁸,
From heaven to hell is flown away ;
I hate from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—not you⁹.

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth¹,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array²,

Why

⁷ *That follow'd it as gentle day*

Doth follow night,—] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ And it must follow, as the night the day,

“ Thou canst not then be false to any man.” MALONE.

⁸ *—night, who like a fiend*] So, in *King Henry V* :

“ *—night,*

“ *Who like a foul and ugly witch,*” &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ *I hate from hate away she threw,*

And sav'd my life, saying—not you.] Such sense as these Sonnets abound with, may perhaps be discovered as the words at present stand ; but I had rather read :

I hate—away from hate she flew, &c.

Having pronounced the words *I hate*, she left me with a declaration in my favour. STEEVENS.

The meaning is—she removed the words *I hate* to a distance from *hatred* ; she changed their natural import, and rendered them inefficacious, and undescriptive of dislike, by subjoining *not you*. The old copy is certainly right. The poet relates what the lady said ; she is not herself the speaker. We have the same kind of expression in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile

“ (She would have said) *can lurk in such a look ;*

“ But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,

“ And from her tongue *can lurk* from cannot took.” MALONE.

¹ *Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,*] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ Than thou, fair sun, which on my earth doth shine.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Can I go forward, while my heart is here ?

“ Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.”

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ O, that the earth which kept the world in awe,

“ Should patch a wall, to expell the winter's flaw !”

We meet with a similar allusion in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ Such harmony is in immortal souls :

“ But while this muddy vesture of decay

“ Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.” MALONE.

² *Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,*] The old copy reads :

Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store³;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And, death once dead, there's no more dying then,

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
 For that which longer nurseth the disease;
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
 My reason, the physician to my love⁴,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
 Desire is death, which physick did except.

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,

My sinful earth these rebel pow'rs that thee array.

It is manifest that the compositor inadvertently repeated the last three words of the first verse in the beginning of the second, omitting two syllables, which are sufficient to complete the metre. What the omitted word or words were, it is impossible now to determine. Rather than leave an hiatus, I have hazarded a conjecture, and filled up the line.

MALONE.

I would read: *Starv'd* by the rebel powers, &c. The *dearth* complained of in the succeeding line, appears to authorise the conjecture. The poet seems to allude to the short commons and gaudy habit of soldiers. STEEVENS.

³ —to aggravate thy store; } The error that has been so often already noticed, has happened here; the original copy, and all the subsequent impressions, reading *my* instead of *thy*. MALONE.

⁴ *My reason, the physician to my love,* } So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Ask me no reason why I love you; for though *love* use *reason* for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor." Dr. Farmer, with some probability, would here read—for his *physician*.

MALONE.

Past

Past cure I am, now reason is past care⁵,
 And frantick-mad with ever-more unrest;
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
 At random from the truth vainly express'd;
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night⁶.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
 Which have no correspondence with true sight!
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
 That censures falsely⁷ what they see aright?
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 What means the world to say it is not so?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
 How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
 No marvel then though I mistake my view;
 The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.
 O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
 Left eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
 When I, against myself, with thee partake⁸?

⁵ Past cure I am, now reason is past care,] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“Great reason; for past cure is still past care.”

It was a proverbial saying. See *Holland's Leaguer*, a pamphlet published in 1632: “She has got this *adage* in her mouth; *Tbings past cure, past care.*” MALONE.

⁶ —as black as hell, as dark as night.] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“—Black is the badge of hell,

“The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night.” STEEVENS.

⁷ That censures falsely—] That estimates falsely. See Vol. IV. p. 149, n. 8. MALONE.

⁸ When I, against myself, with thee partake?] i. e. take part with thee against myself. STEEVENS.

A partaker was in Shakspeare's time the term for an associate or confederate in any business. MALONE.

Do

Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake ⁹?
 Who hateth thee, that I do call my friend ¹?
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
 Nay, if thou low'r'st on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?
 What merit do I in myself respect,
 That is so proud thy service to despise,
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes ²?
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might,
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day ³?
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill ⁴,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds

There

⁹ —*all tyrant, for thy sake?*] That is, for the sake of thee, thou tyrant. Perhaps however the authour wrote:

—— when I forgot

Am of myself, all *truant* for thy sake?

So, in the 101st Sonnet:

“ O *truant* Muse, what shall be thy amends

“ For thy neglect of truth.—” MALONE.

¹ *Who hateth thee, that I do call my friend?*] This is from one of the Psalms: “ Do I not hate those that hate thee?” &c. STEEVENS.

² *Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ He wag'd me with his countenance.” STEEVENS.

Again, more appositely, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,

“ So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,

“ And made their bends adorings?” MALONE.

³ *And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ I am content, if thou wilt have it so:

“ I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,” &c.]

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

—— “ vilest

There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
 That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
 O, though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou should'st not abhor my state;
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
 Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
 But rising at thy name, doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call
 Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

“—vilest things

“Become themselves in her.”

Again, *ibidem*:

“Fie, wrangling queen!

“Whom every thing becomes; to chide, to laugh,

“To weep.” MALONE.

Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,

The more I hear and see just cause of hate?] So Catullus:

Odi et amo; quare id faciam, fortasse requiris:

Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

The following lines in one of Terences Comedies contain the same sentiment as the sonnet before us:

“O indignum facinus! nunc ego

“Et illam scelestam esse et me miserum sentio;

“Et tædet, et amore ardeo, et prudens, sciens,

“Vivus, vidensque pereo, nec quid agam scio.” MALONE.

CLII. In

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
 Or made them swear against the thing they see⁶;
 For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
 To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie⁷!

CLIII.

Cupid lay'd by his brand, and fell asleep⁸:
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;

⁶ —*swear against the thing they see*;] So, in *Timon*:

“Swear against objects.” STEEVENS.

⁷ —*more perjur'd I,*

To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!] The quarto is here certainly corrupt. It reads—*more perjur'd eye, &c.* MALONE.

⁸ *Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep*;] This and the following Sonnet are composed of the very same thoughts differently versified. They seem to have been early essays of the poet, who perhaps had not determined which he should prefer. He hardly could have intended to send them both into the world. MALONE.

That the poet intended them alike for publication, may be inferred from the following lines in the 105th Sonnet:

“Since all alike my songs and praises be,

“To one, of one, still such and ever so—.”

Again:

“Therefore my verse—

“One thing expressing, leaves out difference.”

Again:

“Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,

“Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words,” STEEVENS.

Which

Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove,
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
 But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fir'd,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
 I sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
 And thither hied⁹, a sad distemper'd guest,
 But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
 Where Cupid got new fire; my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep,
 Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
 The fairest votary took up that fire
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
 And so the general of hot desire
 Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
 Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy
 For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

9 —the help of bath desir'd,
 And thither bied,—] Query, whether we should read *Bath* (i. e. the city of that name). The following words seem to authorise it.

STEEVENS.

The old copy is certainly right. See the subsequent Sonnet, which contains the same thoughts differently versified:

“ Growing a bath, &c.

“ —but I, my mistress' thrall,

“ Came *there* for cure.”

So, before, in the present Sonnet:

“ And grew a seething bath.—” MALONE.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1649

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON: Printed by A. MILLAR, in Pall-mall

1749

1750

1751

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1787

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Poor Coridon

Must livè alone,

Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVI.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou would'st strike ⁵,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial tike ⁶:

Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk ⁷,
Lest she some subtle practice smell;
(A cripple soon can find a halt :)
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set thy person forth to sell ⁸.

And to her will ⁹ frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing always in her ear:

The

⁵ *And stall'd the deer that thou would'st strike,*] So, in *Cymbeline*:

“—when thou hast ta'en thy stand,

“The elected deer before thee.” MALONE.

⁶ *As well as fancy, partial tike:*] *Fancy* here means *love*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“A martial man to be soft *fancy's* slave!”

The old copy reads—*partial might*. Mr. Steevens some years ago proposed to read—*partial tike*; a term of contempt (as he observed,) employed by Shakspeare and our old writers: and a manuscript copy of this poem, of the age of Shakspeare, in the possession of Samuel Lysons, Esq., which has —*partial like*, adds such support to his conjecture, that I have adopted it. MALONE.

⁷ *—with filed talk,*] With studied or polished language. So, in B. Jonson's *Verses* on our authour:

“In his well-torned and true-*filed* lines.” MALONE.

⁸ *And set thy person forth to sell.*] The old copy has

And set her person forth to *sale*.

Mr. Steevens conjectured that *sell* was the authour's word, and such is the reading of the manuscript above mentioned. It likewise furnished the true reading in a former part of the line. MALONE.

⁹ *And to her will, &c.*] This stanza and the next in the *Passionate Pilgrim*

The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down¹.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble, true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Seek never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear² ere night;
And then too late she will repent
That she dissembled her delight;

Pilgrim follow the two stanzas which now succeed them. The present arrangement, which seems preferable, is that of the manuscript already mentioned. MALONE.

¹ *Spare not to spend,—*

The strongest castle, tower, and town,

The golden bullet beats it down.] So, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona :

“ Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;

“ Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,

“ More than quick words do move a woman's mind.”

A line of this stanza—

The strongest castle, tower, and town,

and two in a succeeding stanza,

What though she strive to try her strength,

And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,—

remind us of the following verses in *The Historie of Graunde Amoure*, [sign. I. 2.] written by Stephen Hawes, near a century before those of Shakspeare:

“ Forfake her not, though that she says nay;

“ A womans guile is evermore delay.

“ No castell can be of so great a strength,

“ If that there be a sure siege to it layed,

“ It must yelde up, or els be won at length,

“ Though that 'to-fore it hath bene long delayed;

“ So continuance may you right well ayde:

“ Some womans harte can not so harded be,

“ But busy labour may make it agree.” MALONE.

² *Her cloudy looks will clear—]* So the manuscript copy; instead of which the *Passionate Pilgrim* reads—*will calm*. See the 148th Sonnet:

“ The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.” MALONE.

And

And twice desire, ere it be day,
That with such scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl³, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,—
*Had women been so strong as men,
In faith you had not had it then.*

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think, women love to match with men⁴,
And not to live so like a faint:
Here is no heaven; they holy then
Begin, when age doth them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But soft; enough,—too much I fear;
For if my lady hear my song,
She will not stick to ring mine ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd⁵.

XVI. Take

³ *And ban and brawl,—*] To *ban* is to curse. So, in *K. Rich. III.*:
“You bade me *ban*, and will you have me leave?” MALONE.

⁴ *Think, women love to match with men, &c.*] In printing this stanza I have followed the old manuscript copy, which has likewise furnished some other minute variations now adopted. *The Passionate Pilgrim* reads:

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to faint;
There is no heaven by holy then,
When time with age shall them attain. MALONE.

⁵ *hear her secrets so bewray'd.*] The foregoing sixteen Sonnets are all that

XVII.

Take, oh, take those lips away⁵,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love⁶, but seal'd in vain⁷.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow⁸
 Are of those that April wears:
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

that are found in the Collection printed by W. Jaggard, in 1599, under the title of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, excepting two, which have been already inserted in their proper places; (p. 305, and 309,) a Madrigal, beginning with the words, *Come live with me*, &c. which has been omitted, as being the production, not of Shakspeare, but Marlowe; and the two Sonnets that were written by Richard Barnefelde. In the room of these the two following small pieces have been added, the authenticity of which seems unquestionable. MALONE.

⁶ *Take, oh, take those lips away.*] This little poem is not printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, probably because it was not written so early as 1599. The first stanza of it is introduced in *Measure for Measure*. In Fletcher's *Bloody Brother* it is found entire. Whether the second stanza was also written by Shakspeare, cannot now be ascertained. All the songs, however, introduced in our authour's plays, appear to have been his own composition; and the present contains an expression of which he seems to have been peculiarly fond. See the next note. MALONE.

⁷ *Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.*] So, in Shakspeare's 142d *Sonnet*:

“ — not from those lips of thine,
 “ That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
 “ And seal'd false bonds of love, as oft as mine.”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
 “ What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?” MALONE.

⁸ *On whose tops the pinks that grow,*] The following thought in one of Prior's poems is akin to this:

“ An ugly hard rose-bud has fallen in my neck.” STANB.

Let

XVIII.

Let the bird of loudest lay⁹,
 On the sole Arabian tree¹,
 Herald sad and trumpet be²,
 To whose sound chaste wings obey:

But thou shrieking harbinger,
 Foul pre-currer of the fiend,

9 *Let the bird of loudest lay,*] In 1601 a book was published, entitled *LOVES MARTYR, or ROSALINS COMPLAINT, Allegorically shadowing the Truth of Love, in the constant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle. A Poem enterlaced with much Varietie and Raritie; now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Caeliano, by Robert Chester. With the true Legend of famous King Artbur, the last of the nine Worthies; being the first Essay of a new British Poet: collected out of diverse authenticall Records.*

To these are added some new Compositions of several modern Writers, whose names are subscribed to their severall Workes; upon the first Subject, viz. the Phœnix and Turtle.

Among these new compositions is the following poem, subscribed with our poet's name. The second title prefixed to these verses, is yet more full. "Hereafter follow diverse Poetical Essayes on the former Subject, viz. the Turtle and Phœnix. Done by the best and chiefest of our modern Writers, with their Names subscribed to their particular Workes. Never before extant.

And now first consecrated by them all generally to the Love and Merit of the true-noble Knight, Sir John Salisbury."

The principal writers associated with Shakspeare in this collection are B. Johnson, Marston, and Chapman. The above very particular account of these verses leave us, I think, no room to doubt of the genuineness of this little poem. MALONE.

¹ *On the sole Arabian tree,*] A learned friend would read:

Sole on the Arabian tree.

As there are many Arabian trees, though fabulous narrations have celebrated but one Arabian bird, I was so thoroughly convinced of the propriety of this change, that I had once regulated the text accordingly. But in emendation, as in determining on the life of man, *nulla unquam cunctatio longa est*; for the following passage in *The Tempest* fully supports the old copy:

"—Now I will believe

"That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*

"There is *one tree*, the *phœnix*' throne; one phœnix

"At this hour reigning there."

This singular coincidence likewise serves to authenticate the present poem. MALONE.

² *Herald sad and trumpet be,*] So, in *King John*:

"—Be thou the *trumpet* of our wrath,

"And *sullen presage* of your own decay." STEEVENS.

Augur of the fever's end³,
To this troop come thou not near⁴ !

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king⁵:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive musick can⁶,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow⁷,
That thy sable gender mak'st⁸
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

³ But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,] So, in *Hamlet*:
" And even the like *precurse* of fierce events,—
" As *harbingers* preceding still the fates,
" And *prologue* to the omen coming on—
" Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
" Unto our climatures and countrymen."

The *shrieking harbinger* here addressed, is the scritch-owl, the *soul*
precurrer of death. So, in a *Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

" Now the wasted brands do glow,
" While the *scritch-owl*, scritch'ing loud,
" Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
" In remembrance of a shroud."

⁴ To this troop come thou not near !] Part of this poem resembles the
song in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

" Ye spotted snakes with double tongue,
" Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
" Newts, and blind worms, do no harm;
" Come not near our *fairy queen*," &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ —the eagle, feather'd king:] So, in Mr. Gray's *Ode on the Progress*
of Poetry:

" —thy magick lulls the *feather'd king*
" With rustled plumes and flagging wing." STEEVENS.

⁶ That defunctive musick can,] That understands funeral musick.
To *can* in Saxon signifies to *know*. The modern editions read:
That defunctive musick *ken*. MALONE.

Here the anthem doth commence :—
 Love and constancy is dead ;
 Phœnix and the turtle fled
 In a mutual flame from hence :

So they lov'd, as love in twain
 Had the essence but in one ;
 Two distincts, division none :
 Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;
 Distance, and no space was seen
 'Twixt the turtle and his queen :
 But in them it were a wonder⁹.

So between them love did shine,
 That the turtle saw his right
 Flaming in the phœnix' sight⁸ :
 Either was the other's mine.

Pro-

7 *And thou, treble-dated crow,*] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :
 " To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings." MALONE.
 —cornicum ut secla vetusta.
 Ter tres ætates humanas garrula vincit
 Cornix.—*Lucret.* STEEVENS.

8 That thy sable gender mak'^tst

With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,] I suppose this uncouth expression means, that the *crow*, or *raven*, continues its race by the *breath* it gives to them as its parent, and by *that* which it takes from other animals : i. e. by first producing its young from itself, and then providing for their support by depredation. Thus, in *King Jobn* :

" —and vast confusion waits

" (*As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast*)

" The imminent decay of wrested pomp."

This is the best I can make of the passage. STEEVENS.

9 But in them it were a wonder.] So extraordinary a phenomenon as *beasts remote, yet not asunder*, &c. would have excited admiration, had it been found any where else except in these two birds. In them it was not wonderful. MALONE.

1 That the turtle saw his right

Flaming in the phœnix' sight :] I suppose we should read *light* ; i. e. the turtle saw all the day he wanted, in the eyes of the phœnix. So, Antony speaking to Cleopatra :

Z 4

" —O thou

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same²;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together;
To themselves yet either-neither,
Simple were so well compounded;

That it cry'd, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one³!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain⁴.

"—O thou *day* o' the world,

"Chain my arm'd neck!"

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

Bass. "We should hold *day* with the Antipodes,

"If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. "Let me give light, but let me not be light." STEEVENS.

I do not perceive any need of change. The turtle saw those qualities which were his *right*, which were peculiarly appropriated to him, in the phoenix.—*Light* certainly corresponds better with the word *flaming* in the next line; but Shakspeare seldom puts his comparisons on four feet. MALONE.

² *Property was thus appall'd,*

That the self was not the same;] This communication of appropriated qualities alarmed the power that presides over property. Finding that *the self was not the same*, he began to fear that nothing would remain distinct and individual; that all things would become common.

MALONE.

³ *That it cry'd, how true a twain*

Seemeth this concordant one!] So, in Dayton's *Mortimeriades*, quarto, 1596:

"Still in her breast his secret thoughts she beares,

"Nor can her tongue pronounce an *I*, but *wee*;

"Thus two in one, and one in two they bee;

"And as his soule possesseth head and heart,

"She's all in all, and all in every part." MALONE.

⁴ *Love hath reason, reason none,*

If what parts can so remain.] Love is reasonable, and reason is folly, [has no reason,] if two that are disunited from each other, can yet remain together and undivided. MALONE.

Whereupon

Whereupon it made this threne^s ;
 To the phoenix and the dove,
 Co-supremes and stars of love ;
 As chorus to their tragick scene.

T H R E N O S.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
 Grace in all simplicity,
 Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest ;
 And the turtle's loyal breast
 To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity :—
 'Twas not their infirmity,
 It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be ;
 Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;
 Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
 That are either true or fair ;
 For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

^s *Whereupon it made this threne ;*] This *funeral song*. So, in Kendall's poems, 1577 :

“ Of verses, *threnes*, and epitaphs,

“ Full fraught with teares of teene.”

A book entitled *David's Threanes*, by J. Heywood, was published in 1620. Two years afterwards it was reprinted under the title of *David's Tears* : the former title probably was discarded as obsolete. For this information I am indebted to Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

THE HISTORY OF THE

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

THE COMPLAINT

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded²
 A plaintful story from a siftering vale³,
 My spirits to attend this double voice accorded⁴,
 And down I lay to list the sad-tun'd tale :
 Ere long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,
 Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
 Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain⁵.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
 Which fortified her visage from the sun,

¹ This beautiful poem was first printed in 1609, with our authour's name, at the end of the quarto edition of his *Sonnets*. I wonder that it has not attracted the attention of some English painter, the opening being uncommonly picturesque. The figures, however, of the lady and the old man should be standing, not sitting, by the river side; Shakspeare reclining on a hill. MALONE.

² —*whose concave womb re-worded*] Repeated; re-echoed. The same verb is found in *Hamlet* :

“ —Bring me to the test,

“ And I the matter will *re-word*.” MALONE.

³ —*from a siftering vale*,] This word is again employed in *Pericles*, 1609 :

“ That even her art *sifts* the natural roses.”

It is not, I believe, used by any other authour. MALONE.

⁴ *My spirits to attend this double voice accorded*,] The poet meant, I think, that the word *spirits* should be pronounced as if written *sprights*. MALONE.

⁵ *Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain*.] So, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ —and the state of a man,

“ Like to a little *kingdom*, suffers then

“ The nature of an insurrection.”

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ —Remember thee ?

“ Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

“ In this distracted *globe*.”

Again, in *King Lear* :

“ Strives in his little *world* of man to out-scorn

“ The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.”

Sorrows *wind and rain* are *sighs and tears*. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra* : “ We cannot call her *winds* and *waters*, *sighs* and *tears*.” The modern editions read corruptedly :

Storming her *words* with *sorrows*, wind, &c. MALONE.

Whereon

Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
 The carcase of a beauty spent and done⁶.
 Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
 Nor youth all quit ; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
 Some beauty peep'd through lattice of fear'd age⁷.

Oft did she heave her napkin⁸ to her eyne,
 Which on it had conceited characters⁹,
 Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
 That season'd woe had pelleted in tears¹,

And

⁶ —*spent and done.*] *Done*, it has been already observed, was anciently used in the sense of *consumed*. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ And, if posses'd, as soon decay'd and *done*.” MALONE.

⁷ *Some beauty peep'd through lattice of fear'd age.*] Thus, in the 3d Sonnet:

“ So thou through *windows* of thine *age* shalt see,

“ Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.”

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ —or let her *beauty*

“ Look through a *casement*, to allure false hearts,

“ And be false with them.”

In *Macbeth* we meet with the same epithet applied as here:

“ —my way of life

“ Is fallen into the *fear*, the yellow leaf.” MALONE.

Shakspeare has applied this image to a comick purpose in *King Henry VI.* P. II: “ He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat, and *peep'd through*.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Oft did she heave her napkin*—] Her *bandkerchief*. See Vol. VII. p. 374. n. 7. MALONE.

⁹ *Which on it had conceited characters,*] Fanciful images. Thus, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ Which the *conceited* painter drew so proud,—”. MALONE.

¹ *Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine*

That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ *Seasoning* the earth with showers of silver brine.”

Laundering is *wetting*. The verb is now obsolete. To *pellet* is to form into pellets, to which, being round, Shakspeare, with his usual licence, compares falling tears. The word, I believe, is found no where but here and in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ —My brave Egyptians all,

“ By the discandying of this *pelleted* storm,

“ Lie graveless.”

In

And often reading what contents it bears ;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size², both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride³,
As they did battery to the spheres intend ;
Sometime diverted⁴ their poor balls are ty'd
To the orb'd earth⁵ ; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on ; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor ty'd in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride ;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat⁶,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek⁷ beside ;

In *Julius Cæsar* we meet with a kindred thought :

" —mine eyes,

" Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,

" Began to water."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

" —beads of sweat have trod upon thy brow."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

" A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears." MALONE.
Season'd woe had pelleted in tears,] This phrase is from the kitchen.
Pellet was the ancient culinary term for a forced meat ball, a well-known
seasoning. STEEVENS.

² —of all size,—] Size is here used, with Shakspeare's usual negligence, for *sizes*. MALONE.

³ Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,] The allusion, which is to a piece of ordnance, is very quaint and far-fetched. MALONE.

In *The Merchant of Venice*, the eyes of Portia's picture are represented as mounted on those of Bassanio :

" —Move these eyes ?

" Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,

" Seem they in motion ?" STEEVENS.

⁴ Sometime diverted—] Turned from their former direction. So, in *As you like it* :

" I rather will subject me to the malice

" Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother." MALONE.

⁵ To the orb'd earth ;—] So, in the mock tragedy in *Hamlet* :

" —and Tellus' orb'd ground." STEEVENS.

⁶ —her sheav'd hat,] Her straw hat. MALONE.

⁷ —pined cheek—] So, Spenser, (as an anonymous writer has observed,) B. III. c. ii. st. 51. " —like a pined ghost." MALONE.

Some

Some in her threaden fillet⁸ still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew⁹
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet¹,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet²,

Or

⁸ *Some in her threaden fillet—*] I suspect Shakspeare wrote—in *their* threaden fillet. MALONE.

⁹ *—from a maund she drew*] A *maund* is a hand-basket. The word is yet used in Somersetshire. MALONE.

¹ *Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,*] Thus the quarto, 1609. If *bedded* be right, it must mean, *set* in some kind of metal. Our authour uses the word in *The Tempest*:

“—my son i’ the ooze is *bedded*.”

The modern editions read—*beaded* jet, which may be right; *beads* made of jet. The construction, I think, is,—*she drew from a maund a thousand favours, of amber, crystal, &c.* MALONE.

Baskets made of *beads* were sufficiently common even since the time of our author. I have seen many of them. *Beaded* jet, is jet formed into *beads*. STEEVENS.

² *Upon whose weeping margent she was set,—*

Like usury, applying wet to wet,] In *K. Henry VI.* P. III. we meet with a similar thought:

“With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

“And give more strength to that which hath too much.”

These two lines are not in the old play on which the Third Part of *K. Henry VI.* is formed.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew,

“Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.”

Again, in *As you like it*:

“—Thou mak’st a testament

“As worldings do, giving the sum of more

“To that which hath too much.”

Perhaps we should read:

Upon whose *margent weeping* she was set.

The words might have been accidentally transposed at the press. *Weeping margent*, however, is, I believe, right, being much in our authour’s manner. *Weeping* for *weepid* or *be-weepid*; the margin wetted with tears. MALONE.

To *weep* is to drop. Milton talks of

“Groves whose rich trees *weep* od’rous gums and balm.”

Pope

Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries *some*³, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchers in mud⁴;
Found yet more letters sadly pen'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly⁵
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy⁶.

Pope speaks of the "*weeping amber*," and Mortimer observes that "*rye-grass grows on weeping ground*," i. e. lands abounding with wet, like the margin of the river on which this damsel is sitting. The rock from which water drops, is likewise poetically called a *weeping rock*:

Κρηὶνὴν δ' ἄναον πέτρην ἀπὸ ΔΑΚΡΥΘΕΣΣΗΣ. STEEVENS.

³ *Where want cries some*,—] I once suspected that our authour wrote:

Where want *craves* some—. MALONE.

I cry halves, is a common phrase among school-boys. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Bidding them find their sepulchers in mud*;] So, in *The Tempest*:

"My son i' the ooze is bedded." MALONE.

Again, *ibidem*:

"——— I wish

"Myself were mudded in that oozy bed

"Where my son lies." STEEVENS.

⁵ *With sleided silk feat and affectedly*—] *Sleided* silk is, as Dr. Percy has elsewhere observed, untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's *sley* or *slay*. So, in *Pericles*:

"Be't, when she weav'd the *sleided* silk."

A weaver's *sley* is formed with teeth like a comb. *Feat* is, curiously, nicely. See Vol. VIII. p. 312, n. 6.

MALONE.

⁶ *With sleided silk feat and affectedly*

Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.] To be convinced of the propriety of this description, let the reader consult the *Royal Letters*, &c. in the British Museum, where he will find that anciently the ends of a piece of narrow ribbon were placed under the *seals* of letters, to connect them more closely. STEEVENS.

Florio's Italian and English Dialogues, entitled his *Second Frutes*, 1591, confirm Mr. Steevens's observation. In p. 89, a person, who is supposed to have just written a letter, calls for "*some wax, some sealing thread, his duit-box, and his seal*." MALONE.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
 And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear⁷;
 Cry'd, O false blood! thou register of lies,
 What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
 Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!
 This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
 Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
 (Sometime a blufferer, that the ruffle knew⁸
 Of court, of city, and had let go by
 The swiftest hours⁹;) observed as they flew¹;
 Towards this afflicted fancy² fastly drew;
 And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
 In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

⁷ *And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear,*] The old copy reads, I think, corruptedly:

—and often gave to tear.

We might read:

—and often gave a tear.

But the corresponding rhyme rather favours the conjectural reading which I have inserted in the text. Besides, her *tears* had been mentioned in the preceding line. MALONE.

⁸ *—that the ruffle knew—*] *Rufflers* were a species of bullies in the time of Shakspeare. "To *ruffle* in the common-wealth," is a phrase in *Titus Andronicus*. STEEVENS.

In Sherwood's French and English Dictionary at the end of Cotgrave's Dictionary, *Ruffle* and *burliburly* are synonymous. See also Vol. III. p. 325, n. 7. MALONE.

⁹ *—and had let go by*

The swiftest hours—] Had passed the prime of life, when time appears to move with his quickest pace. MALONE.

¹ *—observed as they flew;*] i. e. as the scattered fragments of paper flew. Perhaps, however, the parenthesis that I have inserted, may not have been intended by the authour. If it be omitted, and *the swiftest hours* be connected with what follows, the meaning will be, that this reverend man, though engaged in the bustle of court and city, had not suffered the busy and gay period of youth to pass by without gaining some knowledge of the world. MALONE.

² *—this afflicted fancy—*] This afflicted *love-sick* lady. *Fancy*, it has been already observed, was formerly sometimes used in the sense of *love*. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"Sighs and tears, poor *fancy's* followers." MALONE.

So

So slides he down upon his grained bat³,
 And comely-distant fits he by her side;
 When he again desires her, being fat,
 Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
 If that from him there may be aught apply'd
 Which may her suffering ecstacy⁴ assuage,
 'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold
 The injury of many a blasting hour⁵.
 Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
 Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power⁶:
 I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
 Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd
 Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But woe is me! too early I attended
 A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
 Of one by nature's outwards so commended⁷,
 That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:

³ —his grained bat,] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"My grained ash—."

His *grained bat* is his staff on which the *grain* of the wood was visible.

STEEVENS.

A *bat* is a club. The word is again used in *King Lear*: "He try whether your costard or my *bat* be the harder." MALONE.

⁴ —her suffering ecstacy—] Her painful perturbation of mind. See Vol. IV. p. 361, n. 9. MALONE.

⁵ The injury of many a blasting hour,] So in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.
 "—every part about you *blasted* with antiquity." MALONE.

⁶ Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
 Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"These griefs, these woes, these sorrows, make me old."

MALONE.

Thus Lufignan, in Voltaire's *Zayre*:

"Mes maux m'ont affaibli plus encor que mes ans."

STEEVENS.

⁷ Of one by nature's outwards so commended,] The quarto reads:

O one by nature's outwards, &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt proposed the emendation inserted in the text, which appears to me clearly right. MALONE.

Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place² ;
 And when in his fair parts she did abide,
 She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls ;
 And every light occasion of the wind
 Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
 What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find¹ :
 Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind ;
 For on his visage was in little drawn,
 What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn².

Small show of man was yet upon his chin ;
 His phoenix down³ began but to appear,
 Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
 Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to wear ;
 Yet show'd his visage⁴ by that cost most dear ;
 And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
 If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
 For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free ;

² —made him her place ;] i. e. her seat, her mansion. In the sacred writings the word is often used with this sense. STEEVENS.

So, in *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 147, n. 1.

“ This is no place ; this house is but a butchery.”

Place in the Welch language signifies a mansion-house. MALONE.

¹ *What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find :*] I suppose he means, things pleasant to be done will easily find people enough to do them.

STEEVENS.

² —in paradise was sawn.] i. e. seen. This irregular participle, which was forced upon the authour by the rhyme, is, I believe, used by no other writer. MALONE.

The same thought occurs in *King Henry V* :

“ Leaving his body as a paradise.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh.” STEEVENS.

³ *His phoenix down—*] I suppose she means *matchless*, rare, down.

MALONE.

⁴ *Yet show'd his visage—*] The words are placed out of their natural order for the sake of the metre :

Yet his visage show'd, &c. MALONE.

Yet

Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm⁵
 As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be⁶.
 His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth
 Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would say,
That horse his mettle from his rider takes⁷:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he
makes!

And controversy hence a question takes,
 Whether the horse by him became his deed,
 Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

⁵ Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm, &c.] Thus also in *Troilus and Cressida* that prince is described as one

"Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd, soon calm'd."

So also, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—his voice was property'd

"As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;

"But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,

"He was as rattling thunder."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

"He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

"Open as day to melting charity;

"Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd he's flint;

"As humourous as winter, and as sudden

"As flaxus congealed in the spring of day."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII*:

"The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

"So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits

"They swell and grow as terrible as storms." MALONE.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"—and yet as rough,

"Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rudest wind,

"That by the top doth take the mountain pine,

"And make him stoop to the vale." STEEVENS.

⁶ When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.] So, in *Amiens*
 in *As you like it*, addressing the wind:

"Thou art not so unkind,

"Although thy breath be rude." MALONE.

⁷ That horse his mettle from his rider takes:] So, in *King Henry IV.*
 P. II:

"For from his metal was his party steel'd." STEEVENS.

But quickly on this side⁸ the verdict went ;
 His real habitude gave life and grace
 To appertainings and to ornament,
 Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case :
 All aids themselves made fairer by their place ;
 Came for additions⁹, yet their purpos'd trim
 Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him¹.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
 All kind of arguments and question deep,
 All replication prompt, and reason strong,
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep :
 To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
 He had the dialect and different skill,
 Catching all passions in his craft of will² ;

'That he did in the general bosom reign³
 Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted⁴,

⁸ *But quickly on this side—*] Perhaps the authour wrote—*bis*. There is however no need of change. MALONE.

⁹ *All aids themselves made fairer by their place ;
 Came for additions,—*] The old copy and the modern editions read—*can* for additions. This appearing to me unintelligible. I have substituted what I suppose to have been the authour's word. The same mistake happened in *Macbeth*, where we find

“ — As thick as tale

“ *Can* post with post—.”

printed instead of—“ *Came* post with post.” MALONE.

¹ —yet their purpos'd trim

Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.] So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ You mend the jewel by the wearing it.” MALONE.

² *Catching all passions in his craft of will ;*] These lines, in which our poet has accidentally delineated his own character as a dramatist, would have been better adapted to his monumental inscription, than such as are placed on the scroll in Westminster Abbey. By our undiscerning audiences, however, they are always heard with profounder silence, and followed by louder applause, than accompany any other passage throughout all his plays. The vulgar seem to think they were selected for publick view, as the brightest gems in his poetick crown.

STEEVENS.

³ *That he did in the general bosom reign—*] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ And cleave the general ear with horrid speech.” STEEVENS

To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
 In personal duty, following where he haunted⁴ :
 Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted ;
 And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
 Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
 To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;
 Like fools that in the imagination set
 The goodly objects which abroad they find
 Of lands and mansions, their's in thought assign'd ;
 And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
 Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them⁶ :

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
 Sweetly suppos'd them mistrefs of his heart.
 My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
 And was my own fee-simple⁷, (not in part,)
 What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
 Threw my affections in his charmed power,
 Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
 Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded ;

4 —*he did in the general bosom reign
 Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted,—
 Consents, bewitch'd, &c.*] So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ —Such a holy witch,
 “ That he *enchants* societies to him.”

A similar panegyrick is bestowed by our authour upon *Timon* :

“ —his large fortune
 “ Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
 “ Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
 “ All sorts of hearts.” MALONE.

5 —*following where he haunted :*] Where he frequented. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ —here in the publick haunt of men.” MALONE.

6 —*the true gouty landlord which doth owe them :*] So, *Timon*, addressing himself to the gold he had found :

“ —Thou'lt go, strong thief,
 “ When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.” STEEVENS.

7 *And was my own fee-simple—*] Had an absolute power over myself ; as large as a tenant in fee has over his estate. MALONE.

Finding myself in honour so forbid,
 With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
 Experience for me many bulwarks builded
 Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
 Of this false jewel^s, and his amorous spoil.

But ah! who ever shun'd by precedent
 The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
 Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
 To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
 Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;
 For when we rage, advice is often seen
 By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood*,
 That we must curb it upon others' proof;
 To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
 For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
 O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
 The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
 Though reason weep, and cry—*it is thy last*.

For further I could say, *this man's untrue*,
 And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling⁹;
 Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew¹,
 Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;

^s —the foil

Of this false jewel,—] So, in *K. Richard II.*:

“ —thy weary steps

“ Esteem a *foil*, in which thou art to set

“ The precious *jewel* of thy home return.” STEEVENS.

• —to our blood,—] i. e. to our passions. See Vol. III. p. 226, n. 5. MALONE.

⁹ —the patterns of his foul beguiling;] The examples of his seduction. See p. 160, n. 2. MALONE.

1 —in others' orchards grew,] *Orchard* and *garden* were, in ancient language, synonymous. Our authour has a similar allusion in his 16th Sonnet:

“ —many maiden gardens yet unset,

“ With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,

“ Much liker than your painted counterfeit.” MALONE.

Knew

Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling²;
Thought, characters, and words, merely but art³,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city⁴,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: "Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to you sworn, to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with aſſure they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind⁵:

² *Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;*] So, in *Hamlet*:

"Do not believe his *vows*; for they are *brokers*,

"Meer implorators of *unholy suits*." STEEVENS.

A *broker* formerly ſignified a pander. See Vol. VIII. p. 304, n. 9.

MALONE.

³ *Thought, characters, and words, merely but art,*] *Thought* is here, I believe, a ſubſtantive. MALONE.

⁴ *And long upon theſe terms I held my city,*] Thus, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"So did I, Tarquin; ſo my Troy did periſh."

Again, *ibidem*:

"This moves in him more rage, and leſſer pity,

"To make the breach, and enter this ſweet city."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

"Virginity being blown down, man will quickly be blown up;
marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made,
you loſe your city." MALONE.

⁵ *Love made them not; with aſſure they may be,*

Where neither party is nor true nor kind:] Thus the old copy. I have not found the word *aſſure* in any other place, but ſuppoſe it to have been uſed as ſynonymous with *aſſion*. His *offences* that might be ſeen abroad in the world, were the plants before mentioned, that he had ſet in others' gardens. The meaning of the paſſage then ſhould ſeem to be—My illicit amours were merely the effect of conſtitution, and not approved by my reaſon: Pure and genuine love had no ſhare in them or in their conſequences; for the mere congress of the ſexes may produce ſuch fruits, without the affections of the parties being at all engaged. MALONE.

They

They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen⁶,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen⁷,
Or any of my pleasures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me⁸,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly⁹.

And lo! behold these talents of their hair¹,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd²,

I have

⁶ *Among the many that mine eyes have seen, &c.*] So, in *The Tempest*:

“—Full many a lady

“I have ey'd with best regard,—but never any

“With so full soul,—” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Or my affection put to the smallest teen,*] Teen is trouble. So, in *The Tempest*:

“—O, my heart bleeds,

“To think of the teen I have turn'd you to.” MALONE.

⁸ *Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,*] Fancy is here used for love or affection. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“A martial man to be soft fancy's slave.” MALONE.

⁹ *Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.*] So, in *Hamlet*:

“Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting.” STEEVENS.

¹ *And lo! behold these talents of their hair, &c.*] These lockets, consisting of hair platted and set in gold. MALONE.

² —*amorously impleach'd,*] *Impleach'd* is interwoven; the same as *pleached*, a word which our authour uses in *Much ado about Nothing*, and in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“—Steal into the pleached bower,

“Where

I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
 (Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)
 With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
 And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality³.

The diamond; why 'twas beautiful and hard,
 Whereto his invis'd properties did tend⁴;
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
 The heaven-hued saphire and the opal blend
 With objects manifold; each several stone,
 With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
 Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
 Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
 But yield them up where I myself must render,
 That is, to you, my origin and end:
 For these, of force, must your oblations be,
 Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
 Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise⁵;
Take

"Where honey-suckles ripen'd by the sun

"Forbid the sun to enter."—

"—with *pleach'd* arms bending down

"His corrigible neck." MALONE.

³ *Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.*] In the age of Shakspeare, peculiar virtues were imputed to every species of precious stones.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;*] *Invis'd* for *Invisible*. This is, I believe, a word of Shakspeare's coining. His *invis'd* properties are the invisible qualities of his mind. So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love

"Thy *inward beauty* and *invisible*." MALONE.

⁵ *O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,*
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—they

Take all these similes to your own command,
 Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
 What me your minister, for you obeys,
 Works under you; and to your audit comes⁶
 Their distract parcels in combined sums.

Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
 Or sister sanctified, of holiest note⁷;
 Which late her noble suit in court did shun⁸,
 Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote⁹;
 For she was sought by spirits of richest coat¹,
 But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
 To spend her living in eternal love.

But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave
 The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?
 Paling the place which did no form receive;—
 Man patient sports in unconstrained gyves²:

She

“ —they may seize

“ On the *white wonder* of dear Juliet's band.”

The airy scale of praise is the scale filled with verbal elogiums. *Air* is often thus used by our authour. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

“ Charm ache with *air*, and agony with words.”

See also Vol. VIII. p. 164, n. 2. MALONE.

⁶ —and to your audit comes—] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ —in compt,

“ To make their *audit* at your highness' pleasure,

“ Still to return your own.” STEEVENS.

⁷ Or sister sanctified, of honest note;] The poet, I suspect, wrote:

A sister sanctified, of holiest note. MALONE.

⁸ Which late her noble suit in court did shun,] Who lately retired from the solicitation of her noble admirers. The word *suit*, in the sense of *request* or *petition*, was much used in Shakspeare's time.

MALONE.

⁹ Whose rarest havings made the blossoms date,] Whose accomplishments were so extraordinary that the flower of the young nobility were passionately enamoured of her. MALONE.

¹ For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,] By nobles; whose high descent is marked by the number of quarters in their coats of arms. So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,

“ And be an eye-fore in my golden coat.” MALONE.

She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight³,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

² But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?
Paling the place which did no form receive;—
Man patient sports in unconstrained gyves:] The old copy reads:
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves:

It does not require a long note to prove that this is a gross corruption. How to amend it is the only question. *Playing* in the first line, I apprehend, was a misprint for *paling*; and the compositor's eye after he had printed the former line, I suppose glanced again upon it, and caught the first word of it instead of the first word of the line he was then composing.—The lover is speaking of a nun who had voluntarily retired from the world.—But what merit (he adds,) could she boast, or what was the difficulty of such an action? What labour is there in leaving what we have not, i. e. what we do not enjoy, [See *Rape of Lucrece*, p. 95, n. 6.] or in restraining desires that do not agitate our breast? *Paling the place*, &c. securing within the pale of a cloister that heart which had never received the impression of love.—When fetters are put upon us by our consent, they do not appear irksome, &c. Such is the meaning of the text as now regulated.

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the verb to *pale* is used in the sense of to hem in:

“Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,

“Is thine, if thou wilt have it.”

The word *form*, which I once suspected to be corrupt, is undoubtedly right. The same phraseology is found in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

“—the *impreſſion* of strange kinds

“Is *form'd* in them, [women,] by force, by fraud, or skill.”

It is also still more strongly supported by the passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Twelfth Night*. MALONE.

I do not believe there is any corruption in the words

—did no *form receive*,

as the same expression occurs again in the last stanza but three:

“—a plenitude of subtle matter,

“Applied to cautels, all strange *forms receives*.”

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

“How easy is it for the proper false

“In women's waxen hearts to *set their forms*?” STEEVENS.

³ —by the *flight*,] Perhaps the authour wrote—by *her flight*.

STEEVENS.

O pardon

O pardon me, in that my boast is true;
 The accident which brought me to her eye,
 Upon the moment did her force subdue,
 And now she would the caged cloister fly:
 Religious love put out religion's eye:
 Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd⁴,
 And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!
 The broken bosoms that to me belong,
 Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
 And mine I pour your ocean all among:
 I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
 Must for your victory us all congeft,
 As compound love to physick your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun⁵,
 Who, disciplin'd and dieted in grace,
 Believ'd her eyes, when they to assail begun,
 All vows and consecrations giving place⁶:

O most

⁴ *Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,*] The quarto has *enur'd*; for which the modern editions have properly given *immur'd*. MALONE.
Immur'd is a verb used by Shakspeare in *K. Richard III.* and *The Merchant of Venice*. We have likewise *immures*, subst. in the Prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,*] Perhaps the poet wrote:

———— a sacred nun.

If *sun* be right, it must mean, *the brightest luminary of the cloister*. So, in *King Henry VIII.*

“ ——— When these *suns*

“ (For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd

“ The noble spirits to arms, they did perform

“ Beyond thought's compats.” MALONE.

In *Coriolanus*, the chaste Valeria is called “ the moon of Rome.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,*
Who, disciplin'd and dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes, when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place:] The old copy reads:

My

O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impress'st, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame⁷,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, gainst sense, 'gainst
shame⁸;

And

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,
Who disciplin'd I died in grace —

For the present regulation of the text, the propriety of which, I think, will at once strike every reader, I am indebted to an anonymous correspondent, whose communications have been already acknowledged.

The same gentleman would read

—when I the assail begun—

and I formerly admitted that emendation, but it does not seem absolutely necessary. The nun believ'd or yielded to her eyes, when they, captivated by the external appearance of her wooer, began to assail her chastity. MALONE.

7 —When thou wilt inflame,

How coldly those impediments stand forth

Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?] Thus, in Rowe's
Lady Jane Gray:

"—every other joy, how dear soever,

"Gives way to that, and we leave all for love.

"At the imperious tyrant's lordly call,

"In spite of reason and restraint we come,

"Leave kindred, parents, and our native home.

"The trembling maid, with all her fears he charms," &c.

STEEVENS.

⁸ Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, &c.] I suspect our authour wrote

Love's arms are proof 'gainst rule, &c.

The meaning, however, of the text as it stands, may be—The warfare that love carries on against rule, sense, &c. produces to the parties engaged a peaceful enjoyment, and sweetens, &c. The construction in the next line is perhaps irregular. —Love's arms are peace, &c. and love sweetens—. MALONE.

Perhaps

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears⁹.

Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sighs till then were level'd on my face¹;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses
That flame² through water which their hue incloses.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear?
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?

Perhaps we should read:

Love aims at peace—

Yet sweetens, &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ *And sweetens in the sufferings pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.*] So, in *Cymbeline*:
"—a touch more rare

"Subdues all pangs, all fears." STEEVENS.

¹ *This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sighs till then were level'd on my face;*] The allusion is to
the old English fire-arms, which were supported on what was called a
rest. MALONE.

² —gate the glowing roses

That flame—] That is, procured for the glowing roses in his
cheeks that flame, &c. *Gate* is the ancient perfect tense of the verb
to get. MALONE.

What

What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect³! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extinture hath!

For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears⁴;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd⁵,
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears^{*};
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels⁶, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragick shows:

That not a heart which in his level came,
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim⁷,

Showing

³ *O cleft effect!*—] O divided and discordant effect!—*O cleft*, &c. is the modern reading. The old copy has—*Or cleft effect*, from which it is difficult to draw any meaning. MALONE.

⁴ —*resolv'd my reason* into tears;] So, in *Hamlet*:

“Tbaw, and resolve itself into a dew.” STEEVENS.

⁵ —*my white stole of chastity I daff'd*,] To daff or deff is to put off,—do off. MALONE.

^{*} —*and civil fears*,] Civil formerly signified grave, decorous. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“—Come, civil night,

“Thou sober-suited matron, all in black.” MALONE.

⁶ *Applied to cautels*,—] Applied to insidious purposes, with subtlety and cunning. So, in *Hamlet*:

“Perhaps he loves you now;—

“And now no foil of cautel doth besmirch

“The virtue of his will,” MALONE.

⁷ —*not a heart which in his level came*,

Could scape the hail of his all-burting aim,] So, in *K. Henry VIII.*:

“—I stood i' the level

“Of a full-charg'd confederacy.” STEEVENS.

Showing fair nature is both kind and tame ;
 And veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim :
 Against the thing he fought he would exclaim :
 When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury⁸,
 He preach'd pure maid⁹, and prais'd cold chastity.

Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
 The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd ;
 That the unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,
 Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd¹.
 Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd ?
 Ah me ! I fell ; and yet do question make
 What I should do again for such a fake.

O, that infected moisture of his eye,
 O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
 O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly²,
 O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
 O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd³,

Would

Again, in our authour's 117th *Sonnet* :

" Bring me within the level of your frown,

" But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

" I am not an impostor, that proclaim

" Myself against the level of my aim."

I suspect that for *bail* we ought to read *ill*. So, in the *Rape of Lu-*
crece :

" End thy *ill aim*, before thy shoot be ended." MALONE.

⁸ —in heart-wish'd luxury,] *Luxury* formerly was used for *lasciviousness*. See Vol. VIII. p. 277, n. 2. MALONE.

⁹ He preach'd pure maid,—] We meet with a similar phraseology in *K. John*:

" He speaks plain cannon fire, and bounce, and smoke."

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

" I speak to thee plain soldier." MALONE.

¹ —like a cherubin above them hover'd.] So, in *Macbeth* :

" —or heaven's cherubin, hors'd

" Upon the sightless couriers of the air." STEEVENS.

² O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,] So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" With groans that thunder love, and sighs of fire." MALONE.

³ —that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,] That passion which he copied from others so naturally that it seemed real and his own. Ow'd
 hat

Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid⁴!

has here, as in many other places in our authour's works, the signification of *owned*. MALONE.

4 (In this beautiful poem, in every part of which the hand of Shakspeare is visible, he perhaps meant to break a lance with Spenfer. It appears to me to have more of the simplicity and pathetick tenderness of the elder poet, in his smaller pieces, than any other poem of that time; and strongly reminds us of our authour's description of an ancient song, in *Twelfth Night*:

“ —It is silly sooth,

“ And dallies with the innocence of youth,

“ Like the old age.” MALONE.)

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TITUS ANDRONICUS,

A TRAGEDY ERRONEOUSLY ASCRIBED TO
SHAKSPEARE.

Persons Represented.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*

Bassianus, *Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia:*

Titus Andronicus, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.*

Lucius,
Quintus,
Martius,
Mutius,

} *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young Lucius, *a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

Publius, *Son to Marcus the Tribune.*

Æmilius, *a noble Roman.*

Alarbus,
Chiron,
Demetrius,

} *Sons to Tamora.*

Aaron, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

*A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.
Goths, and Romans.*

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths.*

Lavinia, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a black Child.

*Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers,
and Attendants.*

SCENE, Rome; and the Country near it.

TITUS ANDRONICUS¹.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. Before the Capitol.

The tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his followers, on the other; with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;

And,

¹ On what principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet's plays admitted this into their volume, cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned, is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the authour, in revising it, or in some other way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft in the time of King Charles II. warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. "I have been told" (says he in his preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687,) "by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters."

"A booke entitled *A noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*" was entered at Stationers-Hall, Feb. 6, 1593-4. This was undoubtedly the play, as it was printed in that year (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have seen the first edition,) and acted by the servants of the Earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Suffex. It is observable that in the entry no authour's name is mentioned, and that the play was originally performed by the same company of comedians who exhibited the old drama, entitled *The Contention of the Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, *The old Taming of a Shrew*, and Marlowe's *King Edward II.* by whom not one of Shakspeare's plays is said to have been performed. See the *Dissertation on King Henry VI.* Vol. VI. p. 19.

From Ben Jonson's Induction to *Barbolomeu Fair*, 1614, we learn that *Andronicus* had been exhibited twenty five or thirty years before; that is, according to the lowest computation in 1589; or taking a middle period, which is perhaps more just, in 1587.

To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakspeare, would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were examined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth; those who are well acquainted with his works, cannot entertain a

And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title² with your swords :

I am

doubt on the question.—I will however mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of *Appius and Virginia*, *Tancred and Gismund*, *the Battle of Alcazar*, *Feronimo*, *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, *the Wounds of Civil War*, *the Wars of Cyrus*, *Lochrine*, *Arden of Feversham*, *King Edward I*, *the Spanish Tragedy*, *Solyman and Perseda*, *King Leir*, the old *King John*, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakspeare, and he will at once perceive that *Titus Andronicus* was coined in the same mint.

The testimony of Meres, mentioned in a subsequent note, alone remains to be considered. His enumerating this among Shakspeare's plays may be accounted for in the same way in which we may account for its being printed by his fellow-comedians in the first folio edition of his works. Meres was in 1598, when his book appeared, intimately connected with Drayton, and probably acquainted with some of the dramatick poets of the time, from some or other of whom he might have heard that Shakspeare interested himself about this tragedy, or had written a few lines for the authour. The internal evidence furnished by the piece itself, and proving it not to have been the production of Shakspeare, greatly outweighs any single testimony on the other side. Meres might have been misinformed, or inconsiderately have given credit to the rumour of the day. For six of the plays which he has mentioned, (exclusive of the evidence which the representation of the pieces themselves might have furnished,) he had perhaps no better authority than the whisper of the theatre; for they were not then printed. He could not have been deceived by a title-page, as Dr. Johnson supposes; for Shakspeare's name is *not* in the title-page of the edition printed in quarto in 1611, and therefore we may conclude, was not in the title-page of that in 1594, of which the other was undoubtedly a re-impression. Had this mean performance been the work of Shakspeare, can it be supposed that the booksellers would not have endeavoured to procure a sale for it by stamping his name upon it?

In short, the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the Stationers' books and being afterwards printed without the name of our authour, its being performed by the servants of Lord Pembroke, &c. the stately march of the versification, the whole colour of the composition, its resemblance to several of our most ancient dramas, the dissimilitude of the style from our authour's undoubted compositions, and the tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft, when some of his contemporaries had not been long dead, (for Lowin and Taylor, two of his fellow-comedians, were alive a few years before the Restoration, and Sir William D'Avenant, who had himself written for the stage in 1629, did not die till April 1668;) all these circumstances combined, prove with irresistible force that the play of *Titus Andronicus* has been erroneously ascribed to

² — my successive title —] i. e. my title to the succession. MALONE.
Shakspeare.

I am his first-born son, that was the last
That ware the imperial diadem of Rome;

Then

Shakspeare.—I once intended not to have admitted it into the present edition; but that every reader may be enabled to judge for himself, I have inserted it here, having first placed our authour's poems as a barrier between this spurious piece, and his undoubted dramas. MALONE.

It is observable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactness equal to that of the other books of those times. The first edition was probably corrected by the authour, so that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much molested this piece with officious criticism. JOHNSON.

There is an authority for ascribing this play to Shakspeare, which I think a very strong one, though not made use of, as I remember, by any one of his commentators. It is given to him, among other plays, which are undoubtedly his, in a little book, called *Palladis Tamia, or the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth*, written by Francis Meres, Maister of arts, and printed at London in 1598. The other tragedies, enumerated as his in that book, are *King John*, *Richard the Second*, *Henry the Fourth*, *Richard the Third*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The comedies are, the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the *Gentlemen of Verona*, the *Errors*, the *Love's Labour Lost*, the *Love's Labour Won*, and the *Merchant of Venice*. I have given this list, as it serves so far to ascertain the date of these plays; and also, as it contains a notice of a comedy of Shakspeare, the *Love's Labour Won*, not included in any collection of his works; nor, as far as I know, attributed to him by any other authority. If there should be a play in being, with that title, though without Shakspeare's name, I should be glad to see it; and I think the editor would be sure of the publick thanks, even if it should prove no better than the *Love's Labour Lost*. TYRWHITT.

The work of criticism on the plays of this authour, is, I believe, generally found to extend or contract itself in proportion to the value of the piece under consideration; and we shall always do little where we desire but little should be done. I know not that this piece stands in need of much emendation; though it might be treated as condemned criminals are in some countries,—any experiments might be justifiably made on it.

The author, whoever he was, might have borrowed the story, the names, the characters, &c. from an old ballad, which is entered in the books of the Stationers' Company immediately after the play on the same subject. "John Danter] Feb. 6. 1593. A book entitled *A Noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*."

"Entered unto him also the ballad thereof."

Entered again April 19, 1602, by Tho. Pavyer.

The reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, vol. I. Dr. Percy adds that "there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakspeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him; for not to mention that the style

Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my
right,—

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS *aloft, with the crown.*

Mar. Princes,—that strive by factions, and by friends,

style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the induction to Ben Jonson's *Baribolomew Fair* in 1614, as one that had then been exhibited "five and twenty or thirty years:" which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakspeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces, and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shews at least it was a first attempt."

Though we are obliged to Dr. Percy for his attempt to clear our great dramatic writer from the imputation of having produced this sanguinary performance, yet I cannot admit that the circumstance of its being discreditably mentioned by Ben Jonson, ought to have any weight; for Ben has not very sparingly censured the *Tempest*, and other pieces which are undoubtedly among the most finished works of Shakspeare. The whole of Ben's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, is a malicious sneer on him.

Sir W. Painter in his *Palace of Pleasure*, tom. II. speaks of the story of *Titus* as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty of *Tamora*: and in *A Knack to know a Knaave*, 1594, is the following allusion to it:

"——as welcome shall you be

" To me, my daughters, and my son-in-law,

" As *Titus* was unto the Roman senators,

" When he had made a conquest on the *Goths*."

Whatever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this tragedy among those of Shakspeare, all it has gained by their favour is, to be delivered down to posterity with repeated remarks of contempt,—a Thersites babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be derided.

See the notes at the conclusion of this piece. STEEVENS.

Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
 Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
 A special party, have, by common voice,
 In election for the Roman empery,
 Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
 For many good and great deserts to Rome ;
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,
 Lives not this day within the city walls :
 He by the senate is accited home,
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
 Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
 Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field ;
 And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
 Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
 Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts !

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
 In thy uprightness and integrity,
 And so I love and honour thee, and thine,
 Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
 And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[Exeunt the followers of Bassianus.]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
 I thank

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all ;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the followers of Saturninus.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,

As I am confident and kind to thee.—

Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes ! and me, a poor competitor.

[*Sat. and Bas. go into the Capitol, and exeunt
with Senators, Marcus, &c.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter a Captain, and Others.

Cap. Romans, make way ; The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Flourish of trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS ;
after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black ;
then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS
ANDRONICUS ; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS,
CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths,
prisoners ; soldiers, and people, following. The bearers
set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds³ !
Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her freight⁴,

Returns

³ *Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds !*] I suspect that the poet wrote—in my mourning weeds ! i. e. Titus would say ; Thou, Rome, art victorious, though I am a mourner for those sons which I have lost in obtaining that victory. *WARBURTON.*

⁴ *Ty* is as well as *my*. We may suppose the Romans in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mourning habits.

JOHNSON.

Or

Returns with precious lading to the bay,
 From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
 Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
 To re-salute his country with his tears ;
 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
 Thou great defender of this Capitol ⁵,
 Stand gracious to the rites that we intend !—
 Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
 Half of the number that king Priam had,
 Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead !
 These, that survive, let Rome reward with love ;
 These, that I bring unto their latest home,
 With burial amongst their ancestors :
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
 Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ⁶ ?—
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars !
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more ?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
 That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthly prison of their bones ;
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,

Or that they were in mourning for their emperor who was just dead.

STEEVENS.

4 —her *fraught*,] Old Copies—*his* *fraught*. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

5 *Thou great defender of this Capitol*,] Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred. JOHNSON.

6 *To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?*] Here we have one of the numerous classical notions that are scattered with a pedantick profusion through this piece. MALONE.

Nor

Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth⁷.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?

Draw near them then in being merciful⁸:

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;

Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself⁹, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,

⁷ *Nor we disturb'd by prodigies on earth.*] It was supposed by the ancients, that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to their friends and relations, to solicit the rites of funeral. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?*

Draw near them then in being merciful;] “Homines enim ad deos nulla re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando.” *Cicero pro Ligario*. From this passage Mr. Whalley infers the learning of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Patient yourself, &c.*] This verb is used by other dramatic writers So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

“Patient yourself, we cannot help it now.”

Again, in *King Edward I.* 1593:

“Patient your highness, 'tis but mother's love.” STEEVENS.

Let's

Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius,
with Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive

To tremble under Titus' threatening look.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,

The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy

With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent¹,

May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,

(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS,
with their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd

Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,

And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,

Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.

¹ *The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy*

With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent, &c.] I read, against the authority of all the copies:—*in her tent*, i. e. in the tent where she and the other Trojan captive women were kept: for thither Hecuba by a wile had decoyed Polymnestor, in order to perpetrate her revenge. This we may learn from Euripides's *Hecuba*; the only author, that I can at present remember, from whom our writer must have gleaned this circumstance. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald should first have proved to us that our author understood Greek, or else that this play of Euripides had been translated. In the mean time, because neither of these particulars are verified, we may as well suppose he took it from the old story-book of the *Trojan War*, or the old translation of *Ovid*. See *Metam.* xiii. The writer of the play, whoever he was, might have been misled by the passage in *Ovid*: “—vadit ad artificem,” and therefore took it for granted that she found him in *his tent*. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that the writer of this play had read Euripides in the original. Mr. Steevens justly observes in a subsequent note near the end of this scene, that there is “a plain allusion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakespeare.” MALONE.

Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[Trumpet sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons ;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges ; here, are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep :

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here my sons !

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long ;
My noble lord and father, live in fame !
Lo ! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies ;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age, to glad my heart !—
Lavinia, live ; out-live thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise ² !

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BAS-
SIANUS, and Others.*

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords :

² And *fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !*] This absurd wish is made sense of, by changing *and* into *in*. WARBURTON.

To *live in fame's date* is, if an allowable, yet a harsh expression. To *outlive an eternal date*, is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame. JOHNSON.

But

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
 That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness³,
 And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
 Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
 This palliament of white and spotless hue;
 And name thee in election for the empire,
 With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
 Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
 Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
 What! should I don this robe⁴, and trouble you?
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day;
 To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all?
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And led my country's strength successfully;
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country:
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
 But not a sceptre to control the world:
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery⁵.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—
 Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,

³ *That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,*] The maxim of Solon here alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced to be happy before his death:

—ultima semper

Expectanda dies homini; dicique beatus

Ante obitum nemo, supremaque funera, debet. Ovid. MALONE.

⁴ —*don this robe,*] i. e. *do on* this robe, put it on. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Then up he rose, and *don'd* his clothes." STEEVENS.

⁵ *Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.*] Here is rather too much of the ὕστερον πρότερον. STEEVENS.

Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturninus ! interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee !

Tit. Content thee, prince ; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die ;
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends⁶,
I will most thankful be : and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages ;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal :
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor !*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor ;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine !* [*A long flourish.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse :
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord ; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace :

⁶ —thy friends,] Old Copies—*friend*. Corrected in the fourth folio.

And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
[to Tamora.]

To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes; Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord⁷; fith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia —Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

⁷ *Lav.* Not I, my lord;—] It was pity to part a couple who seem to have corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse her, already wishes he were to choose again; and she who was engaged to Bassianus (whom she afterwards marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her subsequent raillery to Tamora is of so coarse a nature, that if her tongue had been all she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author (whoever he was) would have escaped censure on the score of poetic justice. STEEVENS.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*seizing Lavinia.*]

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The emperor courts Tamora in dumb shew.*]

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt Marcus and Bassianus, with Lavinia.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!

Barr'st me my way in Rome? [Titus kills Mutius.]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [Exit.]

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there⁸ none else in Rome to make a stale of,

⁸ *Was there, &c.*] The words, *there, else, and of*, are not found in the old copies. This conjectural emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
 Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
 That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece⁹
 To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
 A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
 One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
 To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome¹.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
 That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
 Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of Rome²,—
 If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
 Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
 And will create thee emperess of Rome.
 Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
 And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,—
 Sith priest and holy water are so near,
 And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
 In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
 I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
 Or climb my palace, till from forth this place

⁹ — *changing piece*—] Spoken of Lavinia. *Piece* was then, as it is now, used personally as a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

So in *Britannia's Pastorals* by Brown, 1613:

“ — her husband, weaken'd *piece*,

“ Must have his cullis mix'd with ambergrease;

“ Pheasant and partridge into jelly turn'd,

“ Grated with gold.” STEEVENS.

¹ *To ruffle in the common-wealth of Rome.*] A *ruffler* was a kind of cheating bully; and is so called in a statute made for the punishment of vagabonds in the 27th year of K. Henry VIII. See Greene's *Ground-work of Coney-catching*, 1592. Hence, I suppose, this sense of the verb, to *ruffle*. *Rufflers* are likewise enumerated among other vagabonds, by Holinshed, Vol. I. p. 183. STEEVENS.

To *ruffle* meant, to be noisy, disorderly, turbulent. A *ruffler* was a boisterous swaggerer. MALONE.

² *That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
 Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of Rome,*]

— *Micat inter omnes*

Julium sidus, velut inter ignes

Luna minores. HOR. MALONE.

I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon :—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his followers ; TAMORA, and her sons ; AARON and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid^s to wait upon this bride ;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs ?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done !
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no ; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family ;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons !

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes ;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away ! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified ;
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame ; none basely slain in brawls :—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you :
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him ;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall ? What villain was it spoke that word ?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite ?

Mar. No, noble Titus ; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

³ *I am not bid—*] i. e. invited. See Vol. III. p. 36, n. 3. MALONE.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded :
My foes I do repute you every one ;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interr

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.

The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals⁴.

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise;—

The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

All. No man shed tears⁵ for noble Mutius;

⁴ *The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,*

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals.]

This passage alone sufficiently convinces me, that the play before us was the work of one who was conversant with the Greek tragedies in their original language. We have here a plain allusion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakspeare. In that piece, Agamemnon consents at last to allow Ajax the rites of sepulture, and Ulysses is the pleader, whose arguments prevail in favour of his remains.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *No man shed tears, &c.]* This is evidently a translation of the distich of Ennius:

Nemo me lacrumis decoret: nec funera fletu

Facit. quor? voluto vivu' per ora virum. STEEVENS.

He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—
How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes⁶, and will nobly him remunerate.

*Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended;
TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS and AARON: At
the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and Others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be control'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;

⁶ *Yes, &c.*] This line is not in the quarto. I suspect, when it was added by the editor of the folio, he inadvertently omitted to prefix the name of the speaker, and that it belongs to Marcus. In the second line of this speech the modern editors read—*If by device, &c.* MALONE.

That

That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome forefend,
I should be author to dishonour you!

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not disssembled, speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with four looks afflict his gentle heart.—

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,) } [*Aside.*
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a

queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in
vain.—

Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have past
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia ;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest,

Sat. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends :

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend ; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends :
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [Exeunt.]

A C T

A C T II. S C E N E I'.

*The same. Before the Palace.**Enter AARON.*

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
 Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
 Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;
 Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
 As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
 And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
 Gallops the zodiack in his glistering coach,
 And over-looks the highest-peering hills;
 So Tamora.—
 Upon her wit² doth earthly honour wait,
 And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
 Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
 And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
 Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
 And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
 Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucasus.
 Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made empress.
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
 This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen³,
 This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
 Holla! what storm is this?

¹ In the quarto, the direction is, *Manet Aaron*, and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he says nothing. This scene ought to continue the first act. JOHNSON.

² *Upon her wit—*] We should read,

Upon her will— WARBURTON.

I think *wit*, for which she is eminent in the drama, is right.

JOHNSON.

The *wit* of Tamora is again mentioned in this scene:

“Come, come, our empress with her sacred *wit*,” &c.

MALONE.

³ —*this queen*,] The compositor probably repeated the word *queen* inadvertently; [see the preceding line:] what was the poet's word, it is hardly worth while to conjecture. MALONE.

Enter CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd ;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all ;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate :
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs * ! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side †,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends ?
Go to ; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave ? [*They draw.*]

Aar. Why, how now, lords ?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly ?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge ;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns :
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I ; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—

* *Clubs, clubs ! &c.*] The usual exclamation formerly, when an affray arose. See Vol. III. p. 219, n. 6, and Vol. VI. p. 22. n. 1. MALONE.

† —a dancing rapier by your side,] So in *All's Well that Ends Well* :

“ —no sword worn

“ But one to dance with.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 386, n. 4. MALONE.

Foul-spoken coward ! that thunder'ft with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ft perform.

Aar. Away, I fay.—

Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,

This petty brabble will undo us all.—

Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous

It is to jut upon a prince's right ?

What, is Lavinia then become fo loose,

Or Bassianus fo degenerate,

That for her love fuch quarrels may be broach'd,

Without controlment, juftice, or revenge ?

Young lords, beware !—an fhould the empress know

This difcord's ground, the mufick would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew ſhe and all the world ;

I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make ſome meaner choice :

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad ? or know ye not, in Rome

How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brook competitors in love ?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths

By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thouſand deaths

Would I propoſe⁶, to achieve her whom I do love.

Aar. To achieve her !—How ?

Dem. Why mak'ſt thou it ſo ſtrange ?

She is a woman *, therefore may be woo'd ;

She is a woman, therefore may be won ;

She is Lavinia, therefore muſt be lov'd.

What, man ! more water glideth by the mill⁷

⁶ ———— a thouſand deaths

Would I propoſe,] Whether Chiron means he would contrive a thouſand deaths for others, or imagine as many cruel ones for himſelf, I am unable to determine. STEEVENS.

Aaron's words, to which theſe are an answer, ſeems to lead to the latter interpretation. MALONE.

* She is a woman, &c.] Suffolk in the firſt part of *King Henry VI.* makes uſe of almoſt the ſame words :

“ She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd ;

“ She is a woman ; therefore to be won.” ANONYMUS.

⁷ — more water glideth by the mill, &c.] A Scots proverb, “ Mickle water goes by the miller when he ſleeps.” STEEVENS.

Than

Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive⁸, we know :
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn * Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe⁹,
And born her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seem, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye, — And are you such fools,
To square for this¹? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?

Chi. 'Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do

⁸ —to steal a shive,] A *shive* is a *slice*. So in the Tale of *Argentile and Curan* in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602 :

“ A *sheeve* of bread as browne as nut.

Demetrius is again indebted to a Scots proverb :

“ It is safe taking a *shive* of a cut loaf.” STEEVENS.

* —have worn—] *Worn* is here used as a dissyllable. The modern editors, however, after the second folio, read—have yet worn. MALONE.

⁹ —struck a doe,] Mr. Holt is willing to infer from this passage that *Titus Andronicus* was not only the work of Shakspeare, but one of his earliest performances, because the stratagems of his former profession seem to have been yet fresh in his mind. I had made the same observation in *K. Henry VI.* before I had seen his; but when we consider how many phrases are borrowed from the sports of the field, which were more followed in our author's time, than any other amusement; I do not think there is much in either his remark or my own.—Let me add, that we have here Demetrius, the son of a queen, demanding of his brother prince if he has not often been reduced to practice the common artifices of a deer-stealer:—an absurdity right worthy of the rest of the piece. STEEVENS.

Demetrius surely here addresses Aaron, not his brother. MALONE.

¹ To square for this?—] To *square* is to quarrel. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 459, n. 2. MALONE.

That

That you affect ; and so must you resolve ;
 That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
 You must perforce accomplish as you may.
 Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
 Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
 A speedier course than lingering languishment ²
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;
 There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :
 The forest walks are wide and spacious ;
 And many unfrequented plots there are,
 Fitted by kind ³ for rape and villainy :
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words :
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit *,
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;
 And she shall file our engines with advice ⁴,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns :
 There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Cbi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

² — than *lingering languishment*] The quarto and folio read :

A speedier course *this* lingering languishment—.

The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

³ —by kind—] That is, by *nature*, which is the old signification of *kind*. JOHNSON.

* —with her sacred wit,] *Sacred* here signifies *accursed* ; a Latinism.

—*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,*

Auri sacra fames? Virg. MALONE.

⁴ —file our engines with advice,] i. e. remove all impediments from our designs by advice. The allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by conferring smoothness, facilitates the motion of the wheels which compose an engine or piece of machinery. STEVENS.

*Per Styga, per manes uebor*⁵.—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II⁶.

A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance. Horns, and cry of hounds, heard.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c. MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey⁷,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor, and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince ; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully :
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BAS-
SIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and At-
tendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty ;—
Madam, to you as many and as good !—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

⁵ *Per Styga, &c.*] These scraps of Latin are, I believe, taken, though not exactly, from some of Seneca's tragedies. STEEVENS.

⁶ The division of this play into acts, which was first made by the editors in 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the second act ought to have begun. JOHNSON.

⁷ —*the morn is bright and grey,*] i. e. bright and yet not red, which was a sign of storms and rain, but *gray*, which foretold fair weather. Yet the Oxford editor alters *gray* to *gay*. WARBURTON.

Surely the Oxford editor is in the right; unless we reason like the Witches in *Macbeth*, and say,

“ Fair is foul, and foul is fair.” STEEVENS.

The old copy is, I think, right, nor did *grey* anciently denote any thing of an uncheerful hue. It signified *blue*, “of heaven's own tinct,” So, in Shakspere's 132d Sonnet:—

“ And truly not the *morning* sun of heaven

“ Better becomes the *grey* cheeks of the east,—.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

“ —it stuck upon him as the sun

“ In the *grey* vault of heaven.” MALONE.

Sat.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Law. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport:—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [to Tamora.]

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

A desert part of the forest.

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think, that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it^s.

Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest⁹,

[hides the gold.]
That have their alms out of the empress' chest¹.

^s —to inherit it.] To *inher-it* formerly signified to possess. See Vol. I. p. 79, n. 9; and Vol. V. p. 7, n. 5. MALONE.

⁹ —for their unrest,] *Unrest*, for *disquiet*, is a word frequently used by the old writers. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

“Thus therefore will I rest me, in *unrest*.” STEEVENS.

¹ *That have their alms, &c.*] This is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it. JOHNSON.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad²,
 When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
 The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
 The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a chequer'd shadow³ on the ground:
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And—whilst the babling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
 Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
 And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
 'The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
 Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song

² *My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,*] In the course of the following notes several examples of the savage genius of Ravenscroft, who altered this play in the reign of K. Charles II. are set down for the entertainment of the reader. The following is a specimen of his descriptive talents. Instead of the line with which this speech of Tamora begins, she is made to say:

The emperor, with *wine* and *luxury* o'ercome,
 Is fallen *asleep*; in's *pendant couch* he's laid,
 That *bangs* in yonder grotto *rock'd* by winds,
 Which rais'd by art do give it gentle motion:
 And troops of slaves stand round with fans perfum'd,
 Made of the feathers pluck'd from Indian birds,
 And cool him into golden slumbers:
 This time I chose to come to thee, my Moor.
 My lovely Aaron, wherefore, &c.

An emperor who has had too large a dose of love and wine, and in consequence of satiety in both, falls asleep on a bed which partakes of the nature of a sailor's hammock and of a child's cradle, is a curiosity which only Ravenscroft could have ventured to describe on the stage. I hope I may be excused for transplanting a few of his flowers into the barren desert of our comments on this tragedy. STEEVENS.

³ — *a chequer'd shadow*—] Milton has the same expression:

“ — many a maid

“ Dancing in the *chequer'd shade*.” STEEVENS.

Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine ⁴:

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,

My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?

My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,

Even as an adder, when she doth unroll

To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs;

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,

Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,

Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—

This is the day of doom for Bassianus;

His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day ⁵:

Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,

And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.

Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,

And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:—

Now question me no more, we are espied;

Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,

Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes:

Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons

To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

[*Exit.*

⁴ —though Venus govern your desires,

Saturn is dominator over mine:] The meaning of this passage may be illustrated by the astronomical description of Saturn, which Venus gives in Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585. "The star of Saturn is especially cooling, and somewhat drie, &c." Again, in the *Sea Voyage*, by B. and Fletcher.

"—for your aspect,

"You're much inclin'd to melancholy, and that

"Tells me, the *fullen Saturn* had predominance

"At your nativity, a malignant planet!

"And if not qualified by a sweet conjunction

"Of a soft ruddy wench, born under Venus,

"It may prove fatal." COLLINS.

⁵ His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day:] See p. 149, n. 1.

Enter BASSIANUS, and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal emperess,
Unfurnish'd of her * well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Acteon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs⁶,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle emperess,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian⁷
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For fauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,

*—of her—] Old Copies—of our. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁶ Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,] The author of the *Revisal* suspects that the poet wrote:

Should thrive upon thy new-transformed limbs;
as the former is an expression that suggests no image to the fancy. But *drive*, I think, may stand, with this meaning: *the bounds should pass with impetuous haste*, &c. So, in *Hamlet*:

Pyrrhus at Priam drives, &c.

i. e. flies with impetuosity at him. STEEVENS.

The old copies have—upon his new-transformed limbs. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁷ —swarth Cimmerian] *Swarth* is black. The Moor is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackness to darkness. JOHNSON.

And

And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love ;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have notice of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long⁸ :
Good king ! to be so mightily abus'd !

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

Enter CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan ?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale ?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is :
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.
Here never shines the sun⁹ ; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly¹.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew ;
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me, foul adulterers,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

⁸ —noted long:] He had not yet been married but one night JOHNSON.

⁹ Here never shines the sun, &c.] Mr. Rowe seems to have thought on this passage in his *Jane Shore* :

“ This is the house where the sun never dawns ;

“ The bird of night sits screaming o'er its roof ;

“ Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,

“ And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings.” STEEV.

¹ Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.] This is said in fabulous physiology, of those that hear the groan of the mandrake torn up.

JOHNSON.

The same thought and almost the same expressions occur in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

'That ever ear did hear to such effect.
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed :
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son. [*stabs Bassianus.*]

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my strength.
 [*stabbing him likewise.*]

Law. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora !
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own !

Tam. Give me thy poniard ; you shall know, my boys,
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her ;
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw :
 This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted hope braves your mightiness² :
 And shall he carry this unto her grave ?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire *,
 Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam ; we will make that sure.—
 Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Law. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak ; away with her.

Law. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : Let it be your glory,
 To see her tears ; but be your heart to them,
 As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Law. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam ?
 O, do not learn her wrath ; she taught it thee :
 'The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble ;

² *And with that painted hope braves your mightiness :*] *Painted hope*
 is only *specious* hope, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid.

JOHNSON.

* —you desire,—] Old Copies—we desire. Corrected in the second
 folio. MALONE.

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike ;

Do thou entreat her shew a woman pity. [to Chiron.

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself a
bastard ?

Lav. 'Tis true ; the raven doth not hatch a lark :

Yet have I heard, (O could I find it now !)

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

Tam. I know not what it means ; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee : for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless :—

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice ;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent ;

Therefore away with her, and use her as you will ;

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place :

For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long ;

Poor I was slain, when Bassianus dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then ? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :

O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit ;

Where never man's eye may behold my body :

Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee :
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away ; for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace ? no womanhood ? Ah beastly creature !
The blot and enemy to our general name !

Confusion fall—

Cbi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth :—Bring thou her husband ; *[dragging off Lavinia.]*

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. *[Exeunt.]*

Tam. Farewel, my sons : see, that you make her sure :
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflow'r. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E IV.

The same.

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords ; the better foot before :
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you ; wer't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[Martius falls into the pit.]

Quin. What, art thou fallen ? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars ;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers ?
A very fatal place it seems to me :—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Mart. O, brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. *[Aside.]* Now will I fetch the king to find them
here ;

That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they, that made away his brother.

[Exit AARON.]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole ?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear :
A chilling sweat oe'r-runs my trembling joints ;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone ; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise :
O, tell me how it is ; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he ?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring³, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews the ragged entrails of this pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out ;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

³ *A precious ring,—*] There is supposed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr. Boyle believes the reality of its existence. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, history the sixth : " He farther beheld and saw a carbuncle in the hall that lighted all the house." Again, in Lydgate's *Description of king Priam's Palace*, l. 2 :

" And for most chese all dirkenes to confound,

" A carbuncle was set as kyng of stones all,

" To recomforte and gladden all the hall ;

" And it to enlumine in the black night

" With the freshnes of his ruddy light."

Chaucer, in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, attributes the same properties to the carbuncle :

" Soche light ysprang out of the stone." STEEVENS.

I have

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS, and AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chafe;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,

[*giving a letter.*]

The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*reads.*] *An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—*
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,

Which

*Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.*

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder tree:

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[Shewing it.]

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*to Tit.*] fell curs of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:—

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;

There let them bide, until we have devis'd

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,

Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:

For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,

They shall be ready at your highness' will,

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;

For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,

That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;

Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravish'd; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me⁴!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands

Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;

And might not gain so great a happiness,

As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflow'ed thee;

And, lest thou should'st detect him⁵, cut thy tongue.

⁴ *If I do dream, &c.*] If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking. JOHNSON.

⁵ *—lest thou should'st detect him, &c.*] Old Copies—detect them. The same mistake has happened in many other old plays. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe.

Tereus, having ravished Philomel, his wife's sister, cut out her tongue, to prevent a discovery. See p. 149, n. 1. MALONE.

Ah,

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame !
 And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
 As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,—
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
 Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
 Shall I speak for thee ? shall I say, 'tis so ?
 O, that I knew thy heart ; and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind !
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind :
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee ;
 A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them ;
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life :
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye :
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee ;
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery ! [*Exeunt.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of justice, with Martius and Quintus, bound, passing on to the place of execution ; Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers ! noble tribunes, stay !
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent

In

In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept ;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed ;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd ;
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks ;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought !
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
 For these, these, tribunes*, in the dust I write

[throwing himself on the ground.]

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the prisoners.]

O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns⁶;
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers :
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still ;
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! O gentle aged men !
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;
 And let me say, that never wept before,
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain ;
 The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead :
 Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man : if they did hear,
 They would not mark me ; or, if they did mark,
 All bootless unto them, they would not pity me.

* *For these, these, tribunes,*] The latter *these* was added for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁶ — *two ancient urns,*] Oxford editor. — Vulg. *two ancient ruins.*

JOHNSON.

Therefore

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones ;
 Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
 Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale :
 When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
 Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;
 And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
 Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
 A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones :
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not ;
 And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death :
 For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
 My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man ! they have befriended thee.
 Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
 That Rome is but a wilderness of tygers ?
 Tygers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey,
 But me and mine : How happy art thou then,
 From these devourers to be banished ?
 But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep ;
 Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break ;
 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me ? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me ! this object kills me !

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her :—
 Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee helpless in thy father's sight ?
 What fool hath added water to the sea ?
 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy ?
 My grief was at the height, before thou cam'st,
 And now like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too⁷ ;

For

⁷ —I'll chop off my hands too ;] Perhaps we should read :—or chop off, &c. It is not easy to discover how Titus, when he had chopp'd
 off

For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;
 And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life ;
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use :
 Now, all the service I require of them
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;
 For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts *,
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage ;
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 Sweet vary'd notes, enchanting every ear !

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
 Seeking to hide herself ; as doth the deer,
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer ⁸ ; and he, that wounded her,
 Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead :
 For now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
 This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes ;
 But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—

off one of his hands, would have been able to have chopp'd off the other. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt the text is as the authour wrote it. Let him answer for the blunder. In a subsequent line he supposes himself his own executioner : " Now, all the service I require of *them*, &c." MALONE.

* *O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,*] This piece furnishes scarce any resemblances to Shakspeare's works ; this one expression, however, is found in his *Venus and Adonis* :

" Once more *the engine of her thoughts* began." MALONE.

⁸ *It was my deer* ;—] The play upon *deer* and *dear* has been used by Waller, who calls a lady's girdle,

" The pale that held my lovely *deer*." JOHNSON.

Had

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have madd'd me ; What shall I do
 Now I behold thy lively body so ?
 Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears ;
 Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
 Thy husband he is dead ; and, for his death,
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this :—
 Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her !
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks ; as doth the honey dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband :

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
 Witness the sorrow, that their sister makes.—
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ;
 Or make some sign how I may do thee ease :
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain ;
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd ; like meadows *, yet not dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
 What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for, at your grief,
 See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece :—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wot,
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,

* —like *meadows*—] Old Copies—in meadows. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her signs :
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee ;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this !
As far from help as limbo is from bliss*.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king : he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive ;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor ! O, gentle Aaron !
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand ;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

Luc. Stay, father ; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent ; my hand will serve the turn :
My youth can better spare my blood than you ;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle ?

O, none

* —as limbo is from bliss.] The *limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *limbo* to his Paradise of Fools. REED.

⁹ *Writing destruction on the enemy's castle ?*] Thus all the editions. But Mr. Theobald, after ridiculing the sagacity of the former editors at the expence of a great deal of awkward mirth, corrects it to *casque* ; and this, he says, he'll stand by : And the Oxford editor, taking his security, will stand by it too. But what a slippery ground is critical confidence ! Nothing could bid fairer for a right conjecture ; yet 'tis all

O, none of both but are of high desert :
 My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve
 To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
 Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
 For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more ; such wither'd herbs as these
 Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
 Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,

all imaginary. A close helmet, which covered the whole head, was called a *casle*, and, I suppose, for that very reason. Don Quixote's barber, at least as good a critic as these editors, says, (in Shelton's translation, 1612,) " I know what is a helmet, and what a morrion, and what a close *casle*, and other things touching warfare." Lib. iv. cap. 18. And the original, *celada de encaxe*, has something of the same signification. Shakspeare uses the word again in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" —and, Diomede,

" Stand fast, and wear a *casle* on thy head." WARBURTON.

" Dr. Warburton's proof (says the author of the *Revisal*) rests wholly on two mistakes ; one of a printer, the other of his own. In Shelton's *Don Quixote* the word *close casle* is an error of the press for a *close casque*, which is the exact interpretation of the Spanish original, *celada de encaxe* ; this Dr. Warburton must have seen, if he had understood Spanish as well as he pretends to do. For the primitive *caxa*, from whence the word, *encaxe*, is derived, signifies a *box*, or *coffer* ; but never a *casle*. His other proof is taken from this passage in *Tro. and Cr.*

" —and, Diomede,

" Stand fast, and wear a *casle* on thy head."

wherein Troilus doth not advise Diomede to wear a helmet on his head, for that would be poor indeed, as he always wore one in battle ; but to guard his head with the most impenetrable armour, to shut it up even in a *casle*, if it were possible, or else his sword should reach it."

After all this reasoning, however, it appears that a *casle* did actually signify a *close helmet*. So, in Holinshed, vol. II. p. 815 :—" Then suddenly with great noise of trumpets entered sir Thomas Knevet in a *castell* of cole blacke, and over the *castell* was written, The dolorous *castell*, and so he and the earle of Essex, &c. ran their courses with the king," &c. STEEVENS.

The instance quoted does not appear to me to prove what it was adduced for ; wooden castles having been sometimes introduced in ancient tournaments. The passage in the text is itself much more decisive.

MALONE.

E e 2

Now

Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

Tit. Come, hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them both ;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*]

Enter LUCIUS, and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife ; what shall be, is dispatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand :

'Tell him, it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it ;

More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus ; and for thy hand,

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee :—

Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aside.*]

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :

If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call :—What, wilt thou kneel with me ? [*to Lav.*]

Do then, dear heart ; for heaven shall hear our prayers ;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,

And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,

When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O ! brother speak with possibilities,

And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?

Then be my passions bottomless with them,

Mar.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [Exit.

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[Lavinia kisses him.]

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kifs is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;

9 —do blow!] Old Copies—do flow. Corrected in the second folio.
MALONE.

Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
 Thy other banish'd son, with this dear fight
 Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
 Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
 Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs¹:
 Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
 Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal fight
 The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
 Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh! it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why I have not another tear to shed:

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
 And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
 And make them blind with tributary tears;
 Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
 And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
 Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
 Even in their throats that have committed them.
 Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
 You heavy people, circle me about;
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
 The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
 And in this hand the other will I bear:
 Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things²;
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth,
 As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my fight;
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

Luc. Farewel, Andronicus, my noble father;

¹ —*thy griefs*:] The old copies have *my* griefs. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

² *Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things*;] Thus the folio, 1623. The quarto 1611 thus:

And Lavinia thou shalt be employ'd in these *arms*. STEEVENS.

The folio also reads—*And* Lavinia; the rest as above. The compositor probably caught the word *And* from the preceding line. MALONE.

The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome !
 Farewel, proud Rome ! till Lucius come again,
 He leaves * his pledges dearer than his life.
 Farewel, Lavinia, my noble sister ;
 O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been !
 But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
 But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs ;
 And make proud Saturnine and his empress
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit.

S C E N E II³.

A Room in Titus's House. A banquet set out.

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS,
a boy.

Tit. So, so ; now sit : and look, you eat no more
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
 Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot ;
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands
 And cannot passionate⁴ our tenfold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;
 And when[†] my heart, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 Then thus I thump it down.—
 Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs ! [to Lav.
 When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,

* *He leaves, &c.*] Old Copies—*He loves.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe.
 MALONE,

³ This scene, which does not contribute any thing to the action,
 yet seems to have the same author with the rest, is omitted in the
 quarto of 1611, but found in the folio of 1623. JOHNSON.

⁴ *And cannot passionate, &c.*] This obsolete verb is likewise found
 in Spenser :

“ Great pleasure mix'd with pitiful regard,

“ That godly king and queen did *passionate*.” STEEVENS.

† *And when, &c.*] Old Copies—*When* when—. Corrected by Mr.
 Rowe. MALONE.

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
 May run into that sink, and soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
 Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.

What violent hands can she lay on her life?

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,

How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;

Lest we remember still, that we have none.—

Fye, fye, how frantickly I square my talk!

As if we should forget we had no hands,

If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—

Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—

Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—

She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,

Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks⁵:—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,

As begging hermits in their holy prayers:

Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,

But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,

And, by still practice⁶, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire, leave these bitter deep laments;

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,

Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

⁵ — mesh'd upon her cheeks:] A very coarse allusion to brewing.

STEEVENS.

⁶ —by still practice,—] By constant or continual practice. JOHNSON.

And

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny;
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother; Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?⁷
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air⁸?
Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah*, yet I think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

⁷ —a father and mother?] *Mother* perhaps should be omitted, as the following line speaks only in the singular number, and Titus most probably confines his thoughts to the sufferings of a father. STEEV.

⁸ *And buz lamenting doings in the air?*] *Lamenting doings* is a very idle expression, and conveys no idea. I read—dolings—. The alteration which I have made, though it is but the addition of a single letter, is a great increase of the sense; and though, indeed, there is somewhat of a tautology in the epithet and substantive annexed to it, yet that's no new thing with our author. THEOBALD.

There is no need of change. *Sad doings* for any unfortunate event, is a common though not an elegant expression. STEEVENS.

* *Ab, sirrah,—*] This was formerly not a disrespectful expression. Poins uses the same address to the Prince of Wales. See Vol. V. p. 128, n. *. MALONE.

Mar.

Mar. Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me ; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. Before Titus's House.

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS,
LAVINIA running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandfire, help ! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why :—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes !
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius ; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs ?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius :—Somewhat doth she
mean :—

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee :

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator⁹.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus !

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her :

For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad ;

And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy

⁹ — *Tully's Orator.*] Tully's treatise on eloquence, addressed to Brutus, and entitled *Orator*. The quantity of Latin words was formerly little attended to. Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read *Tully's oratory*. MALONE.

Ran mad through sorrow ; That made me to fear ;
 Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
 Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
 And would not, but in fury, fright my youth :
 Which made me down to throw my books, and fly ;
 Causeless, perhaps : But pardon me, sweet aunt :
 And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
 I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[*Lavinia turns over the books which Lucius has let fall.*]

Tit. How now, Lavinia ?—Marcus, what means this ?
 Some book there is that she desires to see :—
 Which is it, girl, of these ?—Open them, boy.—
 But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd ;
 Come, and take choice of all my library,
 And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
 Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
 Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one
 Confederate in the fact ;—Ay, more there was :—
 Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis* ;
 My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
 Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft ! see, how busily she turns the leaves * !
 Help her : What would she find ? Lavinia, shall I read ?
 This is the tragick tale of Philomel,
 And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape ;
 And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother see ; note, how she quotes the
 leaves¹.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
 Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,

* *Soft ! see, how busily, &c.* Old Copies—Soft, so busily, &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

¹ —*how she quotes the leaves.* To quote is to observe. STEEVENS.
 See Vol. II. p. 378, n. 6, and Vol. III. p. 471, n. 6. MALONE.

Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but
friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down by
me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

*[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it
with his feet and mouth.]*

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

*[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it
with her stumps, and writes.]*

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit.—*Magne Dominator poli*²,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

² *Magne Regnator Deum*, &c. is the exclamation of Hippolitus when Phædra discovers the secret of her incestuous passion in Seneca's tragedy. STEEVENS.

Mar.

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord ! although, I know,
 There is enough written upon this earth,
 To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
 And arm the minds of infants to exclams.
 My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;
 And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;
 And swear with me,—as with the woeful feere³,
 And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
 Lord Junius Brutus swear for Lucrece' rape,—
 That we will prosecute, by good advice,
 Mortal revenge upon these traiterous Goths,
 And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,
 But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware :
 The dam will wake ; and, if she wind you once,
 She's with the lion deeply still in league,
 And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
 And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
 You're a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;
 And, come, I will go get a leaf of brags,
 And with a gad of steel* will write these words,
 And lay it by : the angry northern wind
 Will blow these fands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad.
 And where's your lesson then ?—Boy, what say you ?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,

³ *And swear with me, as with the woeful feere,*] *Feere* signifies a companion, and here metaphorically a husband. The proceeding of Brutus, which is alluded to, is described at length in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, as putting an end to the lamentations of Collatinus and Lucretius, the husband and father of Lucretia. So, in *Sir Eglamour of Artoys*, sig. A 4,

“ Christabell, your daughter free,

“ When shall she have a fere ?” i. e. a husband.

Sir Thomas More's *Lamentation on the Death of Q. Elizabeth, Wife of Henry VII.*

“ Was I not a kings fere in marriage ?” TYRWHITT.

The word *feere* or *pbeere* very frequently occurs among the old dramatic writers and others. STEEVENS.

* *And with a gad of steel—*] *A gad*, from the Saxon *ḡaḡ*, i. e. the point of a spear, is used here for some similar pointed instrument.

MALONE.

Their

Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy ! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury ;
Lucius, I'll fit thee ; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both :
Come, come ; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not ?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandfire.

Tit. No, boy, not so ; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come :—Marcus, look to my house ;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court ;
Ay, marry, will we, sir ; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him ?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy :
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield :
But yet so just, that he will not revenge :—
Revenge the heavens⁴ for old Andronicus ! [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one door :
at another door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant,
with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius ;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

4 *Revenge the heavens—*] We should read :
Revenge thee, heavens ?— WARBURTON.
It should be :

Revenge, ye heavens !
⁵*Ye* was by the transcriber taken for *y^e*, the. JOHNSON.
I believe the old reading is right, and signifies—*may the heavens re-*
venge, &c. STEEVENS.

I believe we should read
Revenge then heavens. TYRWHITT.

Aar.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,

I greet your honours from Andronicus;—

And pray the Roman gods, confound you both. [*Aside.*

Dem. Gramercy⁵, lovely Lucius; What's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,

My grandfire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me

The goodliest weapons of his armoury,

To gratify your honourable youth,

The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well:

And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round
about?

Let's see;

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,

Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:

I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just;—a verse in Horace;—right, you have
it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an afs!

Here's no found jest⁶! the old man hath found

their guilt;

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with
lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty empress well a-foot,

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest a while.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star

} *Aside.*

⁵ *Gramercy*,—] i. e. *grand mercy*; *great thanks*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Here's no found jest!*] Thus the old copies. This mode of expression was common formerly; So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. "Here's no fine villainy!"—We yet talk of giving a *found* drubbing. Mr. Theobald, however, and the modern editors, read—*Here's no fond jest.*

MALONE.

Led

Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er.

[*Aside. Flourish.*]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in her arms.

Nur. Good-morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God

Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:

Here

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, you whore! is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou
Canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother?

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man, but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole³ on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*takes the child from the nurse, and draws.*]

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

³ Villain, I have done thy mother.] To *do* is here used obscenely:
So, in Taylor the water poet's character of a *Prostitute*:

"She's *facile fieri*, (quickly wonne,)

"Or, constring truly, easy to be done." COLLINS.

See Vol. II. p. 11, n. 4. MALONE.

⁸ I'll broach the tadpole—] A *broach* is a spit. I'll spit the tadpole.

JOHNSON.

In Greene's *Pleasant Discovery of the Cosenage of Colliers*, 1592:
"—with that she caught a *spit* in her hand, and swore if he offered to
stirre, she should therewith *broach* him." COLLINS.

Shall seize this prey, out of his father's hands.
 What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
 Ye white-limn'd walls⁹! ye alehouse painted signs!
 Coal-black is better than another hue,
 In that it scorns to bear another hue¹:
 For all the water in the ocean
 Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.—
 Tell the empress from me, I am of age
 To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
 The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
 This, before all the world, do I prefer;
 This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape².

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy³.

Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:
 Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
 Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer⁴:

Look,

⁹ *Ye white limn'd walls—*] The old copies have—white-limn'd. The word intended, I think, was white-limn'd. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read white-lim'd. MALONE.

¹ *In that it scorns to bear another hue:]* Thus both the quarto and folio. Some modern editions had *seems* instead of *scorns*, which was restored by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

² *—for this foul escape.]* This foul illegitimate child. See p. 128, n. 5. MALONE.

³ *—this ignomy,]* i. e. ignominy. See Vol. V. p. 258, n. 1.

⁴ *—another leer:]* *Leer* is complexion, or hue. So, in *As you like it*: “—a Rosalind of a better *leer* than you.” See Mr. Toller's note on Act IV. sc. i. In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, late edit. Vol. IV. p. 320, *lere* is supposed to mean *skin*. So, in *Isumbras*, MS. Cott, Cal. 11. fol. 129:

“ His

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father ;
 As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
 He is your brother, lords ; sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;
 And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
 He is enfranchis'd and come to light :
 Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice ;
 Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
 My son and I will have the wind of you :
 Keep there : Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords ; When we all join in
 league,

I am a lamb : but if you brave the Moor,
 The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
 The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
 But, say again, how many saw the child ?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
 And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself :
 Two may keep counsel, when the third's away⁵ :
 Go to the empress ; tell her this I said :— [*stabbing her.*]
 Weke, weke !—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron ? Wherefore didst thou
 this ?

Aar. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy :
 Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?
 A long-tongu'd babbling gossip ? no, lords, no.
 And now be it known to you my full intent.

“ His lady is white as wales bone,

“ Here lere brygte to se upon,

“ So faire as blofme on tre.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Two may keep counsel, when the third's away :*] This proverb is
 introduced likewise in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. STEEVENS.

Not far, one Muliteus lives⁶, my countryman,
 His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
 His child is like to her, fair as you are:
 Go pack with him⁷, and give the mother gold,
 And tell them both the circumstance of all;
 And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
 And be received for the emperor's heir,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
 And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
 Hark ye, lords; ye see, I have given her physick,
[pointing to the nurse.]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
 This done, see that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
 Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the nurse.*]

Aar Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
 And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
 Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
 For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
 I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
 To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*]

⁶ —one *Muliteus* lives—] The word *lives*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁷ *Go pack with him,*—] *Pack* here seems to have the meaning of *make a bargain*. Or it may mean, as in the phrase of modern gamblers, to act collusively.

And mighty dukes pack knaves for half a crown. POPE.

To *pack* is to contrive insidiously. So, in *King Lear*:

“—snuffs and packings of the dukes.” STEEVENS.

S C E N E III.

The same. A publick Place.

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them; with him* MARCUS, *young* LUCIUS, *and other Gentlemen, with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:—
 Sir boy, let me see your archery; look
 Ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Afræa reliquit:—
 Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
 Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
 Go found the ocean, and cast your nets;
 Happily you may find her in the sea;
 Yet there's as little justice as at land:—
 No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
 'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
 And pierce the inmost center of the earth;
 Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
 I pray you, deliver him this petition:
 Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid;
 And that it comes from old Andronicus,
 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
 Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
 What time I threw the people's suffrages
 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
 Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
 And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
 This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
 By day and night to attend him carefully;
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,
 Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
 Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
 Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,

And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters,
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:

Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs⁸, more than our backs can bear:—
And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:—

Ad Martem, that's for myself;—

Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here to Mercury:

To Saturn, Caius⁹, not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:

O' my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court¹:

⁸ *Yet wrung with wrongs*,—] To wring a horse is to press or strain his back. JOHNSON.

⁹ *To Saturn, Caius*,—] The old copies have—*To Saturnine, to Caius*, &c. *Saturnine* was corrected by Mr. Rowe. *To* was inadvertently repeated by the compositor. *Caius* appears to have been one of the kinsmen of Titus. Publius and Sempronius have been already mentioned. Publius and *Caius*, are again introduced in Act V. sc. ii:

“*T. t.* Publius, come hither; *Caius*, and Valentine.”

The modern editors read—*To Saturn, to Clum*, &c. MALONE.

¹ —*shoot all your shafts into the court*:] In the ancient ballad of *Titus Andronicus's Complaint*, is the following passage:

“Then past relieve I up and downe did goe,

‘And with my tears wrote in the dust my woe:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon²; Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done! See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord; when Publius shot, The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock That down fell both the ram's horns in the court; And who should find them but the empress' villain? She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come. Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters? Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

"*I shot my arrows towards heaven bie,*

"*And for revenge to hell did often cry.*"

On this Dr. Percy has the following observation: "If the ballad was written before the play, I should suppose this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from the Psalms: "*They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words*, Ps. lxiv, 3." *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 228, third edit. STEEVENS.

² — *I aim a mile beyond the moon*;] Thus the quarto and folio. Mr. Rowe for *aim* substituted *am*, which has been adopted by all the modern editors. MALONE.

To "*cast beyond the moon*," is an expression used in Hinde's *Elioso Libidinoso*, 1606. Again, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "*Risio hath gone beyond himself in casting beyond the moon.*" Again, in *A Woman kill'd with kindness*, 1617:

" — I talk of things impossible,

"*And cast beyond the moon.*" STEEVENS.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs³, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor: By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges. Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand; sir; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it, Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration; For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:— And when thou hast given it the emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go:—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

³ —the tribunal plebs,—] I suppose the Clown means to say, *Plæbeian tribune*, i. e. tribune of the people; for none could fill this office but such as were descended from *Plæbeian* ancestors. STEEVENS.

Hammer supposes that he means—*tribunus plebis*. MALONE.

SCENE IV.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords, and Others: Saturninus with the arrows in his hand, that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen
An emperor of Rome thus over-borne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do* the mighty gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks†,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls, to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart;

* — as do—] These two words were supplied by Mr. Rowe; who also in the concluding lines of this speech substituted—if *she* sleep, &c. for, if *he* sleep, and—as *she*, for, as *he*. MALONE.

† — *his* wreaks,] i. e. his revenges. STEEVENS.

And

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
 For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
 High-witted Tamora to gloze with all: [Aside.
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wife,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with us?

Clown. Yes, forsooth, an your misterhip be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clown. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you
 good den: I have brought you a letter, and a couple of
 pigeons here. [Saturninus reads the letter.

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, firrah, you must be hang'd,

Clown. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a
 neck to a fair end. [Exit, guarded.

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:

May this be borne?—as if his traiterous sons,

That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butchered wrongfully.—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm*, my lords; Rome never had more cause!
 The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
 Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
 They hither march amain; under conduct
 Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
 Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do

As

* Arm, my lords,] Arm is here used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grafs beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he, the common people love so much;
Myself hath often over-heard* them say,
(When I have walked like a private man,)
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name †.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody⁵:
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Then baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep⁶;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

* *Myself hath often over-heard—*] *Self* was used formerly as a substantive, and written separately from the pronominal adjective: *my self*. The late editors, not attending to this, read, after Hammer,—*have* often.—*Over*, which is not in the old copies, was supplied by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

† —*imperious, like thy name.*] *Imperious* was formerly used for *imperial*. See p. 60, n. 7, and Vol. VIII. p. 412, n. *. MALONE.

⁵ —*stint their melody:*] i. e. *stop* their melody. See Vol. VII. p. 244, n. 2. MALONE.

⁶ —*honey-stalks to sheep;*] *Honey-stalks* are clover-flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die. JOHNSON.

“These honey stalks, whatever they may be, (says Mr. Mason,) are described as *rotting* the sheep, not *bursting* them: whereas clover is the wholesomest food you can give them.”—Perhaps the authour was not so skillful a farmer as the commentator. MALONE.

Tam.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
 For I can smoothe, and fill his aged ear
 With golden promises; that were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
 Go thou before, be our embassador⁷: [to Æmilius,
 Say, that the emperor requests a parley
 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.]

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
 And if he stand on hostage^{*} for his safety,
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
 And temper him, with all the art I have,
 To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
 And now, sweet emperor, be blith again,
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully⁸, and plead to him. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Plains near Rome.

Enter LUCIUS, and Goths, with drum and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
 I have received letters from great Rome,
 Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
 And how desirous of our fight they are.
 Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
 Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
 And, wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
 Let him make treble satisfaction.

⁷ —be our embassador:] The old Copies read—to be, &c. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

^{*} —on hostage—] Old copies—in hostage. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁸ Then go successfully,] Whether the authour of this play had any authority for this word, I know not; but I suspect he had not. In the next act he with equal licence uses *rapine* for *rape*. By successfully I suppose he meant *successfully*. MALONE.

1. *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
 Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
 Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
 Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
 Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
 Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
 Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
 And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
 But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his child in his arms.

2. *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,
 To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
 And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
 Upon the wasted building, suddenly
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
 I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
 The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
 Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,

9 *To gaze upon a ruinous monastery.*] Shakspeare has so perpetually offended against chronology in all his plays, that no very conclusive argument can be deduced from the particular absurdity of these anachronisms, relative to the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus*. And yet the ruined monastery, the popish tricks, &c. that Aaron talks of, and especially the French salutation from the mouth of Titus, are altogether so very much out of place, that I cannot persuade myself even our hasty poet could have been guilty of their insertion, or would have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance for another.

STEEVENS.

To

To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye¹;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—

Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? not a word?
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good.—
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A fight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder².

[*A ladder brought, which Aaron is obliged to ascend.*

Aar. Lucius, save the child;

And bear it from me to the emperess.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

¹ *This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;*] Alluding to the proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye." MALONE.

² *Get me a ladder. Lucius, save the child.*] All the printed editions have given this whole verse to Aaron. But why should the Moor here ask for a ladder, who earnestly wanted to have his child saved?

THEOBALD.

Get me a ladder, may mean, hang me. STEEVENS.

Luc.

Luc. Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no god ;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

Aar. What if I do not ? as, indeed, I do not :
Yet,—for I know thou art religious, '
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience ;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath ;—For that, I know,
An ideot holds his bauble³ for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears ;
To that I'll urge him :—Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence—
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up ;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman !⁴

Aar. Tut, Lucius ! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons, that murder'd Bassianus :
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands ; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain ! call'st thou that trimming ?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd ;
and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous beastly villains, like thyself !

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them ;
That codding spirit⁵ had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set ;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,

³ —his bauble—] See a note on *All's Well that ends Well*, Act IV. sc. v. STEEVENS.

⁴ —luxurious woman !] i. e. lascivious woman. See Vol. VIII. p. 278, n. 2. MALONE.

⁵ That codding spirit—] i. e. that love of bed-sports. *Cod* is a word still used in Yorkshire for a pillow. See Lloyd's catalogue of local words at the end of Ray's *Proverbs*. COLLINS.

As true a dog as ever fought at head⁶.—
 Well, let my deeds be witnesses of my worth.
 I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
 Where the dead corps of Bassianus lay :
 I wrote the letter * that thy father found,
 And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
 Confederate with the queen, and her two sons ;
 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?
 I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;
 And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
 And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
 I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
 When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;
 Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
 That both mine eyes were rainy like to his ;
 And when I told the empress of this sport,
 She swoounded⁷ almost at my pleasing tale,
 And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What ! canst thou say all this, and never blush ?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,
 Few come within the compass of my curse,)
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill :

⁶ *As true a dog as ever fought at head.*—] An allusion to bull-dogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front, and seizing his nose. JOHNSON.

So in a collection of Epigrams by J. D. [John Davies] and C. M. [Christopher Marlowe,] printed at Middleburgh, no date :

“ —Amongst the dogs and beares he goes ;

“ Where, while he skipping cries—*To head, to head.*—.”

STEEVENS.

* *I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole.*—

I wrote the letter, &c.] Perhaps Young had this speech in his thoughts, when he made his Moor say—

“ I urg'd Don Carlos to resign his mistress ;

“ I forg'd the letter ; I dispos'd the picture ;

“ I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy ” MALONE.

⁷ *She swoounded*—] When this play was written, the verb to *swoound*, which we now write *swoon*, was in common use. See p. 68, n. 7.

MALONE.

As kill a man, or else devise his death ;
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself :
 Set deadly enmity between two friends ;
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks⁸ ;
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
 Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
 As willingly as one would kill a fly ;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil⁹ ; for he must not die
 So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire ;
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth, with ÆMILIUS.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome ?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
 The Roman emperor greets you all by me :
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house ;
 Willing you to demand your hostages,

⁸ *Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;*] Two syllables have been inadvertently omitted ; perhaps—*and die.* MALONE.

⁹ *Bring down the devil ;—*] It appears, from these words, that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off.

STEEVENS.

And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1. *Goth.* What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguis'd.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [They knock.

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord*?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;

* —that accord?] So the quarto. The folio reads—to give it
action. MALONE.

She

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
 I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
 By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
 Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
 Confer with me of murder and of death:
 There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
 No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
 Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
 Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
 And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
 Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.
Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
 To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
 Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;
 Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
 And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globes.
 Provide thee two proper palfries, as black as jet,
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
 And find out murderers¹ in their guilty caves:
 And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
 Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
 Even from Hyperion's² rising in the east,
 Until his very downfal in the sea.
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there³.

Tam.

¹ *And find out murderers, &c.*] The old copies read — *murder*, and *cares*. The former emendation was made by Mr. Steevens; the latter by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² — *Hyperion's*—] The folio reads *Epton's*; the quarto *Epeon's*; and so Ravenscroft. STEEVENS.

The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

³ *So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.*] I do not know of any instance that can be brought to prove that *rape* and *rapine* were ever used as synonymous terms. The word *rapine* has always been employed

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are them thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder: therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you, the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit Titus, from above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,

for a *less fatal kind of plunder*, and means the violent act of deprivation of any good, the honour here alluded to being always excepted.

I have indeed since discovered that Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 116. b. uses *ravine* in the same sense:

“For if thou be of such covine,

“To get of love by *ravyn*e

“Thy lust, &c.” STEEVENS.

It

It were convenient you had such a devil :
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand, that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome ;

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,

Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.—

Go thou with him ; and, when it is thy hap,

To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.—

Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court

There is a queen, attended by a Moor ;

Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee ;

I pray thee, do on them some violent death,

They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,

To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,

Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house :

When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,

I will bring in the empress and her sons,

The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,

And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.

What says Andronicus to this device ?

Tit. Marcus, my brother !—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;

Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths :

Bid him repair to me, and bring with him

Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;

Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are :

G g 3

Tell

Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
 Feast at my house ; and he shall feast with them.
 'This do thou for my love ; and so let him,
 As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [Exit.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
 And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;
 Or else I'll call my brother back again,
 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys ? will you abide with him.
 Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
 How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?
 Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair, [aside.
 And tarry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad ;
 And will oe'r-reach them in their own devices,
 A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam. [Aside.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, Andronicus : Revenge now goes
 To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [Exit TAMORA.

Tit. I know, thou dost ; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd ?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
 Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine !

Enter PUBLIUS, and Others.

Pub. What is your will ?

Tit. Know you these two ?

Pub. The empress' sons,
 I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius *.

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye ! thou art too much deceiv'd ;
 The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name :
 And therefore bind them, gentle Publius ;
 Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them :
 Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
 And now I find it : therefore bind them sure ;
 And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry,

[Exit TITUS,—Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron
 and Demetrius.

* —and Demetrius.] And was inserted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.
Chi.

Chi. Villains, forbear ; we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word :
Is he sure bound ? look, that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA ; she
bearing a basin, and he a knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia ; look, thy foes are bound ;—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me ;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius !
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud ;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband ; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death :
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest :
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak ?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats ;
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
Hark, villains ; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste ;
And of the paste a coffin ⁴ I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads ;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase ⁵.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;

⁴ *And of the paste a coffin—*] A coffin is the term of art for the cavity of a raised pye. JOHNSON.

⁵ *—her own increase.*] i. e. her own produce. See Vol. II. p. 467, n. 8 MALONE.

For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come

[He cuts their throats.

Receive the blood : and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it ;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious

To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*]

S C E N E III.

The same. A Pavilion, with tables, &c.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON,
prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1. *Go'th.* And ours with thine ⁶, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil ;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face *,
For testimony of her foul proceedings :
And see the ambush of our friends be strong :
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unballow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish.*]

⁶ *And ours with thine—*] And our *content* runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may. MALONE.

* —the empress's face,] The quarto has—*emperours*; the folio *emperous*. For the emendation I am answerable. MALONE.

The trumpets shew, the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes, Senators, and Others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle⁷;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The company sit down at table.*]

Enter TITUS, dress'd like a cook, LAVINIA, veiled, young LUCIUS, and Others. Titus places the dishes on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;

And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,

'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this;

Was it well done of rash Virginus,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—

⁷ —break the parle;] That is, begin the parley. We yet say, he breaks his mind. JOHNSON.

Die,

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*He kills Lavinia.*]

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woeful as Virginius was:

And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,

And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred^s.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*killing Tamora.*]

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*killing Titus.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*kills Saturninus. A great tumult. The people in confusion disperse. Marcus, Lucius, and their partizans ascend the steps before Titus's house.*]

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl

^s *Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.*] The additions made by Ravenscroft to this scene, are so much of a piece with it, that I cannot resist the temptation of shewing the reader how he continues the speech before us:

“ Thus cramm'd, thou'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,

‘ And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up.”

[*Stabs the empress.*]

And then—“ *A curtain drawn discovers the heads and bands of Demetrius and Chiron hanging up against the wall; their bodies in chairs in bloody linen.*” STEEVENS.

Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
 O, let me teach you how to knit again
 This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
 These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Left Rome herself be bane unto herself⁹;
 And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'fy to,
 Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
 Do shameful execution on herself.
 But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
 Grave witnessses of true experience,
 Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
 Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*to Lucius.*] as erst our an-
 cestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
 To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
 The story of that baleful burning night,
 When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;
 Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
 That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
 My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
 And break my very utterance; even in the time
 When it should move you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind commiseration:
 Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
 Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,

⁹ *Sen.* Left Rome herself be bane unto herself;] I have followed the quarto, where the words *Roman lord*, [i. e. *Senator*,] are prefixed to this speech. That copy, however, reads—*Let Rome*, &c. which I have no doubt was an error of the press for *Left*. The editor of the folio finding the sentiment as exhibited in the quarto, in consequence of this error, not proper in the mouth of a Roman, for *Roman lord* substituted *Goth*. In correcting the errors of the quartos, the editor of the folio appears often to have only looked on the surface, and to have consequently made several injudicious emendations beside the present.

Mr. Capell, I find, has made the same emendation.—As this speech proceeds in an uniform tenor with the foregoing, the whole (as *Mr. Steevens* has observed,) probably belongs to *Marcus*. MALONE.

That

That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
 Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
 And they it were that ravished our sister:
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
 Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd¹
 Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
 And sent her enemies unto the grave.
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
 And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
 Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.
 But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,
 [pointing to the child in the arms of an attendant.
 Of this was Tamora delivered;
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 Damn'd as he is², to witness this is true.
 Now judge, what cause³ had Titus to revenge

¹ —and basely cozen'd—] i. e. and be basely cozened. MALONE.

² Damn'd as he is,] The old copies read—*And as he is*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. The same expression (as he observed,) is used in *Othello*:

“O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?

“*Damn'd as thou art*, thou hast enchanted her.”

In the play before us the same epithet is again applied to Aaron:

“See justice done on Aaron, that *damn'd Moor*.” MALONE.

³ —*what cause*—] Old Copies—*what course*. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE:

These

These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
 Have we done aught amiss? Shew us wherein,
 And, from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down⁴,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our house.
 Speak, Romans, speak: and, if you say, we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
 And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
 Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
 The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail⁵; Rome's royal
 emperor!

LUCIUS, &c. descend.

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;

[*to an attendant.*]

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
 As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail, Rome's gra-
 cious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,
 To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
 But, gentle people, give me aim a while,—
 For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
 Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
 To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—
 O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips, [*kisses Titus.*]

⁴ *The poor remainder of Andronici*

Will—cast us down—] i. e. *We* the poor remainder, &c. will
 cast us down. MALONE.

⁵ *Rom. Lucius all hail, &c.*] This line here, and the same words
 below, are given in the old copy by mistake to *Marcus*. It is manifest,
 as Mr. Steevens has observed, that they both belong to the surround-
 ing concourse of Romans, who with one voice hail Lucius as their em-
 peror. MALONE.

These

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face⁶,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kifs for kifs,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them !

Luc. Come hither, boy ; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers : Thy grandfire lov'd thee well :
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy ;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so :
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe :
Bid him farewell ; commit him to the grave ;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire ! even with all my heart
'Would I were dead, so you did live again !—
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping ;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

1. Rem. You sad Andronici, have done with woes ;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him ;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food :
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom :
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth⁷.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb ?
I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,

⁶ —thy blood-stain'd face,] The old copies have—thy blood-stain face. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

⁷ —to see him fasten'd in the earth.] That justice and cookery may go hand in hand to the conclusion of this play, in Ravenscroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once rack'd and roast'd on the stage. STEEVENS.

I should

I should repent the evils I have done ;
 Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
 Would I perform, if I might have my will ;
 If one good deed in all my life I did,
 I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
 And give him burial in his father's grave :
 My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
 Be closed in our household's monument.
 As for that heinous tyger, Tamora,
 No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
 No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
 But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey :
 Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity ;
 And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
 See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
 By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :
 Then, afterwards, to order well the state ⁸ ;
 That like events may ne'er it ruinat^e ⁹. [Exeunt.]

⁸ *Then, afterwards, to order, &c.*] Then will we apply ourselves to regulate the state. MALONE.

⁹ This is one of those plays which I have always thought, with the better judges, ought not to be acknowledged in the list of Shakspeare's genuine pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a proof to strengthen this opinion, that may put the matter out of question. Ben Jonson, in the introduction to his *Bartholomew Fair*, which made its first appearance in the year 1614, couples *Jeronymo* and *Andronicus* together in reputation, and speaks of them as plays then of twenty-five or thirty years standing. Consequently *Andronicus* must have been on the stage before Shakspeare left Warwickshire, to come and reside in London : and I never heard it so much as intimated, that he had turned his genius to stage-writing before he associated with the players, and became one of their body. However, that he afterwards introduced it a-new on the stage, with the addition of his own masterly touches, is incontestable, and thence, I presume, grew his title to it. The diction in general, where he has not taken the pains to raise it, is even beneath that of the Three Parts of *Henry VI.* The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. *Andronicus* is a sur-name of pure Greek derivation. *Tamora* is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor any body else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors any wars with the Goths that I know of : nor till after the translation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene of our play is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the capitol.

THEOBALD.

All

All the editors and criticks agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the stile is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jonson, that they were not only borne, but praised. That Shakspeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestable*, I see no reason for believing.

The testimony produced at the beginning of this play, by which it is ascribed to Shakspeare, is by no means equal to the argument against its authenticity, arising from the total difference of conduct, language, and sentiments, by which it stands apart from all the rest. Meres had probably no other evidence than that of a title-page, which, though in our time it be sufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the first collectors of Shakspeare's works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had Shakspeare's name on the title, as we must suppose, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertisements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could usurp at pleasure any celebrated name. Nor had Shakspeare any interest in detecting the imposture, as none of his fame or profit was produced by the press.

The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be Shakspeare's. If it had been written twenty-five years, in 1614, it might have been written when Shakspeare was twenty-five years old. When he left Warwickshire I know not, but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer-stealing.

Ravenscroft, who in the reign of Charles II. revised this play, and restored it to the stage, tells us, in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I suppose, which in his time might be of sufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by Shakspeare, but written by some other poet. I do not find Shakspeare's touches very discernible.

JOHNSON.

There is every reason to believe, that Shakspeare was not the author of this play. I have already said enough upon the subject.

Mr. Upton declares peremptorily, that it ought to be flung out of the list of our author's works: yet Mr. Warner, with all his laudable zeal for the memory of his *school-fellow*, when it may seem to serve his purpose, *disables* his friend's judgment!

Indeed, a *new argument* has been produced; it must have been written by Shakspeare, because at that time, *other people* wrote in the *same manner*!

It is scarcely worth observing, that the original publisher * had nothing to do with the rest of Shakspeare's works. Dr. Johnson observes

* The original owner of the copy was John Danter, who likewise printed the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, and is introduced as a character in the *Return from Parnassus*, &c. 1606. STEEVENS.
the

the copy to be as correct, as other books of the time; and probably revised by the author himself; but surely Shakspeare would not have taken the greatest care about *infinitely the worst* of his performances! Nothing more can be said, except that it is printed by Heminge and Condell in the *first folio*: but not to insist, that it had been contrary to their interest to have rejected any play, usually call'd Shakspeare's, though they might *know* it to be spurious; it does not appear that their *knowledge* is at all to be depended upon; for it is certain, that in the first copies, they had intirely omitted the play of *Troilus and Cressida*.

It has been said, that this play was first printed for G. Elves, 1594. I have seen in an old catalogue of *tales, &c.* the history of *Titus Andronicus*. FARMER.

I have already given the reader a specimen of the changes made in this play by Ravenscroft, who revived it with success in the year 1687; and may add, that when the empress stabs her child, he has supplied the Moor with the following lines:

“ She has out-done me, ev'n in mine own art,
 “ Out-done me in murder; kill'd her own child:
 “ Give it me, I'll eat it.”

It rarely happens that a dramatic piece is altered with the same spirit that it was written; but *Titus Andronicus* has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of one whose feelings were congenial with those of its original author.

In the course of the notes on this performance, I have pointed out a passage or two, which, in my opinion, sufficiently prove it to have been the work of one who was acquainted both with Greek and Roman literature. It is likewise deficient in such internal marks as distinguish the tragedies of Shakspeare from those of other writers; I mean, that it presents no struggles to introduce the vein of humour so constantly interwoven with the business of his serious dramas. It can neither boast of his striking excellencies, nor his acknowledged defects; for it offers not a single interesting situation, a natural character, or a string of quibbles, from the first scene to the last. That Shakspeare should have written without commanding our attention, moving our passions, or sporting with words, appears to me as improbable, as that he should have studiously avoided dissyllable and trissyllable terminations in this play, and in no other.

Let it likewise be remembered that this piece was not published with the name of Shakspeare, till after his death. The quarto in 1611 is anonymous.

Could the use of particular terms employed in no other of his pieces, be admitted as an argument that he was not its author, more than one of these might be found; among which is *palliamēt* for *robe*, a Latinism which I have not met with elsewhere in any English writer, whether ancient or modern; though it must have originated from the mint of a scholar. I may add that *Titus Andronicus* will be found on examination to contain a greater number of classical allusions, &c. than are scattered over all the rest of the performances on which the

seal of Shakspeare is undubitably fixed.—Not to write any more *about and about* this suspected *thing*, let me observe that the glitter of a few passages in it has perhaps misled the judgment of those who ought to have known that both sentiment and description are more easily produced than the interesting fabrick of a tragedy. Without these advantages, many plays have succeeded; and many have failed, in which they have been dealt about with the most lavish profusion. It does not follow, that he who can carve a frieze with minuteness, elegance, and ease, has a conception equal to the extent, propriety, and grandeur of a temple. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson is not quite accurate in what he has asserted concerning the seven spurious plays, which the printer of the folio in 1663 improperly admitted into his volume. The name of Shakspeare appears only in the title-pages of four of them; *Pericles*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *The London Prodigal*, and *The Yorkshire Tragedy*.

To the word *palliant* mentioned by Mr. Steevens in the preceding note, may be added the words, *accite*, *candidatus*, and *sacred* in the sense of *accursed*; and the following allusions, and scraps of Latin, which are found in this lamentable tragedy:

As hateful as *Cocytus* misty mouth—

More stern and bloody than the *Centaur's* feast.

The self-same gods that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the *Thracian* tyrant in his tent.

—But safer is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to *Solon's* happiness.

Why suffer'st thou thy sons unbury'd yet
To bower on the dreadful shore of *Styx*?

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wife *Laertes'* son
Did graciously plead for his funeral.

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fallen asleep,
As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* poet's feet.

To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable.

Was it well done of rash *Virginus*,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand?

Believe me, queen, your swart *Cimmerian*
Doth make your honour of his body's hue.

—Believe

But sure some Tereus hath deflowred thee,
And, lest thou should detest him, cut thy tongue.

That, I like the stately Phœbe 'mong her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant dames of Rome.

No man shed tears for noble Mutius,
He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cause;

I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhou's brood,
Nor great Alcides, &c.

I'll dive into the *burning lake* below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels.

I come, *Semiramis*; nay, barbarous *Tamora*.

And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Tban is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucasus*.

Per Styga, per manes uebor,—
Sit fas, aut nefas,—
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh.
Suum cuique is our Roman justice.
—*Magne dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?
Integer vitæ, &c.
Terras Astræa reliquit.

Similar scraps of Latin are found in the old play of *King John*, and in many other of the dramattick pieces written by our authour's predecessors.

It must prove a circumstance of consummate mortification to the living criticks on Shakspeare, as well as a disgrace on the memory of those who have ceased to comment and collate, when it shall appear from the sentiments of one of their own fraternity, (who cannot well be suspected of asinine tastelessness, or Gothic prepossessions,) that we have been all mistaken as to the merits and the authour of this play. It is scarce necessary to observe that the person exempted from these suspicions is Mr. Capell, who delivers his opinion concerning *Titus Andronicus* in the following words: "To the editor's eye [i. e. his own,] *Shakspeare* stands confess'd: the *third act* in particular may be read *with admiration* even by the most delicate; who, if they are not without feelings, may chance to find themselves touch'd by it with such passions as tragedy should excite, that is,—terror and pity."—It were injustice not to remark that the grand and pathetick, circumstances in this *third act*, which we are told cannot fail to excite such vehement emotions,

emotions, are as follows.—Titus lies down in the dirt.—Aaron chops off his hand.—Saturninus sends him the heads of his two sons, and his own hand again, for a present.—His heroick brother Marcus kills a fly.

Dr. Caprell may likewise claim the honour of having produced the *new argument* which Dr. Farmer mentions in a preceding note.

MALONE.

THE
TRAGICALL HYSTORY
OF
ROMEUS AND JULIET:

Contayning in it a rare Example of true CONSTANCIE;
With the subtill Counfels and Practices of an old
Fryer; and their ill Event.

Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.

TO THE READER.

Amid the desert rockes the mountaine beare
Bringes forth unformd, unlyke herselfe, her yonge,
Nought els but lumpes of fleshe, withouten beare ;
In tract of time, her often lycking tong
Geves them such shape, as doth, ere long, delight
The lookers on ; or, when one dogge doth shake
With mooled mouth the joyntes too weake to fight,
Or, when upright he standeth by his stake,
(A noble creast !) or wylde in savage wood
A dosyn dogges one holdeth at a baye,
With gaping mouth and stayned jawes with blood ;
Or els, when from the farthest heavens, they
The lode-starres are, the wery pilates marke,
In stormes to gyde to haven the tossed barke ;—

Right so my muse
Flath now, at length, with travell long, brought forth
Her tender whelpes, her divers kindes of style,
Such as they are, or nought, or little woorth,
Which carefull travell and a longer whyle
May better shape. The eldest of them loe
I offer to the stake ; my youthfull woorke,
Which one reprochfull mouth might overthrowe :
The rest, unlickt as yet, a whyle shall lurke,
Tyll Tyme geve strength, to meete and match in fight,
With Slaunder's whelpes. Then shall they tell of stryfe,
Of noble trymphe, and deedes of martial might ;
And shall geve rules of chaste and honest lyfe.
The whyle, I pray, that ye with favour blame,
Or rather not reprove the laughing game
Of this my muse.

THE ARGUMENT.

Love hath inflamed twayne by sodayn sight,
And both do graunt the thing that both desyre ;
They wed in shrift, by counsell of a frier ;
Yong Romeus clymes fayre Juliets bower by night.
Three monthes he doth enjoy his cheefe delight :
By Tybalt's rage provoked unto yre,
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.
A banisht man, he scapes by secret flight :
New mariage is offred to his wyfe ;
She drinkes a drinke that seemes to reve her breath ;
They bury her, that sleping yet hath lyfe.
Her husband heares the tydinges of her death ;
He drinkes his bane ; and she, with Romeus' knyfe,
When she awakes, her selfe, alas ! she sleath.

ROMEUS

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THERE is beyond the Alps a towne of ancient fame,
Where bright renoune yet shineth cleare, Verona men it name;
Bylt in an happy time, bylt on a fertile soyle,
Mayntained by the heavenly fates, and by the townish toyle.

The

¹ In the preliminary note on *Romeo and Juliet* I observed that it was founded on the *Tragicall History of Romeo and Juliet*, printed in 1562. That piece being almost as rare as a manuscript, I reprinted it a few years ago, and shall give it a place here as a proper supplement to the commentaries on this tragedy.

From the following lines in *An Epitaph on the death of Maister Arthur Brooke drowned in passing to New-Haven*, by George Tuber-ville, [*Epitaphes, Epigrammes, &c.* 1567,] we learn that the former was the authour of this poem:

- "Apollo lent him lute, for solace sake,
- "To sound his verse by touch of stately string,
- "And of the never-fading baye did make
- "A lawrell crowne, about his browes to cling.
- "In proufe that he for myter did excell,
- "As may be judge by *Juliet and her mate*;
- "For there he shewde his cunning passing well,
- "When he the tale to English did translate.
- "But what? as he to forraigne realm was bound,
- "With others moe his soveraigne queene to serve,
- "Amid the seas unluckie youth was drown'd,
- "More speedie death than such one did deserve."

The original relater of this story was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till some years after his death; being first printed at Venice, in octavo, in 1535, under the title of *La Giuletta*. In an epistle prefixed to this work, which is addressed *Alla bellissima e leggiadra Madonna Lucina Savorgnana*, the authour gives the following account (probably a fictitious one) of the manner in which he became acquainted with this story:

"As you yourself have seen, when heaven had not as yet levelled against me its whole wrath, in the fair spring of my youth I devoted myself to the profession of arms, and, following therein many brave and valiant men, for some years I served in your delightful country, Frioli, through every part of which, in the course of my private service, it was my duty to roam. I was ever accustomed, when upon any expedition on horseback, to bring with me an archer of mine, whose name was Peregrino, a man about fifty years old, well practised in the military art, a pleasant companion, and, like almost all his countrymen of Verona, a great talker. This man was not only

The fruitfull hilles above, the pleasant vales belowe,
 The silver streame with chanel depe, that through the towne doth flow;
 The store of springes that serve for use, and eke for ease,
 And other moe commodities, which profit may and please;
 Eke many certayne signes of thinges betyde of olde,
 To fyll the houngrye eyes of those that curiously beholde;
 Doe make this towne to be preferde above the rest
 Of Lombard townes, or, at the least, compared with the best.
 In which whyle Escalus as prince alone did raygne,
 To reache rewarde unto the good, to paye the lewde with payne,
 Alas! I rewe to thinke, an heavy happe befell,
 Which Boccace skant, not my rude tonge, were able soorth to tell
 Within my trembling hande my penne doth shake for teare,
 And, on my colde amazed head, upright doth stand my heare.

But

a brave and experienced soldier, but of a gay and lively disposition, and, more perhaps than became his age, was for ever in love; a quality which gave a double value to his valour. Hence it was that he delighted in relating the most amusing novels, especially such as treated of love, and this he did with more grace and with better arrangement than any I have ever heard. It therefore chanced that, departing from Gradisca, where I was quartered, and, with this archer and two other of my servants, travelling, perhaps impell'd by love, towards Udino, which route was then extremely solitary, and entirely ruined and burned up by the war,—wholly absorbed in thought, and riding at a distance from the others, this Peregrino drawing near me, as one who guessed my thoughts, thus addressed me: "Will you then for ever live this melancholy life, because a cruel and disdainful fair one does not love you? though I now speak against myself, yet, since advice is easier to give than to follow, I must tell you, master of mine, that, besides its being disgraceful in a man of your profession to remain long in the chains of love, almost all the ends to which he conducts us are so replete with misery, that it is dangerous to follow him. And in testimony of what I say, if it so please you, I could relate a transaction that happened in my native city, the recounting of which will render the way less solitary and less disagreeable to us; and in this relation you would perceive how two noble lovers were conducted to a miserable and piteous death.—And now, upon my making him a sign of my willingness to listen, he thus began."

The phrase, in the beginning of this passage, *when heaven had not as yet levelled against me its whole wrath*, will be best explained by some account of the authour, extracted from Crescimbeni, *Istoria della Vulgar Poesia*, T. v. p. 91: "Luigi da Porto, a Vicentine, was, in his youth, on account of his valour, made a leader in the Venetian army; but, fighting against the Germans in Friuli, was so wounded, that he remained for a time wholly disabled, and afterwards lame and weak during his life; on which account, quitting the profession of arms, he betook himself to letters," &c. MALONE.

But sith thee doeth commaunde, whose heft I must obeye,
In moorning verse a woful chaunce to tell I will assaye.
Helpe, learned Pallas, helpe, ye Muses with your art,
Help, all ye damned feends, to tell of joyes retourned to smart:
Help eke, ye sisters three, my skilleffe pen tindyte,
For you it cauld, which I alas! unable am to wryte.

There were two auncient stocks, which Fortune hygh did place
Above the rest, indewd with welth, and nobler of their race;
Lond of the common sorte, lond of the prince alike,
And lyke unhappy were they both, when Fortune list to stryke;
Whose prayse with equal blast Fame in her trumpet blew;
The one was clyped Capelet, and thother Mountague.
A wonted use it is, that men of likely sorte,
(I wot not by what fure forsd) envye eache others porte.
So these, whose egall state bred envye pale of hew,
And then of grudging envies roote blacke hate and rancor grew;
As of a litle sparke oft ryseth mighty fyre,
So, of a kyndled sparke of grudge, in flames flash oute their eyre:
And then theyr deadly foode, first hatchd of trifling stryfe,
Did bathe in bloud of smarting woundes,—it reveld breth and lyfe.
No legend lye I tell; scarce yet theyr eyes be drye,
That did behold the grisly sight with wet and weeping eye.
But when the prudent prince who there the scepter helde,
So great a new disorder in his commonweale behelde,
By jentyl meane he fought their choler to aswage,
And by perswasion to appease their blameful furious rage;
But both his words and tyme the prince hath spent in vayne,
So rooted was the inward hate, he lost his busfy payne.
When frendly sage advise ne gentyll woods avayle,
By thondring threats and princely powre their courage gan he quayle;
In hope that when he had the wasting flame suppressd,
In time he should quyte quench the sparke that boordd within their brest.

Now whylst these kyndreds do remayne in this estate,
And eche with outward frendly shew doth hyde his inward hate,
One Romeus, who was of race a Mountague,
Upon whose tender chyn as yet no manlyke beard there grewe,
Whose beauty and whose shape so farre the rest dyd stayne,
That from the cheef of Veron youth he greatest fame dyd gayne,
Hath found a mayde so fayre (he founde so foul his happe)
Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace, did so his heart entrappe,
That from his owne assayres his thought she did remove;
Onely he fought to honor her, to serve her and to love.
To her he writeth oft, oft messengers are sent,
At length, in hope of better speede, himselfe the lover went;
Present to pleade for grace, which absent was not founde,
And to discover to her eye his new receaved wounde.
But she that from her youth was fostred evermore
With vertues foode, and taught in schole of wisdomes skilfull lore,

By

By aunswere did cutte off th'affections of his love,
 That he no more occasion had so wayne a sute to move:
 So sterne she was of chere, (for all the payne he tooke)
 That, in reward of toyle, she would not geve a frendly looke;
 And yet how much she did with constant mind retyre,
 So much the more his fervent minde was prickt fourth by desyre,
 But when he, many monthes, hopeles of his recure,
 Had served her, who forced not what paynes he did endure,
 At length he thought to leave Verona, and to prove
 If change of place might chaunge away his ill-bestowed love;
 And speaking to himselfe, thus gan he make his mone:
 "What booteth me to love and serve a fell unthankfull one,
 Sith that my humble sute, and labour sowde in wayne,
 Can reape none other fruite at all but scorne and proude disdayne?
 What way she seekes to goe, the same I seeke to runne,
 But she the path, wherein I treade with speddy sight doth shunne.
 I cannot live except that nere to her I be;
 She is ay best content when she is farthest of from me.
 Wherefore henceforth I will farre from her take my flight;
 Perhaps, mine eye once banished by absence from her sight,
 This tyre of myne, that by her pleasant eyne is fed,
 Shall little and little weare away, and quite at last be ded."
 But whilest he did decree this purpose still to kepe,
 A contrary repugnant thought sanke in his brest so depe,
 That douteful is he now which of the twayne is best.
 In syghs, in teares, in plainte, in care, in sorrow and unrest,
 He mones the daye, he wakes the long and wery night;
 So depe hath love, with pearcing hand, ygravd her bewty bright
 Within his brest, and hath so mastred quyte his liart,
 That he of force must yelde as thrall;—no way is left to start.
 He cannot staye his steppes, but forth styll must he runne,
 He languisheth and melts awaye, as snowe agaynst the sonne.
 His kyndred and alyes do wonder what he ayles,
 And eche of them in frendly wyse his heavy hap bewayles
 But one among the rest, the truest of his seeres,
 Farre more then he with counsel filld, and ryper of his yeeres,
 Gan sharply him rebuke; such love to him he bare,
 That he was fellow of his smart, and partner of his care.
 "What meanst thou Romeus, quoth he, what doting rage
 Doth make thee thus consume away the best part of thine age,
 In seeking her that scornes, and hydes her from thy sight,
 Not forsing all thy great expence, ne yet thy honor bright,
 Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe, ne thine unpotted truth,
 Which are of force, I weene, to move the hardest hart to ruthe?
 Now, for our friendships sake, and for thy health, I pray
 That thou henceforth become thine owne;—O give no more away
 Unto a thankles wight thy pretious free estate:
 In that thou lovest such a one, thou seemst thy self to hate.

For

For she doth love els where, and then thy time is lorne;
 Or els (what booteth thee to sue?) Loves court she hath forsworne.
 Both yong thou art of yeres, and high in Fortunes grace:
 What man is better shapd than thou? who hath a sweeter face?
 By painfull studies meane great learning hast thou wonne,
 Thy parents have none other heyre, thou art theyr onely sonne.
 What greater greefe, trowst thou, what woful dedly smart,
 Should so be able to distraine thy feely fathers hart,
 As in his age to see thee plunged deepe in vice,
 When greatest hope he hath to heare thy vertues fame arise?
 What shall thy kinsmen think, thou cause of all their ruthe?
 Thy dedly foes doe laugh to skorne thy yll-employed youth.
 Wherefore my counsell is, that thou henceforth beginne
 To knowe and flye the errour which to long thou livedst in.
 Remove the veale of love that kepes thine eyes so blynde,
 That thou ne canst the ready path of thy forefathers fynde.
 But if unto thy will so much in thrall thou art,
 Yet in some other place bestowe thy witles wandring hart.
 Chooße out some woorthy dame, her honor thou, and serve,
 Who will give eare to thy complaint, and pittie ere thou sterue.
 But sow no more thy paynes in such a barraine soyle
 As yelds in harvest time no crop, in recompence of toyle.
 Ere long the townish dames together will resort,
 Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely porte,
 With so fast fixed eye perhaps thou mayst beholde,
 That thou shalt quite forget thy love and passions past of olde."

The yong mans listning eare receivd the holosome founde,
 And reasons truth y-planted so, within his heade had grounde;
 That now with healthy coole y-tempred is the heate,
 And piece meale weares away the greefe that erst his heart did create.
 To his approved frend a solemne othe he plight,
 At every feast y-kept by day, and banquet made by night,
 At pardons in the church, at games in open streete,
 And every where he would resort where ladies wont to mete;
 Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,
 For he would vew and judge them all with unallured eye.
 How happy had he been, had he not been forsworne!
 But twice as happy had he been, had he been never borne.
 For ere the moone could thrise her wasted hornes renew,
 Falsse Fortune cast for him, poore wretch, a mischief newe to brewe.

The wery winter nightes restore the Christmas games,
 And now the seson doth invite to banquet townish dames.
 And fyrst in Capels house, the chiefe of all the kyn
 Sparth for no cost, the wonted use of banquets to begin.
 No lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne,
 No knight or gentelman of high or lowe renowne,
 But Capilet himselfe hath byd unto his feast,
 Or, by his name in paper sent, appointed as a guest.

Yong

Yong damfels thither flocke, of bachelers a rowte,
 Not so much for the banquets sake, as bewties to serche out.
 But not a Montagew wold enter at his gate,
 (For, as you heard, the Capilets and they were at debate)
 Save Romeus, and he in maske, with hydden face,
 The supper done, with other five did prease into the place.
 When they had maskd a while with dames in courtly wise,
 All did unmaske; the rest did shew them to theyr ladies eyes;
 But bashfull Romeus with shamefast face forooke
 The open prease, and him withdrew into the chambers nooke.
 But brighter than the sunne the waxen torches shone,
 That, maugre what he could, he was espyd of every one,
 But of the women cheefe, theyr gasing eyes that threwe,
 To woonder at his sightly shape, and bewties spotles hewe;
 With which the heavens him had and nature so bedect,
 That ladies, thought the sayrest dames, were fowle in his respect.
 And in theyr head besyde an other woonder rose,
 How he durst put himselfe in throng among so many foes:
 Of courage stoute they thought his cumming to procede,
 And women love an hardy hart, as I in stories rede.
 The Capilets disdayne the presence of theyr foe,
 Yet they suppress the styred yre; the cause I doe not knowe:
 Perhaps tofend theyr gestes the courteous knights are loth;
 Perhaps they stay from sharpe revenge, dreayng the princes wroth;
 Perhaps for that they shamd to exercise theyr rage
 Within their house, gainst one alone, and him of tender age.
 They use no taunting talke, ne harme him by theyr deede,
 They neyther say, what makst thou here, ne yet they say, God speede.
 So that he freely might the ladies view at ease,
 And they also behelding him their chaunge of fanfies please:
 Which Nature had hym taught to doe with such a grace,
 That there was none but joyed at his being there in place.
 With upright beame he wayd the beauty of eche dame,
 And judgd who best, and who next her, was wrought in natures frame.
 At length he saw a mayd, right fayre, of perfect shape,
 (Which Theseus or Paris would have chofen to their rape)
 Whom erst he never sawe; of all she pleasde him most;
 Within himselfe he sayd to her, thou justly mayst thee boste
 Of perfet shapes renowne and beauties sounding prayse,
 Whose like ne hath, ne shall be seene, ne liveth in our dayes.
 And whilst he fixd on her his partiall perced eye,
 His former love, for which of late he ready was to dye,
 Is now as quite forgotte as it had never been:
 The proverbe saith, unminded oft are they that are unseene.
 And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,
 So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.
 This sodain kindled fyre in time is wox so great,
 That only death and both theyr blouds might quench the fiery heate.
When

When Romeus saw himfelfe in this new tempeft toft,
 Where both was hope of pleafant port, and daunger to be loft,
 He doubtfull skafely knew what countenance to keepe;
 In Lethies floud his wonted flames were quenched and drenched deepe.
 Yea he forgets himfelfe, ne is the wretch fo bolde
 To afke her name that without force hath him in bondage folde;
 Ne how tunloofe his bondes doth the poore foole devife,
 But onely feeketh by her fight to feede his houngrly eyes;
 Through them he swalloweth downe loves sweete empyfonde baite:
 How furely are the wareles wrapt by thofe that lye in wayte!
 So is the poyfon fpredd throughout his bones and vaines,
 That in a while (alas the while) it hafteth deadly paines.
 Whilft Juliet, for fo this gentle damfcell hight,
 From fyde to fyde on every one dyd caft about her fight,
 At laft her floting eyes were anchored faft on him,
 Who for her fake dyd banifh health and fredome from eche limme.
 He in her fight did feeme to paffe the reft, as farre
 As Phæbus fhining beames do paffe the brightnes of a ftarre.
 In wayte laye warlike Love with goiden bowe and shaft,
 And to his eare with fteady hand the bowftring up he raft:
 Till now ſhe had eſcapde his ſharpe inflaming darte,
 Till now he liſted not affaulte her yong and tender hart.
 His whetted arrow loofde, ſo touchd her to the quicke,
 That through the eye it ſtrake the hart, and there the hedde did ſticke.
 It booted not to ſtrive. For why?—ſhe wanted ſtrength;
 The weaker aye unto the ſtrong, of force, muſt yeld at length.
 The poms now of the feaſt her heart gynes to deſpyſe;
 And onely joyeth whan her eyen meete with her lovers eyes.
 When theyr new ſmitten heartes had fed on loving gleames,
 Whilſt, paſſing too and fro theyr eyes, y-mingled were theyr beames,
 Eche of theſe lovers gan by others lookes to knowe,
 That frendſhip in theyr breaſt had roote, and both would have it grow.
 When thus in both theyr harts had Cupide made his breache,
 And eche of them had ſought the meane to end the warre by ſpeech,
 Dame Fortune did aſſent, theyr purpoſe to advaunce.
 With torch in hand a comely knight did fetch her forth to daunce;
 She quit herſelfe ſo well and with ſo trim a grace
 That ſhe the cheefe prayſe wan that night from all Verona race:
 The whilſt our Romeus a place had warely wonne,
 Nye to the ſeate where ſhe muſt ſit, the daunce once beyng donne,
 Fayre Juliet touned to her chayre with pleafant cheere,
 And glad ſhe was her Romeus approched was ſo neere.
 At thone fyde of her chayre her lover Romeo,
 And on the other fyde there ſat one cald Mercutio;
 A courtier that eche where was highly had in price,
 For he was coorteous of his ſpeech, and pleafant of devife,
 Even as a lyon would among the lambes be bolde,
 Such was among the baſhful maydes Mercutio to beholde.

With frendly gripe he ceas'd fayre Juliets snowish hand :
 A gyft he had, that Nature gave him in his fwathing band,
 That frofen mountayne yfe was never halfe so cold,
 As were his handes, though nere so neere the fire he did them hold.
 As soon as had the knight the virgins right hand raught,
 Within his trembling hand her leit hath loving Romeus caught.
 For he wist well himfelfe for her abode most payne,
 And well he wist she lov'd him best, unless she list to fayne.
 Then she with slender hand his tender palm hath prest ;
 What joy, trow you, was graffed so in Romeus cloven brest ?
 The sodayne sweete delight hath stopped quite his tong,
 Ne can he claime of her his right, ne crave redresse of wrong.
 But she espyd straight waye, by chaunging of his hewe
 From pale to red, from red to pale, and so from pale anewe,
 That vehment love was cause why so his tong did stay,
 And so much more she longd to heare what Love could teach him saye.
 When she had longed long, and he long held his peace,
 And her desyre of hearing him by sylence did increase,
 At last, with trembling voyce and shamefast chere, the mayde
 Unto her Romeus tournde her selfe, and thus to him she sayde :

“ O blessed be the time of thy arrivall here ! ” —

But ere she could speake forth the rest, to her Love drewe so nere,
 And so within her mouth her tongue he glewed fast,
 That no one woord could scape her more then what already past.
 In great contented ease the yong man straight is rapt :
 What chaunce (quoth he) unware to me, O lady mine, is hapt :
 That gives you worthy cause my cumming here to blesse ?
 Fayre Juliet was come agayne unto her selfe by this ;
 Fyrst ruthfully she lookd, then sayd with smyling cheere :
 “ Mervayle no whit, my heartes delight, my only knight and seere,
 Mercutios yffy hande had all to-frofen myne,
 And of thy goodnes thou agayne hast warmed it with thyne.”
 Whereto with stayd brow gan Romeus replye :
 “ If so the Gods have graunted me suche favor from the skye,
 That by my being here some service I have donne
 That pleaseth you, I am as glad as I a realme had wonne.
 O wel-bestowed tyme that hath the happy hyre,
 Which I woulde wish if I might have my wished hart's desire !
 For I of God woulde crave, as pryse of paynes forpast,
 To serve, obey, and honor you, so long as lyfe shall last :
 As prooffe shall teache you playne, if that you like to trye
 His faultles truth, that nill for ought unto his lady lye.
 But if my touched hand have warmed yours some dele,
 Assure your selfe the heate is colde which in your hand you fele,
 Compar'd to suche quicke sparks and glowing furious gleade,
 As from your bewties pleasant eyne Love caused to proceade ;
 Which have to set on fyre eche feling parte of myne,
 That lo ! my mynde doeth melt awaye, my upward parts do pyne.

And,

And, but you helpe all whole, to ashes shall I toorne;
Wherefore, alas! have ruth on him, whom you do force to boorne."

Even with his ended tale, the torches-daunce had ende,
And Juliet of force must part from her new-chosen frend.
His hand she clasped hard, and all her partes dyd shake,
When layfureles with whispring voyce thus did she aunswer make;
" You are no more your owne, deare frend, then I am yours;
My honour sav'd, prest tobey your will, while life endures."
Lo! here the lucky lot that sild true lovers finde,
Eche takes away the others hart, and leaves the owne behinde.
A happy life is love, if God graunt from above
That hart with hart by even waight do make exchange of love.
But Romeus gone from her, his hart for care is colde;
He hath forgot to ask her name, that hath his hart in holde.
With forged careles cheere, of one he seekes to knowe,
Both how she hight, and whence she camme, that him enchaunted so.
So hath he learnd her name, and knowth she is no geast,
Her father was a Capilet, and master of the feast.
Thus hath his foe in choyse to geve him life or death,
That scarcely can his wefull brest keepe in the lively breath.
Wherefore with pitious plaint feerce Fortune doth he blame,
That in his ruth and wretched plight doth seeke her laughing game.
And he reproveth love cheefe cause of his unrest,
Who ease and freedome hath exile out of his youthfull brest:
Twise hath he made him serve, hopeles of his rewarde;
Of both the ylles to choose the lesse, I weene, the choyse were harde.
Fyrst to a ruthles one he made him sue for grace,
And now with spurre he forceth him to ronne an endles race.
Amid these stormy seas one ancor doth him holde,
He serveth not a cruell one, as he had done of olde;
And therefore is content and chooseth still to serve,
Though hap should sweure that guerdonles the wretched wight should
serve.

The lot of Tantalus is, Romeus, like to thine;
For want of foode, amid his foode, the myser still doth pyne.

As carefull was the mayde what way were best devise,
To learne his name that intertaind her in so gentle wise;
Of whom her hart receivd so depe, so wyde, a wound.
An ancient dame she calde to her, and in her eare gan rounde:
(This old dame in her youth had nurst her with her mylke,
With slender dedel taught her sow, and how to spyn with sylke.)
What twayne are those, quoth she, which prease unto the doore,
Whose pages in their hand do beare two torches light before?
And then, as eche of them had of his houshold name,
So she him namd.—Yet once again the young and wyly dame:—
" And tell me who is he with vyfor in his hand,
That yonder dooth in masking weede besyde the window stand."

His

His name is Romeus, said shee, a Montagewe,
 Whose fathers pryde first styrd the stryfe which both your housholds rewe.
 The word of Montagew her joyes did overthrow,
 And straight instead of happy hope despayre began to growe.
 What hap have I, quoth she, to love my fathers foe?
 What, am I wery of my wele? what, doe I wyssh my woe?
 But though her grevous paynes distraind her tender hart,
 Yet with an outward shew of joye she cloked inward smart;
 And of the courtlike dames her leave so courtly tooke,
 That none did gesse the fodein change by changing of her looke.
 Then at her mothers heft to chamber she her hyed,
 So wel she saynde, mother ne nors the hidden harme descride.
 But when she shoulde have slept as wont she was in bed,
 Not half a wynke of quyet slepe could harber in her hed;
 For loe, an hugy heape of divers thoughtes arise,
 That rest have banisht from her hart, and slumber from her eyes.
 And now from syde to syde she tosseth and she turnes,
 And now for feare she shevereth, and now for love she burnes,
 And now she lyketh her choyse, and now her choyse she blames,
 And now ech houre within her head a thousand fancies frames.
 Sometime in mynde to stop amyde her course begonne,
 Sometime she vowes, what so betyde, that tempted race to ronne.
 Thus dangers dred and love within the mayden fought;
 The fight was feerfe, continuynge long by their contrary thought.
 In tourning mase of love she wandreth too and fro,
 Then standeth doubtful what to doo; last, overprest with woe,
 How so her fancies cease, her teares did never blin,
 With heavy cheere and wringed hands thus doth her plaint begin.
 " Ah silly foole, quoth she, y-cought in foottill snare!
 Ah wretched wench, bewrapt in woe! ah caytife clad with care!
 Whence come these wandring thoughts to thy unconstant brest,
 By straying thus from raisons lore, that reve thy wonted rest?
 What if his futtel brayne to fayne have taught his tong,
 And so the snake that lurkes in grasse thy tender hart hath stong?
 What if with frendly speache the traytor lye in wayte,
 As oft the poysond hooke is hid, wrapt in the pleasant bayte?
 Oft under cloke of truth hath Falshood servd her lust;
 And toornd their honor into shame, that did to slightly trust.
 What, was not Dido so, a crowned queene, defamd?
 Andeke, for such an heynous cryme, have men not Theseus blamd?
 A thousand stories more, to teache me to beware,
 In Boccace and in Ovids bookes too plainly written are.
 Perhaps, the great revenge he cannot worke by strength,
 By futtel sleight (my honour staynd) he hopes to worke at length.
 So shall I seeke to find my fathers foe, his game;
 So (I desyde) Report shall take her trompe of blacke defame,
 Whence she with puffed cheeke shall blowe a blast so shrill
 Of my dispryse, that with the noyse Verona shall she fill.

Then

"Then I, a laughing stocke through all the towne become,
Shall hide my selfe, but not my shame, within an hollowe tooombe."

Straight underneath her foote she treadeth in the dust
Her troublefom thought, as wholly vaine, y-bred of fond distrust.

"No, no, by God above, I wot it well, quoth shee,
Although I rashely spake before, in no wise can it bee,
That where such perfect shape with pleasant bewty restes,
There crooked craft and trayson blacke should be appoynted gesses.

Sage writers say, the thoughts are dwelling in the eyne;
Then sure I am, as Cupid raignes, that Romeus is myne.

The tong the messenger eke call they of the mynd;
So that I see he loveth me:—shall I then be unkynd?

His faces rosy hew I saw full oft to seeke;
And straight again it flashed forth, and spred in eyther cheeke.

His fixed heavenly eyne that through me quyte did perce
His thoughts unto my hart, my thoughts thei seemed to rehearse.

What ment his foltring tunge in telling of his tale?

The trimbling of his joynts, and eke his cooler waxen pale?

And whilst I talke with him, himself he hath exylde

Out of himself, as seemed me; ne was I sure begylde.

Those arguments of love Craft wrate not on his face,
But Natures hand, when all deceyte was banished out of place.

What other certayn signes seke I of his good wil?

These doo suffice; and stedfast I will love and serve him styll,

Till Atropos shall cut my fatall thread of lyfe,

So that he mynde to make of me his lawfull wedded wyfe.

For so perchance this new alliance may procure

Unto our houses such a peace as ever shall indure."

Oh how we can perswade ourself to what we like!

And how we can diswade our mynd, if ought our mind mislyke!

Weake arguments are stronge, our fancies streight to frame

To pleasing things, and eke to shonne, if we mislyke the same.

The mayde had scarcely yet ended the wery warre,

Kept in her heart by striving thoughts, when every shining starre

Had payd his borrowed light, and Phœbus spred in skies

His golden rayes, which seemed to say, now time it is to rise.

And Romeus had by this forsaken his wery bed,

Where restless he a thousand thoughts had forged in his hed.

And while with lingring step by Juliets house he past,

And upwards to her windowes high his greedy eyes did cast,

His love that lookd for him there gan he straight espye.

With pleasant cheere eche greeted is; she followeth with her eye

His parting steppes, and he oft looketh backe againe,

But not so oft as he desyres; warely he doth refrayne.

What life were like to love, if dread of jeopardy

Y-sowered not the sweete; if love were free from jealousy!

But the more sure within, unseene of any wight,

When so he comes, lookes after him till he be out of sight.

In often passing so, his busy eyes he threw,
 That every pane and tooting hole the wily lover knew.
 In happy houre he doth a garden plot espie,
 From which, except he warely walke, men may his love descrye;
 For lo! it fronted full upon her leaning place,
 Where she is wont to shew her heart by cheerefull frendly face.
 And left the arbors might theyr secret love bewraye,
 He doth keepe backe his forward foote from passing there by daye;
 But when on earth the Night her mantel blacke hath spred,
 Well-armde he walketh soorth alone, ne dreadful foes doth dred.
 Whom maketh Love not bold, naye whom makes he not blinde?
 He driveth daungers dread oft times out of the lovers minde.
 By night he passeth here a weeke or two in vayne;
 And for the missing of his marke his greefe hath hym nye slaine.
 And Juliet that now doth lacke her hearts releefe,—
 Her Romeus pleasant eyen I mean—is almost dead for greefe.
 Eche day she chaungeth howres, for lovers keepe an howre
 When they are sure to see theyr love, in passing by their bowre.
 Impacient of her woe, she hapt to leane one night
 Within her windowe, and anon the moone did shine so bright
 That she espyde her loove; her hart revived sprang;
 And now for joy she claps her handes, which erst for wo she wrang.
 Eke Romeus, when he sawe his long desyred sight,
 His moorning cloke of mone cast of, hath clad him with delight.
 Yet dare I say, of both that she rejoyced more:
 His care was great, hers twise as great was, all the time before;
 For whilst she knew not why he did himselfe absent,
 In douting both his health and life, his death she did lament.
 For love is fearful oft where is no cause of feare,
 And what love feares, that love laments, as though it chaunced weare.
 Of greater cause alway is greater woorke y-bred;
 While ne nought douteth of her helth, she dreads lest he be ded.
 When onely absence is the cause of Romeus smart,
 By happy hope of sight againe he seedes his fainting hart.
 What wonder then if he were wrapt in lesse annoye?
 What marvel if by sodain sight she fed of greater joy?
 His smaller greefe or joy no smaller love doo prove;
 Ne, for she passed him in both, did she him passe in love:
 But eche of them alike dyd burne in equall flame,
 The wel-beloving knight and eke the wel-beloved dame.
 Now whilst with bitter teares her eyes as fountaines ronne,
 With whispering voyce, y-broke with sobs, thus is her tale begonne:
 “ Oh Romeus, of your life too lavas sure you are,
 That in this place, and at this tyme, to hazard it you dare.
 What if your dedly foes, my kinsmen; saw you here?
 Lyke Lyons wylde, your tender partes asonder would they teare.
 In ruth and in disdayne, I, wery of my life,
 With cruell hand my moorning hart would perce with bloody knyfe.

For

For you, myne own, once dead, what joy should I have heare?
And eke my honor staynd, which I then lyfe do holde more deare."

"Fayre lady myne, dame Juliet, my lyfe (quod hee)
Even from my byrth committed was to fatall sisters three.
They may in spyte of foes draw foorth my lively threed;
And they also (who so sayth nay) asonder may it shreed.
But who, to reave my life, his rage and force would beade,
Perhaps should trye unto his payne how I it could defende.
Ne yet I love it so, but alwayes, for your sake,
A sacrifice to death I would my wounded corps betake.
If my mishappe were such, that here, before your sight,
I should restore agayn to death, of lyfe my borrowed light,
This one thing and no more my parting sprite would rewe,
That part he should before that you by certain trial knew
The love I owe'to you, the thrall I languish in,
And how I dread to loose the gayne which I do hope to win;
And how I wish for lyfe, not for my proper ease,
But that in it you might I love, you honor, serve and please,
Till dedly pangs the sprite out of the corps shall send:"
And thereupon he sware an othe, and so his tale had ende.

Now love and pitty boyle in Juliets ruthfull brest;
In windowe on her leaning arme her weary head doth rest:
Her bosome bathd in teares (to witnes inward payne),
With dreary chere to Romeus thus aunswered she agayne:
"Ah my deere Romeus, kepe in these words, (quod she)
For lo, the thought of such mischaunce already maketh me
For pity and for dred well nigh to yeld up breath;
In even ballance payed are my life and eke my death.
For so my heart is knit, yea made onc selfe with yours,
That sure there is no greefe so small, by which your mynd endures,
But as you suffer payne, so I doo beare in part
(Although it lessens not your greefe) the halfe of all your smart
But these thinges overpast, if of your health and myne
You have respect, or pity ought my teer-y-weeping eyen,
In few unfained woords your hidden mynd unfold,
That as I see your pleasant face, your heart I may beholde.
For if you do intende my honor to defile,
In error shall you wander still, as you have done this while:
But if your thought be chaste, and have on vertue ground,
If wedlocke be the end and marke which youre desyre hath found,
Obedience set asyde, unto my parents dewe,
The quarrel eke that long agoe betwene our housholdes grewe,
Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,
And following you where so you goe, my fathers house forsake.
But if by wanton love and by unlawfull sute
You thinke in rypest yeres to plucke my maydenhoods dainty frute,
You are begylde; and now your Juliet you beseeke.
To cease your sute, and suffer her to live among her likes."

Then Romeus, whose thought was free from fowle desyre,
 And to the top of vertues haight did worthely aspyre,
 Was filld with greater joy then can my pen expresse,
 Or, tyll they have enjoyd the like, the hearers hart can gesse².
 And then with joynd hands, heau'd up into the skies,
 He thanks the Gods, and from the heavens for vengeance down he
 cries,

‘If he have other thought but as his Lady spake;
 And then his looke he toornd to her, and thus did answere make:
 “ Since, lady, that you like to honor me so much
 As to accept me for your spoufe, I yeeld myself for such.
 In true witnes whereof, because I must depart,
 Till that my deede do prove my woord, I leave in pawne my hart,
 Tomorrow eke betimes, before the sunne arise,
 To Fryer Lawrence will I wende, to learne his sage advise.
 He is my gostly syre, and oft he hath me taught
 What I should doe in things of waight, when I his ayde have fought.
 And at this self same houre, I plyte you here my faith,
 I will be here, if you think good, to tell you what he sayth.”
 She was contented well; els favour found he none
 That night, at lady Juliets hand, save pleasant woords alone.

This barefoote fryer gyrt with cord his grayish weede,
 For he of Francis order was a fryer, as I reede.
 Not as the most was he, a grosse unlearned foole,
 But doctōr of divinetie proceeded he in schoole.
 The secrets eke he knew in Natures woorks that loorke;
 By magicks arte most men supposd that he could wonders woork.
 Ne doth it ill beseeme devines those skils to know,
 If on no harmeful deede they do such skilfulnes bestow;
 For justly of no arte can men condemne the use,
 But right and reasons lore crye out agaynst the lewd abuse.
 The bounty of the fryer and wisdom hath so wonne
 The townes folks harts, that wel nigh all to fryer Lawrence ronne,
 To shrive themselfe; the olde, the young, the great and small;
 Of all he is beloved well, and honord much of all.
 And, for he did the rest in wisdom farre exceede,
 The prince by him (his counsell cravde) was holpe at time of neede.
 Betwixt the Capilets and him great frendship grew,
 A secret and assured frend unto the Montague.
 Lovd of this yong man more than any other gesse,
 The fryer eke of Verone youth aye liked Romeus best;

² —the hearer's hart can gesse.] From these words it should seem that this poem was formerly sung or recited to casual passengers in the streets. See also p. 487, l. 26.

“ If any man be here, whom love hath clad with care,
 “ To him I speak; if thou wilt speed, &c. MALONE.

For whom he ever hath in time of his distress,
 As earst you heard, by skilful love found out his harmes redresse.
 To him is Romeus gone, ne stayeth he till the morrowe;
 To him he painteth all his case, his passed joy and sorrow.
 How he hath her espide with other dames in daunce,
 And how that fyrst to talke with her him selfe he dyd advance;
 Their talke and change of lookes he gan to him declare,
 And how so fast by fayth and troth they both y-coupled are,
 That neyther hope of lyfe, nor dread of cruel death,
 Shall make him false his fayth to her, while lyfe shall lend him breath.
 And then with weping eyes he prayes his gostly fyre
 To further and accomplish all their honest hartes desyre.
 A thousand doutes and moe in thold mans hed arose,
 A thousand daungers like to comme the old man doth disclose,
 And from the spousall rites he readeth him refrayne,
 Perhaps he shall be bet advise within a weeke or twayne.
 Advise is banisht quite from those that solowe love,
 Except advise to what they like theyr bending mynd do move.
 As well the father might have counfeld him to stay
 That from a mountaines top thrown downe is falling halfe the waye,
 As warne his frend to stop amid his race begonne,
 Whom Cupid with his smarting whip enforceth soorth to ronne.
 Part wonne by earnest sute, the frier doth graunt at last;
 And part, because he thinkes the stormes, so lately overpast,
 Of both the houholds wrath, this marriage might appease;
 So that they should not rage agayne, but quite for ever cease.
 The respite of a day he asketh to devise
 What way were best, unknown, to ende so great an enterprise.
 The wounded man that now doth dedly paynes endure,
 Scarce patient tarieth whilst his leech doth make the salve to cure:
 So Romeus hardly graunts a short day and a night,
 Yet nedes he must, els must he want his onely hartes delight.
 You see that Romeus no time or payne doth spare;
 Thinke, that the whilst fayre Juliet is not devoyde of care.
 Yong Romeus powreth soorth his hap and his mishap
 Into the friers brest;—but where shall Juliet unwrap
 The secrets of her hart? to whom shall she unfold
 Her hidden burning love, and eke her thought and care so colde,
 The nurse of whom I spake, within her chamber laye,
 Upon the mayde she wayteth still;—to her she doth bewray
 Her new-received wound, and then her ayde doth crave,
 In her, she saith, it lyes to spill, in her, her life to save.
 Not easily she made the froward nurse to bowe,
 But wonne at length with promest hyre, she made a solemne vowe
 To do what she commaundes, as handmayd of her hest;
 Her mistres secrets hide she will, within her covert brest.
 To Romeus she goes, of hym she doth desyre
 To know the meane of marriage, by counsell of the fyre.

On Saturday (quod he) if Juliet come to shrift,
 She shall be shrived and married:—how lyke you, noorse, this drift?
 Now by my truth, (quod she) God's blessing have your hart,
 For yet in all my life I have not heard of such a part.
 Lord, how you yong men can such crafty wiles devise,
 If that you love the daughter well, to bleare the mothers eyes!
 An easy thing it is with cloke of holines
 To mocke the sely mother, that suspecteth nothing lesse.
 But that it pleased you to tell me of the case,
 For all my many yeres perhaps I should have found it scarce.
 Now for the rest let me and Juliet alone;
 To get her leave, some feate excuse I will devise anone;
 For that her golden lockes by sloth have been unkempt,
 Or for unawares some wanton dreame the youthfull damsell drempt,
 Or for in thoughts of love her ydel time she spent,
 Or otherwise within her hart deserved to be shent.
 I know her mother will in no case say her nay;
 I warrant you, she shall not sayle to come on Saterdag.
 And then she sweares to him, the mother loves her well;
 And how she gave her sucke in youth, she leaveth not to tell.
 A pretty babe (quod she) it was when it was yong;
 Lord how it could full pretely have prated with it tong!
 A thousand times and more I laid her on my lappe,
 And clapt her on the buttocke soft, and kist where I did clappe.
 And gladder then was I of such a kisse forsooth,
 Then I had been to have a kisse of some old lecher's mouth.
 And thus of Juliets youth began this prating noorse,
 And of her present state to make a tedious long discourse.
 For though he pleasure tooke in hearing of his love,
 The message answer seemed him to be of more behove.
 But when these beldames sit at ease upon theyr tayle,
 The day and eke the candle light before theyr talke shall sayle.
 And part they say is true, and part they do devise,
 Yet boldly do they chat of both, when no man checkes theyr lyes.
 Then he vi crownes of gold out of his pocket drew,
 And gave them her;—a slight reward (quod he) and so adiew.
 In seven yeres twice tolde she had not bowd so lowe
 Her crooked knees, as now they bowe: she sweares she will bestowe
 Her crafty wit, her time, and all her busy payne,
 To help him to his hoped blisse; and, cowering downe agayne.
 She takes her leave, and home she hies with fedy pace;
 The chaumber doore she shuts, and then she saith with smyling face:
 Good newes for thee, my gyrl, good tydings I thee bring,
 Leave of thy woonted song of care, and now of pleasure sing.
 For thou mayst hold thyselfe the happiest under sonne,
 That in so little while so well so worthy a knight hast wonne.
 The best y-shapde is he and hath the sayrest face,
 Of all this towne, and there is none hath halfe so good a grace:

So gentle of his speeche, and of his counsell wife:—
 And still with many prayes more she heaved him to the skies.
 Tell me els what, (quod she) this evermore I thought;
 But of our marriage, say at once, what answere have you brought?
 Nay, soft, (quod she) I feare your hurt by sodain joye;
 I list not play (quod Juliet), although thou list to toye.
 How glad, trow you, was she, when she had heard her say,
 No farther of then Saturday differred was the day,
 Again the auncient nurse doth speake of Romeus,
 And then (said she) he spake to me, and then I spake him thus.
 Nothing was done or sayd that she hath left untold,
 Save only one that she forgot, the taking of the golde,
 “Ther is no losse (quod she) sweete wench, to losse of time,
 Ne in thine age shall thou repent so much of any crime.
 For when I call to mynd my former passed youth,
 One thing there is which most of all doth cause my endless ruth.
 At sixtene yeres I first did choose my loving feere,
 And I was fully ripe before, I dare well say, a yere.
 The pleasure that I lost, that year so overpast,
 A thousand times I have bewept, and shall, whyle life doth last.
 In fayth it were a shame, yea sinne it were, I wisse,
 When thou maist live in happy joy, to set light by thy blisse.”
 She that this morning could her mistres mynd disswade,
 Is now become an oratresse, her lady to perswade.
 If any man be here whom love hath clad with care,
 To him I speake; if thou wilt speede, thy purse thou must not spare.
 Two sorts of men there are, seeld welcome in at doore,
 The welthy sparing nigard, and the sutor that is poore.
 For glittring gold is wont by kynd to moove the hart;
 And oftentimes a slight rewarde doth cause a more defart,
 Y-written have I red, I wot not in what booke,
 There is no better way to fishe then with a golden hooke.
 Of Romeus these two do sitte and chat awhyle,
 And to them selfe they laugh how they the mother shall begyle.
 A feate excuse they finde, but sure I know it not,
 And leave for her to go to shrift on Saterday, she got.
 So well this Juliet, this wily wench, did know
 Her mothers angry houres, and eke the true bent of her bowe.
 The Saterday betimes, in sober weed y-clad,
 She tooke her leave, and forth she went with visage grave and sad.
 With her the nurse is sent, as brydle of her lust,
 With her the mother sends a mayd almost of equall trust.
 B twixt her teeth the bytte the jenet now hath caught,
 So warely eke the vyrgin walks, her mayde perceiveth nought.
 She gaseth not in churche on yong men of the towne,
 Ne wandreth she from place to place, but straight she kneleth downe
 Upon an alters step, where she devoutly prayes,
 And thereupon her tender knees the wery lady stayes;

Whilst she doth send her mayde the certayn truth to know,
 If frier Lawrence lay sure had to heare her shrift, or no.
 Out of his shriving place he commes with pleasant cheere;
 The shamfast mayde with bashfull brow to himward draweth neere.
 Some great offence (quod he) you have committed late,
 Perhaps you have displeasd your frend by geving him a mate.
 Then turning to the nurse and to the other mayde,
 Go heare a masse or two, (quod he) which straightway shall be sayde.
 For, her confession heard, I will unto you twayne
 The charge that I received of you restore to you agayne.
 What, was not Juliet, trow you, right well apayde,
 That for this trusty fryre hath chaungd her yong mistrusting mayde?
 I dare well say, there is in all Verona none,
 But Romeus, with whom she would so gladly be alone.
 Thus to the fryers cell they both forth walked byn;
 He shuts the doore as soon as he and Juliet were in. /
 But Romeus, her frend, was entered in before,
 And there had wayted for his love, two houres large and more.
 Eche minute seemd an houre, and every howre a day,
 Twixt hope he lived and despayre of cumming or of stay.
 Now wavering hope and feare are quite fled out of sight,
 For, what he hopde he hath at hande, his pleasant cheefe delight.
 And joyfull Juliet is healde of all her smart,
 For now the rest of all her parts have found her straying hart.
 Both theyr confessions fyrst the fryer hath heard them make,
 And then to her with lowder voyce thus fryer Lawrence spake:
 Fayre lady Juliet, my gostly daughter deere,
 As farre as I of Romeus learne, who by you stondeth here,
 Twixt you it is agreed, that you shal be his wyfe,
 And he your spouse in steady truth, till death shall end your life.
 Are you both fully bent to kepe this great behest?
 And both the lovers said, it was theyr onely harts request.
 When he did see theyr myndes in linkes of love so fast,
 When in the prayse of wedlocks state somme skilfull talke was past,
 When he had told at length the wyfe what was her due,
 His duty eke by gostly talke the youthfull husband knew;
 How that the wyfe in love must honour and obey,
 What love and honor he doth owe, a dette that he must pay,—
 The words pronounced were which holy church of olde
 Appoynted hath for mariage, and the ring of golde
 Received of Romeus; and then they both arose.
 To whom the frier then said: Perchance apart you will disclose,
 Betwixt your selfe alone, the bottome of your hart;
 Say on at once, for time it is that-hence you should depart.
 Then Romeus said to her, (both loth to part so soone)
 “Fayre lady, send to me agayne your nurse thys afternoone.
 Of corde I will bespeake a ladder by that time;
 By which, this night, while other sleepe, I will your windowe clime.
Then

Then will we talke of love and of our old dispayres,
 And then with longer layfure had difpofe our great affayres."
 Thefe fayd, they kiffe, and then part to theyr fathers houle,
 The joyfull bryde unto her home, to his eke goth the fpoufe;
 Contented both, and yet both discontented still,
 Till Night and Venus child geve leave the wedding to fulfill.
 The painfull fouldiour, fore y-bet with wery warre,
 The merchant eke that nedefull thinges doth dred to fetch from farre,
 The plowman that, for doute of feerce invading foes,
 Rather to fit in ydle eafe then fowe his tilt hath chofe,
 Rejoyce to hear proclaymd the tydings of the peace;
 Not pleasur with the found fo much, but, when the warres do ceafe,
 Then ceased are the harmes which cruel warre bringes forth:
 The merchant then may boldly fetch his wares of precious woorth;
 Dredeles the husbandman doth till his fertile feeld.
 For welth, her mate, not for her selfe, is peace fo precious held:
 So lovers live in care, in dred, and in unrest,
 And dedly warre by striving thoughts they kepe within their brest;
 But wedlocke is the peace whereby is freedome wonne
 To do a thousand pleasant thinges that should not els be donne.
 The newes of ended warre thefe two have heard with joy,
 But now they long the fruite of peace with pleasure to enjoy.
 In stormy wind and wave, in daunger to be lost,
 Thy steales ship, O Romeus, hath been long while betoft;
 The seas are now appeasd, and thou, by happy starre,
 Art come in sight of quiet haven; and, now the wrackfull barre
 Is hid with swelling tyde, boldly thou mayst resort
 Unto thy wedded ladies bed, thy long-defyred port.
 God graunt, no follies mist so dymme thy inward sight,
 That thou do misse the channel that doth leade to thy delight!
 God graunt, no daungers rocke, y-lurking in the darke,
 Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy sea-beaten barke.
 A fervant Romeus had, of woord and deede so just,
 That with his lyfe, if nede requierd, his maister would him trust.
 His faithfulnes had oft our Romeus proved of olde;
 And therefore all that yet was done unto his man he tolde.
 Who straight, as he was charged, a corden ladder lookes,
 To which he hath made fast two strong and crooked yron hookes.
 The bryde to send the nurse at twylight fayleth not,
 To whom the brydegroome geven hath the ladder that he got.
 And then to watch for him appoynted her an howre,
 For, whether Fortune smyle on him, or if she list to lowre,
 He will not misse to come to hys appoynted place,
 Where wont he was to take by stelth the view of Juliets face.
 How long thefe lovers thought the lasting of the day,
 Let other judge that woonted are lyke passions to assay:
 For my part, I do gesse eche howre seemes twenty yere;
 So that I deeme, if they might have (as of Alcume we heare)

The

The sunne bond to theyr will, if they the heavens might gyde,
Black shade of night and doubled darke should straight all over-hyde.

Thappointed howre is comme; he, clad in riche araye,
Walkes toward his desyred home:—good fortune gyde his way!
Approaching nere the place from whence his hart had lyfe,
So light he wox, he leapt the wall, and there he spyde his wyfe,
Who in the window watcht the comming of her lord;
Where she so surely had made fast the ladder made of corde,
That daungerles her spouse the chaumber window climes,
Where he ere then had wisht himselfe above ten thousand tymes,
The windowes close are shut; els looke they for no gest;
To light the waxen quariers, the auncient nurse is prest,
Which Juliet had before prepared to be light,
That she at pleasure might behold her husbands bewty bright.
A carchef white as snowe ware Juliet on her hed,
Such as she wonted was to weare, atyre meete for the bed.
As soon as she hym spide, about his necke she clong,
And by her long and slender armes a great while there she hong.
A thousand times she kist, and him unkist againe,
Ne could she speake a woord to him, though would she nere so sayne.
And like betwixt his armes to faynt his lady is;
She sets a sigh and clappeth close her closed mouth to his:
And ready then to fownde, she looked ruthfully,
That lo, it made him both at once to live and eke to dye.
These piteous painfull panges were haply overpast,
And she unto herselfe againe retorned home at last.
Then, through her troubled brest, even from the farthest part,
An hollow sigh, a messenger she sendeth from her hart.
O Romeus, (quod she) in whom all vertues shine
Welcome thou art into this place, where from these eyes of mine
Such teary streames did flowe, that I suppose wel ny
The source of all my bitter teares is altogether drye.
Absence so pynde my heart, which on thy presence fed,
And of thy safety and thy health so much I stood in dred.
But now what is decreed by fatall destiny,
I force it not; let Fortune do and death their woorst to me.
Full recompensd am I for all my passed harmes,
In that the Gods have graunted me to claspe thee in mine armes.
The chrystall teares began to stand in Romeus eyes,
When he unto his ladies woordes gan aunswere in this wise:
“ Though cruell Fortune be so much my deadly foe,
That I ne can by lively prooffe cause thee, fayre dame, to know
How much I am by love enthralled unto thee,
Ne yet what mighty powre thou hast, by thy desert, on me,
Ne torments that for thee I did ere this endure,
Yet of thus much (ne will I sayne) I may thee well assure
The least of many paines which of thy absence sproong,
More painfully than death it selfe my tender hart hath wroong.

Ere

Ere this, one death had rest a thousand deaths away,
 But life prolonged was by hope of this desired day;
 Which so just tribute payes of all my passed mone,
 That I as well contented am as if my selfe alone
 Did from the ocean reigne unto the sea of Ynde.
 Wherefore now let us wipe away old cares out of our mynde;
 For, as the wretched state is now redrest at last,
 So is it skill behind our backe the cursed care to cast.
 Since Fortune of her grace hath place and time assinde,
 Where we with pleasure may content our discontented mynde,
 In Lethes hyde we depe all greefe and all annoy,
 Whilst we do bathe in blisse, and fill our hungry harts with joye.
 And, for the time to comme, let be our busy care
 So wisely to direct our love, as no wight els be ware;
 Left envious foes by force despoyle our new delight,
 And us threw backe from happy state to more unhappy plight."
 Fayre Juliet began to aunswere what he sayde,
 But forth in hast the old nurse stept, and so her aunswere stayde,
 Who takes no time (quoth she) when time well offred is,
 An other time shall seeke for tyme, and yet of time shall misse:
 And when occasion serves, who so doth let it slippe,
 Is worthy sure, if I might judge, of lashes with a whippe.
 Wherefore if eche of you hath harmde the other so,
 And eche of you hath ben the cause of others wayled woe,
 Lo here a field (she shewd a field-bed ready dight)
 Where you may, if you list, in armes revenge yourself by fight.
 Whereto these lovers both gan easely assent,
 And to the place of mylde revenge with pleasant cheere they went,
 Where they were left alone.—(the nurse is gone to rest)
 How can this be? they restless lye, ne yet they seele unrest.
 I graunt that I envie the blisse they lived in;
 O that I might have found the like! I wish it for no sin,
 But that I might as well with pen their joyes depaynt,
 As heretofore I have displayd their secret hidden playnt.
 Of shyvering care and dred I have felt many a fit,
 But Fortune such delight as theirs dyd never graunt me yet.
 By prooffe no certain truth can I unhappy write,
 But what I gesse by likelihod, that dare I to endyte.
 The blindfold goddesse that with frowning face doth fraye,
 And from their seate the mighty kinges throwes down with hedlong
 sway,
 Begynneth now to turne to these her smyling face;
 Nedes must they tast of great delight, so much in Fortunes grace.
 If Cupid, god of love, be god of pleasant sport,
 I think, O Romeus, Mars himselfe envies thy happy sort.
 Ne Venus justly might (as I suppose) repent,
 If in thy stead, O Juliet, this pleasant time she spent.

Thus

Thus passe they soorth the night, in sport, in joly game;
 The hastines of Phæbus steeds in great despyte they blame.
 And now the vyrgins fort hath warlike Romeus got,
 In which as yet no breache was made by force of canon shot,
 And now in ease he doth possesse the hoped place:
 How glad was he, speake you, that may your lovers parts embrace.
 The mariage thus made up, and both the parties pleasd,
 The nigh approche of dayes retoorne these fely soles diseafd.
 And for they might no while in pleasure passe theyr time,
 Ne leysure had they much to blame the hasty mornings crime,
 With frendly kisse in armes of her his leave he takes,
 And every other night, to come, a solemn othe he makes,
 By one selfe meane, and eke to come at one selfe howre:
 And so he doth, till Fortune list to sawfe his sweete with fowre.
 But who is he that can his present state assure?
 And say unto himselfe, thy joyes shall yet a day endure?
 So wavering Fortunes whele, her chaunges be so straunge;
 And every wight y-thralled is by Fate unto her chaunge:
 Who raignes so over all, that eche man hath his part,
 Although not aye, perchaunce, alike of pleasure and of smart.
 For after many joyes some feele but little paine,
 And from that little greefe they toorne to happy joy againe.
 But other some there are, that living long in woe,
 At length they be in quiet ease, but long abide not so;
 Whose greefe is much increast by myrth that went before,
 Because the fodayne chaunge of thinges doth make it seeme the more.
 Of this unlucky sorte our Romeus is one,
 For all his hap turnes to mishap, and all his myrth to mone.
 And joyfull Juliet another lease must toorne;
 As woont she was, (her joyes bereft) she must begin to moorne.
 The summer of their blisse doth last a month or twayne,
 But winters blast with speddy foote doth bring the fall agayne.
 Whom glorious Fortune erst had heaved to the skies,
 Byenvious Fortune overthrowne, on earth now groveling lyes.
 She payd theyr former greefe with pleasures doub'ed gayne,
 But now, for pleasures usury, ten folde redoubleth payne.
 The prince could never cause those housholds so agree,
 But that some sparcles of theyr wrath as yet remayning bee;
 Which lye this while raaked up in ashes pale and ded,
 Till tyme do serve that they agayne in wasting flame may spread.
 At holiest times, men say, most heynous crimes are donne;
 The morrowe after Easter-day the mischiefe new begonne.
 A band of Capilets dyd meet (my hart it rewes)
 Within the walles, by Pursers gate, a band of Montagewes.
 The Capilets as cheefe a yong man have chose out,
 Best exercisd in seates of armes, and noblest of the rowte,
 Our Juliets unkles sonne, that cleped was Tibalt;
 He was of body tall and strong, and of his courage halt.

They

They neede no trumpet sounde to byd them geve the charge,
 So lowde he cryde with strayned voyce and mouth out-stretched large :
 " Now, now, quoth he, my friends, our selfe so let us wreake,
 That of this dayes revenge and us our childrens heyres may speake.
 Now once for all let us their swelling pryde asswage ;
 Let none of them escape alive." — I hen he with furjous rage,
 And they with him, gave charge upon theyr present foes,
 And then forthwith a skirmish great upon this fray arose.
 For loe the Montagewes thought shame away to flye.
 And rather then to live with shame, with prayfe did choosse to dye.
 The wordes that Tybalt usd to styrr his folke to yre,
 Have in the brestes of Montagewes kindled a furious fyre.
 With lyons harts they fight, warely them selfe defend ;
 To wound his foe, his present wit and force eche one doth bend.
 This furious fray is long on eche side stoutly fought,
 That whether part had got the woorst, full doutfull were the thought.
 The noyse hereof anon throughout the towne doth flye,
 And parts are taken on every side ; both kindreds thether hye.
 Here one doth graspe for breth, his frend bestrydeth him ;
 And he hath lost a hand, and he another maymed lym :
 His leg is cutte whilst he strikes at an other full,
 And whom he would have thrust quite through, hath cleft his cracked
 skull.

Theyr valiant harts forbode theyr foote to geve the ground ;
 With unappauled cheere they tooke full deepe and doutful wounde.
 Thus foote by foote long while, and shyld to shyld set fast,
 One foe doth make another faint, but makes him not agast.
 And whilst this noyse is rise in every townesmans eare,
 Eke, walking with his frendes, the noyse doth wofull Romeus heare.
 With speddy foote he ronnes unto the fray apace ;
 With him, those fewe that were with him he leadeth to the place.
 They pitie much to see the slaughter made so greate,
 That wet shod they might stand in blood on eyther side the streate.
 Part frendes, said he, part frendes, help, frendes, to part the fray,
 And to the rest, enough, (he cryes) now time it is to staye.
 Gods farther wrath you styrr, beside the hurt you feele,
 And with this new updröe confounde all thls our common wele.
 But they so busy are in fight, so egar, fierce,
 That through theyr cares his sage advise no leysure had to pearce.
 Then lept he in the throng, to part and barre the blowes
 As well of those that were his frends, as of his dedly foes.
 As soon as Tybalt had our Romeus espyde,
 He threw a thrust at him, that would have past from side to side ;
 But Romeus ever went, douting his foes, well armde,
 So that the swerd, kept out by mayle, had nothing Romeus harmde.
 Thou doest me wrong, quoth he, for I but part the fraye ;
 Not dread, but other waightly cause my hasty hand doth stay.

Thou

Thou art the cheefe of thine, the noblest eke thou art,
 Wherefore leave of thy malice now, and helpe these folke to part.
 Many are hurt, some slayne, and some are like to dye :—
 No, coward, trator boy, quoth he, straight way I mind to trye,
 Whether thy sugred talke, and tong so smoothly fylde,
 Against the force of this my swerd shall serve thee for a shyld.
 And then, at Romeus hed a blow he strake so hard
 That might have clove him to the braine but for his cunning ward.
 It was but lent to hym that could repay againe,
 And geve him deth for interest, a well-forborne gayne.
 Right as a forest bore, that lodged in the thicke,
 Pinched with dog, or els with speare y-pricked to the quicke,
 His bristles styffe upright upon his backe doth set,
 And in his fomy mouth his sharp and crooked tuskes doth whet;
 Or as a lyon wilde, that raumpeth in his rage,
 His whelpes bereft, whose fury can no weaker beast asswage ;—
 Such seemed Romeus in every others sight,
 When he him shope, of wrong receavde tavenge himselfe by sight.
 Even as two thunderbolts throwne downe out of the skye,
 That through the ayre, the massy earth, and seas, have powre to flye ;
 So met these two, and while they chaunge a blowe or twayne,
 Our Romeus thrust him through the throte, and so is Tybalt slayne.
 Loe here the end of those that styrr a dedly stryfe !
 Who thyrsteth after others death, him selfe hath lost his lyfe.
 The Capilets are quaylde by Tybalts overthrowe,
 The courage of the Montagewes by Romeus sight doth growe.
 The townesmen waxen strong, the Prince doth send his force ;
 The fray hath end. The Capilets do bring the bretheles corce
 Before the prince, and crave that cruell dedly payne
 May be the guerdon of his salt, that hath theyr kinsman slayne.
 The Montagewes do pleade theyr Romeus voyde of salt ;
 The lookers on do say, the fight begonne was by Tybalt.
 The prince doth pause, and then geves sentence in a while,
 That Romeus, for sleying him, should goe into exyle.
 His foes woulde have him hangde, or sterve in prison strong ;
 His friends do think, but dare not say, that Romeus hath wrong.
 Both housholds straight are charged on payne of losing lyfe,
 Theyr bloody weapons layd aside, to cease the styrrd stryfe.
 This common plage is spred through all the towne anon,
 From side to side the towne is fid with murmur and with mone.
 For Tybalts hasty death bewayled was of somme,
 Both for his skill in feates of armes, and for, in time to come
 He should, had this not chaunced, been riche and of great powre,
 To help his friends, and serve the state ; which hope within an howre
 Was wasted quite, and he, thus yelding up his breath,
 More than he holpe the towne in lyfe, hath harmde it by his death.
 And other somme bewayle, but ladies most of all,
 The lookeles lot by Fortunes gylt that is so late befall,

Without

Without his salt, unto the seely Romeus;
For whilst that he from native land shall live exyled thus,
From heavenly bewties light and his well shaped parts,
The sight of which was wont, fayre dames, to glad your youthfull
harts,

Shall you be banishd quite, and tyll he do retoorne,
What hope have you to joy, what hope to cease to moorne?
This Romeus was borne so much in heavens grace,
Of Fortune and of Nature so beloved, that in his face
(Beside the heavenly bewty gliftring ay so bright,
And seemely grace that wonted so to glad the seers sight)
A certain charme was graved by Natures secret arte,
That vertue had to draw to it the love of many a hart.
So every one doth wish to beare a part of payne,
That he releasd of exyle might straight retoorne againe.
But how doth moorne emong the moorners Juliet!
How doth she bathe her brest in teares! what depe sighes doth she fet!
How doth she tear her heare! her weede how doth she rent!
How fares the lover hearing of her lovers banishment!
How wayles she Tybalts death, whom she had loved so well!
Her hearty greefe and piteous plaint, cunning I want to tell.
For delving depely now in depth of depe despayre,
With wretched sorrows cruell found she fylls the empty ayre;
And to the lowest hell downe falls her heavy crye,
And up unto the heavens haight her piteous plaint doth flye.
The waters and the woods of sighes and sobs resounde,
And from the hard resounding rockes her sorrowes do rebounde.
Eke from her teary eyne downe rayned many a showre,
That in the garden where she walkd might water herbe and flowre.
But when at length she saw her selfe outraged so,
Unto her chaumber there she hide; there, overcharged with woe,
Upon her stately bed her painfull parts she threw,
And in so wondrous wise began her sorrowes to renewe,
That sure no hart so hard (but it of flynt had byn,)
But would have rude the piteous playnt that she did languishe in.
Then rapt out of her selfe, whilst she on every side
Did cast her restless eye, at length the window she espide,
Through which she had with joye seene Romeus many a time,
Which oft the ventrous knight was wont for Juliets sake to clyme.

She cryde, O cursed windowe! acurst be every pane,
Through which, alas! to sone I raught the cause of life and bane,
If by thy meane I have some slight delight receaved,
Or els such fading pleasure as by Fortune straight was reaved,
Hast thou not made me pay a tribute rigorous
Of heaped greefe and lasting care, and sorrowes dolorous?
That these my tender parts, which needeful strength do lacke
To bear so great unwelody lode upon so weake a backe,

Opprest

Opprest with waight of cares and with these sorrowes rise,
 At length must open wide to death the gates of lothed lyfe;
 That so my wery spite may somme where els unlode
 His deadly load, and free from thrall may seeke els where abode;
 For pleasant quiet ease and for assured rest,
 Which I as yet could never finde but for my more unrest?
 O Romeus, when first we both acquainted were,
 Wh'n to thy painted promises I lent my listning eare,
 Which to the brinckes you filld with many a slemne othe,
 And I then judge empty of gyle, and fraughted full of troth,
 I thought you rather would continue our good will,
 And seeke tappease our fathers strife, which daily groweth still.
 I little wend you would have sought occasion how
 By such an heynous act to breake the peace and eke your vowe;
 Whereby your bright renoune all whole yclipsed is,
 And I unhappy, huibandles, of cumfort robde and blisse.
 But if you did so much the blood of Capels thyrst,
 Why have you often spared myne? myne might have quencht it fyrst
 Synce that so many times and in so secret place,
 Where you were wont with vele of love to hyde your hatreds face,
 My doutful lyfe hath hapt by fatall dome to stand
 In mercy of your cruel hart, and of your bloody hand.
 What! seemde the conquest which you got of me so small?
 What! seemde it not enough that I, poor wrctch, was made your
 thrall?

But that you must increase it with that kinsmans blood,
 Which for his woorth and love to me, most in my favour stood?
 Well, goe hencefoorth els where, and seeke an other whyle
 Some other as unhappy as I, by flattery to begyle.
 And, where I comme, see that you shonne to shew your face,
 For your excuse within my hart shall finde no resting place.
 And I that now, too late, my former fault repent,
 Will so the rest of wery life with many teares lament,
 That soon my joyceles corps shall yeld up banishd breath,
 And where on earth it restles lived, in earth seeke rest by death.

These sayd, her tender hart, by payne opprest fore.
 Restraynd her tears, and forced her tong to kepe her talke in store;
 And then as still she was, as if in fownd she lay,
 And then againe, wroth with herselfe, with fable voyce gan say:

“ Ah cruell murdering tong, murderer of others fame,
 How durst thou once attempt to touch the honor of his name?
 Whose dedly foes do yeld him dew and erved prayse;
 For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decays.
 Why blamst thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt.
 Since he is gyltlesquite of all, and Tibalt beares the falt?
 Whether shall he, alas! poore banishd man, now flye?
 What place of succour shall he seeke beneath the starry skye?

Since

Since she pursueth hym, and him defames by wrong,
 That in distres should be his fort, and onely rampier strong.
 Receve the recompence, O Romeus, of thy wife,
 Who, for she was unkind her selfe, doth offer up her life,
 In flames of yre, in sighes, in sorow and in ruth,
 So to revenge the crime she did commit against thy truth."
 These said, she could no more; her senses all gan fayle,
 And dedly panges began straightway her tender hart assaile;
 Her limmes she stretched forth, she drew no more her breath:
 Who had been there might well have seen the signes of present death.
 The nurse that knew no cause why she absented her,
 Did doute lest that somme sodayn greefe too much tormented her.
 Eche where but where she was, the carefull beldam sought,
 Last, of the chamber where she lay she happily her bethought;
 Where she with piteous eye her nurse-child did beholde,
 Her limmes stretched out, her utward parts as any marble colde.
 The nurse supposde that she had payde to death her det,
 And then, as she had lost her wittes, she cryde to Juliet:
 Ah! my dere hart, quoth she, how greveth me thy death!
 Alas! what cause hast thou thus sone to yeld up living breath?
 But while she handled her, and chafed every part,
 She knew there was some sparke of life by beating of her hart,
 So that a thousand times she cald upon her name;
 There is no way to helpe a traunce but she hath tride the same:
 She openeth wyde her mouth, she stoppeth close her nose,
 She bendeth downe her brest, she wringeth her fingers and her toes,
 And on her bosome cold she layeth clothes hot;
 A warmed and a holesome juyce she powreth down her throte.
 At length doth Juliet heave faintly up her eyes,
 And then she stretcheth forth her arme, and then her nurse she spies.
 But when she was awakde from her unkindly traunce,
 "Why dost thou trouble me, quoth she, what drave thee, with mis-
 chaunce,

To come to see my sprite forsake my bretheles corse?
 Go hence, and let me dye, if thou have on my smait remorse.
 For who would see her frend to live in dedly payne?
 Alas! I see my greefe begonne for ever will remayne.
 Or who would seeke to live, all pleasure being past?
 My myrth is donne, my moorning mone for ay is like to last.
 Wherefore since that there is none other remedy,
 Comme gentle death, and ryve my heart at once, and let me dye."
 The nurse with trickling teares, to witnes inward smart,
 With holow sigh fetchd from the depth of her appauled hart,
 Thus spake to Juliet, y-clad with ougly care:
 "Good lady myne, I do not know what makes you thus to fare;
 Ne yet the cause of your unmeasurde heavyness.
 But of this one I you assure, for care and sorowes stresse,

This hower large and more I thought, so God me save,
 That my dead corps should wayte on yours to your untimely grave."
 "Alas, my tender nurse, and trusty frende, (quoth she)
 Art thou so blinde that with thine eye thou canst not easely see
 The lawfull cause I have to forow and to moorne,
 Since those the which I hyld most deere, I have at once forlorne."
 Her nurse then aunswered thus—"Methinkes it sits you yll
 To fall in these extremities that may you gylties spill.
 For when the stormes of care and troubles do aryse,
 Then is the time for men to know the foolish from the wise.
 You are accounted wise, a foole am I your nurse;
 But I see not how in like case I could behave me worse.
 Tybalt your frend is ded; what, weene you by your teares
 To call him backe againe? thinke you that he your crying heares?
 You shall perceve the falt, if it be justly tryde,
 Of his so sodayn death was in his rashnes and his pryde.
 Would you that Romeus him selfe had wronged so,
 To suffer him selfe causeles to be outraged of his foe,
 To whom in no respect he ought a place to geve?
 Let it suffice to thee, fayre dame, that Romeus doth live,
 And that there is good hope that he, within a while,
 With greater glory shall be calde home from his hard exile.
 How well y-born he is, thyselfe I know canst tell,
 By kindred strong, and well alyed, of all beloved well.
 With patience arme thyselfe, for though that Fortunes cryme,
 Without your falt, to both your greefes, depart you for a time,
 I dare say, for amendes of all your present payne,
 She will restore your owne to you, within a month or twayne,
 With such contented ease as never erst you had;
 Wherefore rejoyce a while in hope, and be no more so sad.
 And that I may discharge your hart of heavy care,
 A certaine way I have found out, my paynes ne will I spare,
 To learne his present state, and what in time to comme
 He mindes to doe; which knowne by me, you shall know all and
 somme,
 But that I dread the whilst your sorowes will you quell,
 Straight would I hye where he doth lurke, to fryer Lawrence cell.
 But if you gyn est sones, as erst you did, to moorne,
 Whereto goe I? you will be ded, before I thence retoorne.
 So I shall spend in waste my time and busy payne,
 So unto you, your life once lost, good aunswere comes in vayne;
 So shall I ridde my selfe with this sharpe pointed knyfe,
 So shall your cause your parents deere wax wery of theyr life;
 So shall your Romeus, despising lively breath,
 With hasty foote, before his time, ronne to untimely death.
 Where, if you can a while by reason rage suppress,
 I hope at my retorne to bring the salve of your distresse.

Now

Now choose to have me here a partner of your payne,
Or promise me to feede on hope till I retorne agayne."

Her mistres fendes her forth, and makes a grave behest
With reasons rayne to rule the thoughts that rage within her brest.
When hugy heapes of harmes are heaped before her eyes,
Then vanish they by hope of scape; and thus the lady lyes
Twixt well-assured trust, and doutfull lewd dyspayre:
Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts; now seeme they white and
fayre.

As oft in summer tide blacke cloudes do dimme the sonne,
And straight againe in clearest skye his restles fleedes do ronne;
So Juliets wandring mind y-clouded is with woe,
And by and by her hasty thought the woes doth overgoe.

But now is tyme to tell, whilst she was tossed thus,
What windes did drive or haven did hold her lover Romeus.
When he had slayne his foe that gan this dedly strife,
And saw the furious fray had ende by ending Tybalts life,
He fled the sharpe revenge of those that yet did live,
And douting much what penal doome the troubled prince might gyve,
He sought somewhere unseene to lurke a littel space,
And trusty Lawrence secret cell he thought the surest place.
In doutfull happe aye best a trusty friend is tryde;
The frendly frier in this distresse doth graunt his friend to hyde,
A secret place he hath, well seeled round about,
The mouth of which so close is shut, that none may finde it out;
But roome there is to walke, and place to sit and rest,
Beside a bed to sleape upon, full soft, and trimly drest.
The flowre is planked so, with mattes it is so warme,
That neither winde nor smoky damps have powre him ought to harme,
Where he was wont in youth his fayre frends to bestowe,
There now he hydeth Romeus, whilst forth he goth to knowe
Both what is said and donne, and what appoynted payne
Is published by trumpets sound; then home he hyes agayne.

By this unto his cell the nurse with spedy pace
Was comme the nereft way; she sought no ydel resting place.
The fryer sent home the newes of Romeus certain helth,
And promise made (what so befell) he should that night by steth
Comme to his wonted place, that they in nedefull wise
Of theyr affayres in time to comme might thoroughly devise.
Those joyfull newes the nurse brought home with merry joy;
And now our Juliet joyes to thinke she shall her love enjoy.
The fryer shuts fast his doore, and then to him beneth,
That waytes to heare the doutfull newes of life or else of death.
Thy hap (quoth he) is good, daunger of death is none,
But thou shalt live, and do full well, in spite of spitefull fone.
This only payne for thee was erst proclaymde aloude,
A banishd man, thou mayst thee not within Verona shrowde.

These heavy tidings heard, his golden lockes he tare,
 And like a franticke man hath torne the garments that he ware.
 And as the smitten deere in brakes is waltring found,
 So waltreth he, and with his brest doth beate the troden grounde.
 He riseth eft, and strikes his hed against the wals,
 He falleth downe agayne, and lowde for hasty death he cals.
 "Come spedye death, quoth he, the readiest leache in love,
 Synce nought can els beneth the sunne the ground of greefe remove.
 Of lothsome life breake downe the hated staggering stayes,
 Destroy, destroy at once the life that fayntly yet decays.
 But you, fayre dame, in whom dame Nature did devise
 With cunning hand to woerke that might seeme wondrous in our eyes,
 For you, I pray the gods, your pleasures to increase,
 And all mishap, with this my death, for evermore to cease.
 And mighty Jove with speede of justice bring them lowe,
 Whose lofty pryde, without our gylt, our blisse doth overblowe.
 And Cupid graunt to those theyr spedye wrongs redresse,
 That shall bewaile my cruell death and pity her distresse."
 Therewith a cloude of sighes he breathd into the skies,
 And two great streames of bitter teares ran from his frowlen eyes.
 These things the auncient fryer with sorrow saw and heard,
 Of such beginning eke the end the wiseman greatly feard.
 But lo! he was so weake by reason of his age,
 That he ne could by force repress the rigour of his rage.
 His wise and frendly woordes he speaketh to the ayre,
 For Romeus so vexed is with care, and with dispayre,
 That no advice can perce his close forstopped eares,
 So now the fryer doth take his part in shedding ruthfull teares.
 With colour pale and wan, with arms full hard y-fold,
 With wofull cheere his wayling frende he standeth to beholde.
 And then our Romeus with tender handes y-wrong,
 With voyce with plaint made horce, with sobs, and with a faltring
 tong,
 Renewd with novel mone the dolours of his hart;
 His outward dreery cheere bewrayde his store of inward smart.
 Fyrst Nature did he blame, the author of his lyfe,
 In which his joyes had been so scant, and sorowes ay so rise;
 The time and place of byrth he feerly did reprove,
 He cryed out with open mouth against the starres above:
 The fatall sisters three, he said, had donne him wrong,
 The threed that should not have been sponne, they had drawne forth
 too long.
 He wished that he had before his time been borne,
 Or that as soone as he wan light, his lyfe he had forlorne.
 His nurse he cursed, and the hand that gave him pappe,
 The midwife eke with tender grype that held him in her lappe;
 And then did he complaine on Venus cruell sonne,
 Who led him first unto the rockes which he should warely shonne:

By

By meane whereof he lost both lyfe and libertie,
 And dyed a hundred times a day, and yet could never dye.
 Loves troubles lasten long, the joyes he gives are short;
 He forceth not a lovers payne, theyr earnest is his sport.
 A thousand thinges and more I here let passe to write
 Which unto love this wofull man dyd speake in great despite.
 On Fortune eke he raylde, he calde her deafe, and blynde,
 Unconstant, fond, deceitfull, rashe, unruthfull, and unkynd.
 And to himselfe he layd a great part of the falt,
 For that he slewe and was not slaine, in fighting with Tibalt.
 He blamed all the world, and all he did desye,
 But Juliet for whom he lived, for whom eke would he dye.
 When after raging fits appeased was his rage,
 And when his passions, powred forth, gan partly to asswage,
 So wisely did the fryre unto his tale replye,
 That he straight cared for his life, that erst had care to dye.
 " Art thou (quoth he) a man? thy shape saith, so thou art;
 Thy crying, and thy weeping eyes denote a womans hart.
 For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd out-chafed,
 And in her stead affections lewd and fancies highly placed:
 So that I stood in doute, this howre at the least,
 If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutish beast.
 A wise man in the midst of troubles and distres
 Still standes not wayling present harme, but seekes his harmes redres.
 As when the winter flawes with dredful noyse arise,
 And heave the fomy swelling waves up to the stary skyes,
 So that the broosed barke in cruell seas betost,
 Dispayreth of the happy haven, in daunger to be lost,
 The pylate bold at helme, cries, mates strike now your sayle,
 And tornes her stemme into the waves that strongly her assaile;
 Then driven hard upon the bare and wrackefull shore,
 In greater daunger to be wrackt than he had been before,
 He seeth his ship full right against the rocke to ronne,
 But yet he dooth what lyeth in him the perlous rocke to shonne;
 Sometimes the beaten boate, by cunning government,
 The ancors lost, the cables broke, and all the tackle spent.
 The roder smitten of, and over-boord the mast,
 Dooth win the long-desyred porte, the stormy daunger past;
 But if the master dread, and overpreft with woe
 Begin to wring his handes, and lets the gyding rodder goe,
 The ship rents on the rocke, or sinketh in the deepe,
 And eke the coward drenched is:—So, if thou still beweepe
 And seke not how to helpe the chaunges that do chaunce,
 Thy cause of sorow shall increase, thou cause of thy mischaunce.
 Other account thee wise, prove not thyself a foole;
 Now put in practise lessons learned of old in wisdom's schoole.
 The wise man saith, beware thou double not thy payne,
 For one perhaps thou mayst abyde, but hardly suffer twaine.

As well we ought to seeke things hurtfull to decrease.
 As to indevor helping thinges by study to increase.
 The prayse of trew freedom in wisdomes bondage lyes,
 He winneth blame whose deedes be fonde, although his words be
 wife.

Sicknes the bodies gayle, greefe, gayle is of the mynd;
 If thou canst scape from heavy greefe, true freedome shalt thou finde.
 Fortune can fill nothing so full of hearty greefe,
 But in the same a constant mynd finds solace and releefe.
 Vertue is alwaies thrall to troubles and annoye,
 But wisdom in adversitie findes cause of quiet joye.
 And they most wretched are that know no wretchednes,
 And after great extremity mishaps ay waxen lesse.
 Like as there is no weale but wastes away somtime,
 So every kynd of wayled woe will weare away in time.
 If thou wilt master quite the troubles that thee spill,
 Endeavor first by reasons help to master witles will,
 A sondry medson hath eche sondry saynt disease,
 But patience, a common salve, to every wound geves ease.
 The world is alway full of chaunces and of chaunge,
 Wherefore the chaunge of chaunce must not seem to a wise man
 straunge.

For tickel Fortune doth, in chaunging, but her kind,
 But all her chaunges cannot chaunge a steady constant mynd.
 Though wavering Fortune toorne from thee her smyling face,
 And sorow seke to set himsele in banishd pleasures place,
 Yet may thy marred state be mended in a while,
 And she estiones that frowneth now, with pleasant cheere shall smile.
 For as her happy state no long while standeth sure,
 Even so the heavy plight she brings, not alwayes doth endure.
 What nede so many words to thee that art so wyse?
 Thou better canst advise thy selfe, then I can thee advise.
 Wisdome, I see, is vayne, if thus in time of neede
 A wisemans wit unpractised doth stand him in no steede.
 I know thou hast some cause of sorow and of care,
 But well I wot thou hast no cause thus frantickly to fare.
 Affections foggy mist thy sebled sight doth blynd;
 But if that reasons beames againe might shine into thy mynd,
 If thou wouldst view thy state with an indifferent eye
 I thinke thou wouldst condemne thy plaint, thy sighing, and thy crye.
 With valiant hand thou madest thy foe yeld up his bre h,
 Thou hast escaped his sword and eke the lawes that threaten death.
 By thy escape thy frendes are fraughted full of joy,
 And by his death thy deadly foes are laden with annoy.
 Wilt thou with trusty frendes of pleasure take some part?
 Or els to please thy hatefull foes be partner of theyr smart?
 Why cryest thou out on love? why dost thou blame thy fate?
 Why dost thou so crye after death? thy life why dost thou hat?

Dost

Dost thou repent the choyse that thou so late dydst choose ?
 Love is thy lord ; thou oughtst obey and not thy prince accuse.
 For thou hast found, thou knowest, great favour in his sight,
 He graunted thee, at thy request, thy onely harts delight.
 So that the gods invyde the blisse thou livedst in ;
 To geve to such unthankfull men is folly and a sin.
 Methinke I hear thee say, the cruell banishment
 Is onely cause of thy unrest ; onely thou dost lament
 That from thy natife land and frendes thou must depart,
 Enforst to fye from her that hath the keping of thy hart :
 And so opprest with waight of smart that thou dost seele,
 Thou dost complaine of Cupids brand, and Fortunes turning wheele.
 Unto a valiant hart there is no banishment,
 All countreys are his native soyle beneath the firmament.
 As to the fish the sea, as to the fowle the ayre,
 So is like pleasant to the wise eche place of his repayre.
 Though forward fortune chafe thee hence into exile,
 With doubled honor shall she call thee home within a while.
 Admit thou shouldst abyde abroad a year or twayne,
 Should so short absence cause so long and eke so greivous payne ?
 Though thou ne mayst thy frendes here in Verona see,
 They are not banishd Mantua, where safely thou mayst be.
 Thether they may resort, though thou resort not hether,
 And there in suretie may you talke of your affayres together.
 Yea, but this while, alas ! thy Juliet must thou misse
 The only piller of thy health, and ancor of thy blisse.
 Thy heart thou leavest with her, when thou doest hence depart
 And in thy brest inclosed bearest her tender frendly hart.
 But if thou rew so much to leave the rest behinde,
 With thought of passed joyes content thy discontented minde ;
 So shall the mone decreate wherewith thy mind doth melt,
 Compared to the heavenly joyes which thou hast often felt.
 He is too nyse a weakeling that shrinketh at a showre,
 And he unworthy of the sweete, that tasteth not the sowre.
 Call now agayne to mynd the fyrst consuming flame :
 How didst thou vainely burne in love of an unloving dame ?
 Hadst thou not wel nigh wept quite out thy swelling eyne ?
 Did not thy parts, fordoon with payne, languishe away and pyne ?
 Those greeses and others like were happily overpast,
 And thou in haight of Fortunes wheele well placed at the last ;
 From whence thou art now falne, that, rayfed up agayne,
 With greater joy a greater while in pleasure mayst thou raigne.
 Compare the present while with times y-past before,
 And thinke that fortune hath for thee great pleasure yet in store.
 The whilst, this little wrong receve thou patiently
 And what of force must needes be done, that do thou willingly.
 Folly it is to feare that thou canst not avoyde,
 And madnes to desyre it much that cannot be enjoyde.

To geve to Fortune place, not aye deserveth blame,
But skill it is, according to the times thy selfe to frame."

Whilst to this skilfull lore he lent his listning eares,
His sighs are stopt, and stopped are the conduyts of his teares,
As blackest cloudes are chased by winters nimble wynde,
So have his reafons chased care out of his carefull mynde.
As of a morning fowle ensues an evening fayre,
So baniht hope returneth home to banish his despayre,
Now is affections veale removed from his eyes,
He seeth the path that he must walke, and reason makes him wise,
For very shame the blood doth flashe in both his cheekes,
He thanks the father for his love, and farther ayde he seekes.
He sayth, that skilles youth for counsell is unfitte,
And anger oft with hastines are joynd to want of witte;
But sound advise abounds in hides with horish heares,
For wisdom is by practise wonne, and perfect made by yeares,
But aye from this time forth his ready bending will
Shal be in awe and governed by fryer Lawrences skill,
The governor is now right carefull of his charge,
To whom he doth wisely discoorse of his affayres at large.
He tells him how he shall depart the towne unknowne,
(Both mindeful of his frendes safetie, and carefull of his owne)
How he shall gyde himselfe, how he shall seeke to winne
The frendship of the better sort, how warely to crepe in
The favour of the Mantuan prince, and how he may
Appease the wrath of Escalus, and wipe the fault away;
The choller of his foes by gentle meanes tassuage,
Or els by force and practises to bridle quite theyr rage;
And last he chargeth him at his appoynted howre
To goe with manly mery cheere unto his ladies bowre;
And there with holesome wordes to salve her sorowes smart,
And to revive, if nede require, her faint and dying hart.

The old mans wordes have filld with joy our Romeus brest,
And eke the old wyves talke hath set our Juliets hart at rest.
Whereto may I compare, o lovers, thys your day?
Like dayes the painefull mariners are wonted to assay;
For, beat with tempest great, when they at length espye
Some little beame of Phœbus light, that perceth through the skie,
To cleare the shadowde earth by clearenes of his face,
They hope that dreadles they shall ronne the remnant of theyr race;
Yea they assure them selfe, and quite behind theyr backe
They cast all doute, and thanke the gods for scaping of the wracke;
But straight the boysterous windes with greater fury blowe,
And over boord the broken mast the stormy blastes doe throwe;
The heavens large are clad with cloudes as darke as hell,
And twice as hye the striving waves begin to roare and swell;
With greater daungers dred the men are vexed more,
In greater perill of theyr life then they had been before.

The

The golden sonne was gonne to lodge him in the west,
The full moon eke in yonder south had sent most men to rest;
When restless Romeus and restless Juliet
In wooed fort, by wooed meane, in Juliets chaumber met.
And from the windowes top downe had he leaped scarce,
When she with armes outstretched wide so hard did him embrace,
That wel nigh had the sprite (not forced by dedly force)
Flowne unto death, before the time abandoning the corce.
Thus muet stooode they both the eyght part of an howre,
And both would speake, but neither had of speaking any powre;
But on his brest her hed doth joylesse Juliet lay
And on her slender necke his chyn doth ruthfull Romeus stay.
Theyr scalding sighes ascend, and by theyr checkes downe fall
Theyr trickling teares, as christall cleare, but bitterer far then gall.
Then he, to end the greefe which both they lived in,
Dyd kisse his love, and wisely thus hys tale he dyd begin :

“ My Juliet, my love, my onely hope and care,
To you I purpose not as now with length of woordes declare
The diversenes and eke the accidents so straunge
Of frayle unconstant Fortune, that delyteth still in chaunge;
Who in a moment heaves her frendes up to the height
Of her swift-turning slippery wheele, then fleetes her frendship straight.
O wondrous chaunge! even with the twinkling of an eye
Whom erst her selfe had rashly set in pleasant place so hye,
The same in great despyte downe hedlong doth she throwe,
And while she treads, and spurneth at the lofty state layde lowe,
More sorow doth she shape within an howers space,
Than pleasure in an hundred yeares; so geyson is her grace.
The prooffe whereof in me, alas! too playne apperes,
Whom tenderly my carefull frendes have fosterd with my feeres,
In prosperous hygh degree, mayntained so by fate,
That, as your selfe dyd see, my foes envye my noble state.
One thing there was I did above the rest desyre,
To which as to the sovereign good by hope I would aspyre,
That by our mariage meane we might within a while
(To work our perfect happenes) our parents reconcile:
That safely so we might, not stopt by sturdy strife,
Unto the bounds that God hath set, gyde forth our pleasant lyfe,
But now, alack! too soone my blisse is over-blowne,
And upside downe my purpose and my enterpryse are throwne.
And driven from my frendes, of straungers must I crave
(O graunt it God!) from daungers dread that I may suretie have.
For loe, henceforth I must wander in landes unknowne,
(So hard I finde the prince's doome) exyled from myne owne.
Which thing I have thought good to set before your eyes,
And to exhort you now to proove yourselfe a woman wise;
That patiently you beare my absent long abod,
For what above by fatall doome decreed is, that God—”

And

And more than this to say, it seemed, he was bent,
 But Juliet in dedly greefe, with brackish tears besprent,
 Brake of his tale begonne, and whilst his speech he stayde,
 These selfe same wordes, or like to these, with dreery cheere she
 sayde :

“ Why Romeus, can it be, thou hast so hard a hart,
 So farre removed from ruth, so farre from thinking on my smart,
 To leave me thus alone, thou cause of my distresse,
 Beseged with so great a campe of mortall wretchednesse ;
 That every howre now and moment in a day
 A thousand times Death braggess, as he would reave my lyfe away ?
 Yet such is my mishap, O cruell destinye !
 That still I lyve, and wish for death, but yet can never dye.
 So that just cause I have to thinke, as seemeth me,
 That froward Fortune did of late with cruell Death agree,
 To lengthen lothed lyfe, to pleasure in my payne,
 And triumph in my harme, as in the greatest hoped gayne.
 And thou, the instrument of Fortunes cruell will,
 Without whose ayde she can no way her tyrans lust fulfill.
 Art not a whit ashamde (as farre as I can see)
 To cast me of, when thou hast cullde the better part of me.
 Whereby alas ! to soone, I, feely wretch, do prove,
 That all the auncient sacred laws of frendship and of love
 Are quelde and quenched quite, since he on whom alway
 My cheefe hope and my steady trust was woonted still to stay,
 For whom I am become unto myselfe a foe,
 Disdayneth me, his stedfast frend, and skornes my frendship so:
 Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayst of two things choose the one,
 Eyther to see thy castaway, as soone as thou art gone,
 Hedlong to throw her selfe downe from the windowes haight,
 And so to breake her slender necke with all the bodies waight,
 r suffer her to be companion of thy payne,
 Where so thou go (Fortune thy gyde), tyll thou retourne agayne.
 So wholly into thine transformed is my hart,
 That even as oft as I do thinke that thou and I shall part,
 So oft, methinkes, my lyfe withdrawes it selfe awaye,
 Which I retaine to no end els but to the end I may
 In spite of all thy foes thy present partes enjoye,
 And in distres to beare with thee the halfe of thine annoye.
 Wherefore, in humble sort, Romeus, I make request,
 If ever tender pity yet were lodgde in gentle brest,
 O, let it now have place to rest within thy hart ;
 Receve me as thy servant, and the fellow of thy smart :
 Thy absence is my death, thy sight shall geve me lyfe.
 But if perhaps thou stand in dred to lead me as a wyfe,
 Art thou all counfellese ? canst thou no shift devise ?
 What letteth but in other weede I may my selfe disguise ?

What,

What, shall I be the first? hath none done so ere this,
To scape the bondage of theyr frends? thyselfe can aunswer, yes.
Or dost thou stand in doute that I thy wife ne can
By service pleasure thee as much, as may thy hyred man?
Or is my loyalte of both accompted lesse?
Perhaps thou fearst lest I for gayne forsake thee in distresse.
What! hath my bewty now no powre at all on you,
Whose brightnes, force, and prayse, sometime up to the skyes you
blew?

My teares, my frendship and my pleasures donne of olde,
Shall they be quite forgote in dede?"—When Romeus dyd behold
The wildnes of her looke, her cooler pale and ded,
The woorst of all that might betyde to her, he gan to dred;
And once agayne he dyd in armes his Juliet take,
And kist her with a loving kysse, and thus to her he spake:
Ah Juliet, (quoth he) the mistres of my hart,
For whom, even now, thy servant doth abyde in dedly smart,
Even for the happy dayes which thou desyrest to see,
And for the fervent friendships sake that thou dost owe to mee,
At once these fancies vayne out of thy mynd roote out,
Except, perhaps, unto thy blame, thou fondly go about
To hasten forth my death, and to thine owne to ronne,
Which Natures law and wisdoms lore teach every wight to shonne.

For, but thou change thy mynde, (I do foretell the end)
Thou shalt undoo thyselfe for aye, and me thy trusty frend.
For why?—thy absence knowne, thy father will be wroth,
And in his rage so narrowly he will pursue us both,
That we shall trye in vayne to scape away by flight,
And vainely seeke a looking place to hyde us from his sight.
Then we, found out and caught, quite voyde of strong defence,
Shall cruelly be punished for thy departure hence;
I as a ravisher, thou as a careles childe,
I as a man that doth defile, thou as a mayde defilde;
Thinking to lead in ease a long contented life,
Shall short our dayes by shamefull death:—but if, my loving wife,
Thou banish from thy mynde two foes that counsell hath,
(That wont to hinder found advise) rashe hastines and wrath,
If thou be bent to obey the love of reasons skill,
And wisely by her princely powre suppress rebellng will,
If thou our safetie seeke, more then thine owne delight,
(Since suretie standes in parting, and thy pleasures growe of sight,)
Forbeare the cause of joy, and suffer for a while,
So shall I safely live abrode, and safe torne from exile:
So shall no slanders blot thy spotles life distayne,
So shall thy kinsmen be untyrd, and I exempt from payne.
And thinke thou not, that aye the cause of care shall last;
These stormy broyles shall over-blowe, much like a winters blast.

For

For Fortune chaungeth more then fickle fantasie;
 In nothing Fortune constant is save in unconstancie.
 Her hasty ronning wheele is of a restless coorse,
 That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, from better to the woorse,
 And those that are beneth the heaveth up agayne:
 So we shall rise to pleasures mount, out of the pit of payne.
 Ere foure monthes overpasse, such order will I take.
 And by my letters and my frendes such meanes I mynd to make,
 That of my wandring race ended shal be the toyle,
 And I cald home with honor great unto my native soyle.
 But if I be condemnd to wander still in thrall,
 I will returne to you, mine owne, befall what may befall.
 And then by strength of frendes, and with a mighty hand,
 From Verone will I carry thee into a foreign lande;
 Not in mans weede disguysd, or as one scarcely knowne,
 But as my wife and onely seere, in garment of thyne owne.
 Wherefore repressie at once the passions of thy hart,
 And where there is no cause of greefe, cause hope to heale thy smart.
 For of this one thyng thou mayst well assured bee,
 That nothing els but onely death shall sunder me from thee."
 The reasons that he made did seeme of so great waight,
 And had with her such force, that she to him gan aunswere straight.
 "Deere Syr, nought els wish I but to obey your will;
 But sure where so you go, your hart with me shall tarry still,
 As signe and certaine pledge, tyll here I shall you see,
 Of all the powre that over you your selfe did graunt to me;
 And in his stead take myne, the gage of my good will.—
 One promesse crave I at your hand, that graunt me to fulfill;
 Fayle not to let me have, at fryer Lawrence hand,
 The tydinges of your health, and howe your doutfull case shall stand.
 And all the wery whyle that you shall spend abroad,
 Cause me from time to time to know the place of your abode."
 His eyes did gush out teares, a sigh brake from his brest.
 When he did graunt and with an othe did vowe to kepe the hest.

Thus these two lovers passe awaye the wery night,
 In payne and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleasure and delight.
 But now, somewhat too soone, in farthest east arose
 Fayre Lucifer, the golden starre that lady Venus chose;
 Whose course appoynted is with speddy race to ronne,
 A messenger of dawning daye, and of the rysing sonne.
 Then fresh Aurora with her pale and silver glade
 Did cleare the skies, and from the earth had chased ougly shade.
 When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou winke,
 When Phœbus from our hemisphere in westerne wave doth sinke,
 What cooler then the heavens do shew unto thine eyes,
 The same, or like, saw Romeus in farthest easterne skies.
 As yet he saw no day, ne could he call it night,
 With equall force decreasing darke fought with increasing light,

Then

Then Romeus in armes his lady gan to folde,
 With frendly kisse, and ruthfully she gan her knight beholde.
 With solemne othe they both theyr sorowfull leave do take;
 They sweare no stormy troubles shall theyr steady frendship shake.
 Then carefull Romeus agayne to cell retoornes,
 And in her chaumber secretly our joyles Juliet moornes.
 Now huyg cloudes of care, of sorow, and of dread,
 The cleernes of theyr gladsome harts hath wholly overspread.
 When golden-crested Phæbus bosteth him in skye,
 And under earth, to scape revenge, his dedly foe doth flye,
 Then hath these lovers day an ends, theyr night begonne,
 For eche of them to other is as to the world the sonne.
 The dawning they shall see, ne sommer any more,
 But black-faced night with winter rough ah! beaten over fore.
 The wery watch discharged did hye them home to slepe,
 The warders, and the skowtes were charged theyr place and course to
 kepe,
 And Verone gates awide the porters had set open,
 When Romeus had of hys affayres with fryer Lawrence spoken.
 Warely he walked forth, unknowne of frend or foe,
 Clad like a merchant venterer, from top even to the toe.
 He spurd apace, and came, withouten stoppe or stay,
 To Mantua gates, where lighted downe, he sent his man away
 With wordes of comfort to his old afflicted syre;
 And straight, in mynde to sojourn there, a lodging doth he hyre.
 And with the nobler fort he doth himselfe acquaynt,
 And of his open wrong receaved the duke doth heare his playnt.
 He practiseth by frendes for pardon of exile;
 The whilst, he seeketh every way his sorowes to begyle.
 But who forgets the cole that burneth in his brest?
 Alas! his cares denye his hart the sweete desyred rest,
 No time findes he of myrth, he fyndes no place of joy,
 But every thing occasion gives of sorowe and annoye.
 For when in toorning skies the heavens lamps are light,
 And from the other hemisphere fayre Phæbus chafeth night,
 When every man and beast hath rest from paynefull toyle,
 Then in the brest of Romeus his passions gin to boyle.
 Then doth he wet with teares the cowche whereon he lyes,
 And then his sighes the chaumber fill, and out aloud he cries
 Against the restles starres in rolling skies that raunge,
 Against the fatall sisters three, and Fortune full of chaunge.
 Eche night a thousand times he calleth for the day,
 He thinketh Titans restles steedes of restines do stay;
 Or that at length they have some bayting place found out,
 Or, gyded yll, have lost theyr way and wandred farr about.
 While thus in ydell thoughts the wery time he spendeth,
 The night hath end, but not with night the plaint of night he endeth.

Is he accompanied? is he in place alone?
 In company he wayles his harme, apart he maketh mone.
 For if his feeser rejoyce, what cause hath he to joy,
 That wanteth still his cheefe delight, while they theyr loves enjoye?
 But if with heavy cheere they shew their inward greefe,
 He wayleth most his wretchedness that is of wretches cheefe.
 When he doth heare abroad the prayse of ladies blowne,
 Whithin his thought he scorneth them, and doth prefer his owne.
 When pleasant songes he heares, while others do rejoyce,
 The melodye of musicke doth styrre up his mourning voyce.
 But if in secret place he walke some where alone,
 The place it selfe and secretnes redoubleth all his mone.
 Then speakes he to the beastes, to feathered fowles and trees,
 Unto the earth, the cloudes, and what so beside he sees.
 To them he sheweth his smart, as though they reason had,
 Eche thing may cause his heavines, but nought may make him glad.
 And wery of the world agayne he calleth night,
 The sunne he curseth, and the howre when first his eyes saw light.
 And as the night and day theyr course do enterchaunge.
 So doth our Romeus nightly cares for cares of day exchange.
 In absence of her knight the lady no way could
 Kepe trewe betweene her greefes and her, though nere so fayne she
 would;

And though with greater payne she cloked sorowes smart,
 Yet did her paled face disclose the passions of her hart.
 Her sighing every howre, her weeping every where,
 Her recheles heede of meate, of slepe, and wearing of her gaire,
 The carefull mother markes; then of her health afrayde,
 Because the gree'es increased still, thus to her child she sayde:
 "Deere daughter, if you shoulde long languishe in th's fort,
 I stand in doute that over-soone your sorowes will make short
 Your loving fathers life and myne, that love you more
 Then our owne propre breth and lyfe. Brydel henceforth therefore
 Your greefe and payne, your selfe on joy your thought to set,
 For time it is that now you should our Tybalts death forget.
 Of whom since God hath claymd the life that was but lent,
 He is in blisse, ne is there cause why you should thus lament;
 You cannot call him backe with teares and shrikinges shrill:
 It is a fault thus still to grudge at Gods appoynted will."
 The feely soule hath now no longer powre to fayne,
 No longer could she hide her harme, but answered thus agayne,
 With heavy broken sighes, with visage pale and ded:
 "Madame, the last of Tybalts teares a great while since I shed;
 Whose spring hath been ere this so laded out by me,
 That empty quite and moystureles I gesse it now to be.
 So that my payned hart by conduytes of the eyne
 No more henceforth (as wont it was) shall gush forth dropping bryne.

The

The wofull mother knew not what her daughter ment,
 And loth to vex her chylde by woordes, her pace she warely hent,
 But when from howre to howre, from morow to the morow,
 Still more and more she saw increast her daughters wonted sorrow,
 All meanes she sought of her and household folke to know
 The certain roote whereon her greefe and booteles mone doth growe:
 But lo, she hath in wayne her time and labor lore,
 Wherefore without all measure is her hart tormented sore.
 And sith herselfe could not fynde out the cause of care,
 She thought it good to tell the fyre how ill this childe did fare.
 And when she saw her time, thus to her seere she sayde:
 "Syr, if you marke our daughter well, the countenance of the mayde,
 And how she fareth since that Tybalt unto death
 Before his time, forst by his foe, did yeld his living breath,
 Her face shall seeme so chaunged, her doynges eke so straunge,
 That you will greatly wonder at so great and sodain chaunge.
 Not onely she forbears her meate, her drinke and sleepe,
 But now she tendeth nothing els but to lament and weepe.
 No greater joy hath she, nothing contents her hart
 So much, as in the chaumber close to shut her selfe apart:
 Where she doth so torment her poore afflicted mynde,
 That much in daunger standes her lyfe, except some help she finde.
 But, out alas! I see not how it may be founde,
 Unlesse that fyrst we might fynd whence her sorowes thus abounde.
 For though with busy care I have employde my wit,
 And used all the wayes I have to learne the truth of it,
 Neither extremitie ne gentle meanes could boote;
 She hydeth close within her brest her secret sorowes roote.
 This was my fyrst conceite,—that all her ruth arose
 Out of her coosin Tybalts death, late slayne of dedly foes
 But now my hart doth hold a new repugnant thought;
 Somme greater thing, not Tybalts death, this chaunge in her hath
 wrought.

Her selfe assured me that many days agoe
 She shed the last of Tybalts teares; which woords amasd me so
 That I then could not gesse what thing els might her greeve:
 But now at length I have bethought me; and I do beleve
 The only crop and roote of all my daughters payne
 Is grudging envies faynt disease; perhaps she doth disdayne
 To see in wedlocke yoke the most part of her seeres,
 Whilst only she unmarried doth lose so many yeres.
 And more perchaunce she thinkes you mynd to kepe her so;
 Wherefore dispayring doth she weare her selfe away with woe.
 Therefore, deere Syr, in tyme, take on your daughter ruth;
 For why? a bricke thing is glasse, and frayle is skilleffe youth.
 Joyne her at once to somme in linke of mariage,
 That may be meete for our degree, and much about her age.

So shall you banish care out of your daughters brest,
 So we her parentes, in our age, shall live in quiet rest."
 Whereto gan easely her husband to agree,
 And to the mothers skilfull talke thus straightway answered he.
 "Oft have I thought, deere wife, of all these things ere this,
 But evermore my mynd me gave, it should not be amisse
 By farther leysure had a husband to provyde;
 Scarce saw she yet full sixteen yeres,—too yong to be a bryde.
 But since her state doth stande on termes so perilous,
 And that a mayden daughter is a treasure dangerous,
 With so great speede I will endeavour to procure
 A husband for our daughter yong, her sicknes faynt to cure,
 That you shall rest content, so warely will I choose,
 And she recover soone enough the time she seemes to loose.
 The whilst seeke you to learne, if she in any part
 Already hath, unware to us, fixed her frendly hart;
 Lest we have more respect to honor and to welth,
 Then to our daughters quiet lyfe, and to her happy helth
 Whom I do hold as deere as thapple of myne eye,
 And rather wish in poore estate and daughterles to dye,
 Then leave my goodes and her y-thrald to such a one,
 Whose chorlish dealing, (I once dead) should be her cause of mone."
 This pleasant aunswer heard, the lady partes agayne,
 And Capilet, the maydens syre, within a day or twayne,
 Conferreth with his frendes for mariage of his daughter,
 And many gentlemen there were, with busy care that sought her;
 Both, for the mayden was well-shaped, yong and fayre,
 As also well brought up, and wise; her fathers onely heyre.
 Emong the rest was one inflamde with her deysyre,
 Who county Paris cleeped was; an earle he had to syre.
 Of all the futers hym the father lyketh best,
 And easely unto the earle he maketh his behest,
 Both of his owne good will, and of his frendly ayde,
 To win his wyfe unto his will, and to persuaide the mayde.
 The wyfe dyd joy to heare the joyful husband say
 How happy hap, how meete a match, he had found out that day;
 Ne did she seeke to hyde her joyes within her hart,
 But straight she hyeth to Juliet; to her she telles, apart,
 What happy talke, by meane of her, was past no rather
 Betwene the wooing Paris and her careful loving father.
 The person of the man, the features of his face,
 His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and his port, and seemely grace,
 With curious woordes she payntes before her daughters eyes,
 And then with store of vertues prayse she heaves him to the skyes.
 She vautes his race, and gyftes that Fortune did him geve,
 Whereby she sayth, both she and hers in great delight shall live.
 When Juliet conceived her parentes whole entent,
 Whereto both love and reasons right forbod her to assent,

Within

Within herselfe she thought rather than be forsworne,
With horses wilde her tender partes asunder should be torne.
Not now, with bashful brow, in wonted wise, she spake,
But with unwonted boldnes straight Into these wordes she brake :

“ Madame, I marvell much, that you so lavasse are
Of me your childe, your jewell once, your onely joy and care,
As thus to yelde me up at pleasure of another,
Before you know if I do lyke or els mislike my lover.
Doo what you list; but yet of this assure you still,
If you do as you say you will, I yelde not there untill.
For had I choyse of twayne, farre rather would I choose
My part of all your goodes and eke my breath and lyfe to loose,
Then graunt that he possess of me the smallest part :
Fyrst, weary of my painefull lyfe, my cares shall kill my hart ;
Els will I perce my brest with sharpe and bloody knife;
And you, my mother, shall becomm the murtheresse of my lyfe,
In geving me to him whom I ne can, ne may,
Ne ought, to love : wherefore, on knees, deere mother, I you pray,
To let me live henceforth, as I have lived tofore;
Cease all your troubles for my sake and care for me no more ;
But suffer Fortune feerce to worke on me her will,
In her it lyeth to do me boote, in her it lyeth to spill.
For whilst you for the best desyre to place me so,
You hast away my lingring death, and double all my woe.”

So deepe this aunswere made the sorrowes downe to sinke
Into the mothers brest, that she ne knoweth what to thinke
Of these her daughters woords, but all appalde she standes,
And up unto the heavens she throwes her wondring head and handes.
And, nigh besyde her selfe, her husband hath she sought ;
She telles him all ; she doth forget ne yet she hydeth ought.
The testy old man, wroth, disdainfull without measure,
Sendes forth his folke in haste for her, and byds them take no leysure ;
Ne on her tears or plaint at all to have remorse,
But, if they cannot with her will, to bring the mayde perforce.
The message heard, they part, to fetch that they must fet,
And willingly with them walkes forth obed'ent Juliet.
Arrived in the place, when she her father saw,
Of whom, as much as duety would, the daughter stood in awe,
The servantes sent away (the mother thought it meete),
The wofull daughter all bewept fell groveling at his fete,
Which she doth wash with teares as she thus groveling lyes ;
So fast and eke so pientiously distill they from her eyes :
When she to call for grace her mouth doth thinke to open.
Muet she is ; for sighes and sobs her fearefull talke have broken.

The fyre, whose swelling wroth her teares could not aswage,
With fiery eyen, and skarlet cheekes, thus spake her in his rage
(Whilst ruthfully stood by the maydens mother mylde) :

“ Listen (quoth he) unthankfull and thou disobedient childe ;

Haft thou so soone let slip out of thy mynde the woord,
 That thou so often times hast heard rehearsed at my boord?
 How much the Romaine youth of parentes stoode in awe,
 And eke what powre upon theyr seede the parentes had by lawe?
 Whom they not onely might pledge, alienate, and sell,
 (When so they stoode in neede) but more, if children did rebell,
 The parentes had the powre of lyfe and sodayn death.
 What if those good men should agayne receive the living breth?
 In how straight bondes would they thy stubborne body bynde?
 What weapons would they seeke for thee? what torments would they
 fynde,

To chasten, if they saw the lewdnes of thy lyfe,
 Thy great unthankfulnes to me, and shamefull sturdy stryfe?
 Such care thy mother had, so deere thou wert to mee,
 That I with long and earnest sute provyded have for thee
 One of the greatest lordes that wonnes about this towne,
 And for his many vertues sake a man of great renowe.
 Of whom both thou and I unworthy are too much,
 So rich ere long he shal be left, his fathers welth is such,
 Such is the noblenes and honor of the race
 From whence his father came: and yet thou playest in this case
 The dainty foole and stubborne gyrl; for want of skill
 Thou dost refuse thy offered weale, and disobey my will.
 Even by his strength I sweare, that fyrst did geve me lyfe,
 And gave me in my youth the strength to get thee on my wyfe,
 Onlesse by Wensday next thou bend as I am bent,
 And at our castle cald Freetowne thou freely do assent
 To Countie Paris sute, and promise to agree
 To whatsoever then shall passe twixt him, my wife, and me,
 Not only will I geve all that I have away
 From thee, to those that shall me love, me honor, and obay,
 But also to so close and to so hard a gayle
 I shall thee wed, for all thy life, that sure thou shalt not sayle
 A thousand times a day to wiske for sodayn death,
 And curse the day and howre when fyrst thy lunges did geve thee
 breath.

Advise thee well, and say that thou are warned now,
 And thinke not that I speake in sporte, or mynde to break my vowe.
 For were it not that I to Counte Paris gave
 My sayth, which I must keepe unfalst, my honor so to save,
 Ere thou go hence, my selfe would see thee chafned so,
 That thou shouldst once for all be taught thy dutie how to knowe;
 And what revenge of olde the angry syres did fynde
 Agaynst theyr children that rebeld, and shewd them selfe unkinde."

These sayde, the olde man straight is gone in haste away;
 Ne for his daughters aunswere would the testy father stay.
 And after him his wyfe doth follow out of doore,
 And there they leave theyr chidden childe kneeling upon the floore.

Then

Then she that oft had seene the fury of her syre,
 Dreading what might come of his rage, nould farther styrre his yre.
 Unto her chaumber she withdrew her selfe aparte,
 Where she was wonted to unlode the sorowes of her hart.
 There did she not so much busy her eyes in sleping,
 As (overprest with restles thoughts) in piteous bootelefs weeping.
 The fast falling of teares make not her teares decrease,
 Ne, by the powring forth of playnt, the cause of plaint to cease.
 So that to thend the mone and sorow may decaye,
 The best is that she seeke somme meane to take the cause away.
 Her wery bed betyme the woful wight forsakes,
 And so saint Frauncis church, to masse, her way devoutly takes.
 The fryer forth is calde; she prayes him heare her shrift;
 Devotion is in so yong yeres a rare and pretious gyt.
 When on her tender knees the daynty lady kneeles,
 In mynde to powre foorth all the greefe that inwardly she feeles,
 With sighes and salted teares her thriving doth beginne,
 For she of heaped sorowes hath to speake, and not of sinne.
 Her voyce with piteous playnt was made already horce,
 And hasty sobs, when she would speake, brake of her woordes per-
 force.

But as she may, peace meale, she powreth in his lappe
 The mariage newes, a mischefe new, prepared by mishappe;
 Her parentes promise erst to Counte Paris past,
 Her fathers threats she telleth him, and thus concludes at last:
 "Once was I wedded well, ne will I wed againe;
 For since I know I may not be the wedded wyfe of twaine,
 (For I am bound to have one God, one sayth, one make,) my
 purpose is as soone as I shall hence my journey take,
 With these two handes, which joynde unto the heavens I stretch,
 The hasty death which I desyre, unto my selfe to reach.
 This day, O Romeus, this day, thy wofull wife
 Will bring the end of all her cares by ending carefull lyfe.
 So my departed sprite shall witnes to the skye,
 And eke my blood unto the earth beare record, how that I
 Have kept my sayth unbroke, stedfast unto my frend."

When thys her heavy tale was told, her vowe eke at an ende,
 Her gasing here and there, her feerce and staring looke,
 Did witnes that some lewd attempt her hart had undertooke.
 Whereat the fryer astonde, and gastyfully afrayde
 Lest she by dede perfourme her woord, thus much to her he sayde:
 "Ah! Lady Juliet, what nede the wordes you spake?
 I pray you, graunt me one request, for blessed Maries sake.
 Measure somewhat your greefe, hold here a while your peace.
 Whilst I bethinke me of your case, your plaint and sorowes cease.
 Such comfort will I geve you, ere you part from hence,
 And for thassaults of Fortunes yre prepare so sure defence,

So holesome salve will I for your afflictions fynde,
 That you shall hence depart againe with well contented mynde."
 His wordes have chased straight out of her hart despayre,
 Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughts by hope are waxen sayre.
 So fryer Lawrence now hath left her there alone,
 And he out of the church in haste is to the chaumber gonne;
 Where sundry thoughtes within his carefull head aryse;
 The old mans foresight divers doutes hath set before his eyes.
 His conscience one while condemns it for a sinne
 To let her take Paris to spouse, since he him selfe hath byn
 The cheifest cause that she unknown to father or mother,
 Nor five monthes past, in that selfe place was wedded to another.
 An other while an hugy heape of daungers dred
 His restles thoughts hath heaped up within his troubled hed.
 Even of it selfe thattempte he judgeth perilous;
 The execution eke he demes so much more daungerous,
 That to a womans grace he must him selfe commit,
 That yong is, simple and unware, for waighty affayres unfit.
 For, if she sayle in ought, the matter published,
 Both she and Romeus were undonne, him selfe eke punished.
 When too and fro in mynde he dyvers thoughts had cast,
 With tender pity and with ruth his hart was wonne at last;
 He thought he rather would in hazard set his fame,
 Then suffer such adultery. Resolving on the same,
 Out of his closet straight he tooke a little glasse,
 And then with double hast retorne where woful Juliet was;
 Whom he hath found wel nigh in traunce, scarce drawing breath,
 Attending still to heare the newes of lyfe or els of death.
 Of whom he did enquire of the appoynted day;
 "On Wensday next, (quoth Juliet) so doth my father say,
 I must geve my consent; but, as I do remember,
 The solemne day of mariage is the tenth day of September."
 "Deere daughter, (quoth the fryer) of good cheere see thou be,
 For loe! saint Frauncis of his grace hath shewed a way to me,
 By which I may both thee and Romeus together,
 Out of the bondage which you feare, assuredly deliver.
 Even from the holy font thy husband have I knowne,
 And, since he grew in yeres, have kept his counsels as myne owne.
 For from his youth he would unfold to me his hart,
 And often have I cured him of anguish and of smart,
 I know that by desert his frendship I have wonne,
 And him do holde as deere, as if he were my propre sonne.
 Wherefore my frendly hart can not abyde that he
 Should wrongfully in oughte be harmde, if that it lay in me
 To right or to revenge the wrong by my advise,
 Or timely to prevent the same in any other wise.
 And sith thou art his wyfe, thee am I bound to love,
 For Romeus friendship sake, and seeke thy anguish to remove,

And

And dredful torments, which thy hart besegen rounde;
 Wherefore, my daughter, geve good care unto my counsels founde.
 Forget not what I say, ne tell it any wight,
 Not to the nurce thou trustest so, as Romeus is thy knight.
 For on this threed doth hang thy death and eke thy lyfe,
 My fame or shame, his weale or woe that chose thee to his wyfe.
 Thou art not ignorant, because of such renowne
 As every where is spred of me, but cheefely in this towne,
 That in my youthfull dayes abroad I travayled,
 Through every lande found out by men, by men inhabited;
 So twenty yeres from home, in landes unknowne a gest,
 I never gave my weary limmes long time of quiet rest;
 But, in the desert woodes, to beastes of cruell kinde,
 Or on the seas to drenching waves, at pleasure of the winde,
 I have committed them; to ruth of rovers hand,
 And to a thousand daungers more, by water and by lande.
 But not, in vayne, my childe, hath all my wandring byn;
 Beside the great contentednes my sprete abyde in,
 That by the pleasant thought of passed thinges doth grow;
 One private frute more have I pluckd, which thou shalt shortly know;
 What force the stones, the plants, and metals have to worke,
 And divers other thinges that in the bowels of earth do looke,
 With care I have sought out; with payne I did them prove;
 With them eke can I helpe my selfe at times of my behove,
 (Although the science be against the lawes of men)
 When sodayn daunger forceth me; but yet most cheefly when
 The worke to doe is least displeasing unto God
 (Not helping to do any sin that wrekefull Jove forbode).
 For since in lyfe no hope of long abode I have,
 But now am comme unto the brinke of my appoynted grave,
 And that my death drawes nere, whose stripe I may not shonne,
 But shall be calde to make account of all that I have donne,
 Now ought I from henceforth more depely print in mynde
 The judgment of the Lord, then when youthes folly made me blynde;
 When love and fond desyre were boyling in my brest,
 Whence hope and dred by striving thoughts had banishd frendly rest.
 Know therefore, daughter, that with other gyftes which I
 Have well attained to, by grace and favour of the skye,
 Long since I did finde out, and yet the way I knowe,
 Of certain rootes and savory herbes to make a kynd of dowe,
 Which baked hard, and bet into a powder syne,
 And dranke with conduite water, or with any kynd of wine,
 It doth in halfe an howre astone the taker so,
 And mastreth all his fences, that he seeleth weale nor woe:
 And so it burieth up the sprite and living breath,
 That even the skilful leche would say, that he is slayne by death.
 One vertue more it hath, as marvelous as this;
 The taker, by receiving it, at all not greeved is;

But painefless as a man that thinketh nought at all,
 Into a sweete and quiet slepe immediately doth fall;
 From which, according to the quantitie he taketh,
 Longer or shorter is the time before the sleeper waketh:
 And thence (the effect once wrought) againe it doth restore
 Him that receaved unto the state wherein he was before.
 Wherefore, marke well the ende of this my tale begonne,
 And thereby learne what is by thee hereafter to be donne.
 Cast of from thee at once the weede of womannish dread,
 With manly courage arme thyselfe from heele unto the head;
 For onely on the feare or boldnes of thy brest
 The happy happe or yll mishappe of thy assayre doth rest.
 Receve this vyoll small and kepe it as thine eye;
 And on the mariage day, before the sunnedoe cleare the skye,
 Fill it with water full up to the very brim,
 Then drink it of, and thou shalt feeles throughout eche wayne and lym
 A pleasant slumber slyde, and quite dispreed at length
 On all thy partes, from every part reve all thy kindly strength;
 Withouten moving thus thy ydle partes shall rest,
 No pulse shall goe, ne hart once bea'e within thy hollow brest,
 But thou shalt lye as she that dyeth in a trauunce:
 Thy kinsmen and thy trusty frendes shall wayle the sodayne chaunce;
 Thy corps then will they bring to grave in this churchyarde,
 Where thy forefathers long agoe a costly tombe preperde,
 Both for them selfe and eke for those that should come after,
 (Both depe it is, and long and large) where thou shalt rest, my daughter,

Till I to Mantua sende for Romeus, thy knight;
 Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night.
 And when out of thy slepe thou shalt awake agayne,
 Then may'st thou goe with him from hence; and, healed of thy

payne,
 In Mantua lead with him unknowne a pleasant lyfe;
 And yet perhaps in tyme to come, when cease shall all the stryfe,
 And that the peace is made twixt Romeus and his foes,
 My selfe may finde so fit a time theie secretes to disclose,
 Both to my prayse, and to thy tender parentes joy,
 That dangerles, without reproche, thou shalt thy love enjoy."

When of his skilfull tale the fryer had made an ende,
 To which our Juliet so well her care and wits did bend,
 That she hath heard it all and hath forgotten nought,
 Her fainting hart was comforted with hope and pleasant thought,
 And then to him she sayd—"Doubt not but that I will
 With stout and unapauled hart your happy hest fulfill.
 Yea, if I wist it were a venomous dedly drinke,
 Rather would I that through my throte the certaine bane should sinke,
 Then I, not drinking it, into his handes should fall,
 That hath no part of me as yet, ne ought to have at all.

Much

Much more I ought with bold and with a willing hart
To greatest daunger yeld my selfe, and to the dedly smart,
To come to him on whom my lyfe doth wholly stay,
That is my onely harts delight, and so he shall be aye."
Then goe, quoth he, my childe, I pray that God on hye
Direkt thy foote, and by thy hand upon the way thee gye.
God graunt he so confirme in thee thy present will,
That no inconstant toy thee let thy promise to fulfill."

A thousand thankes and more our Juliet gave the frier,
And homeward to her fathers house joyfull she doth retyre;
And as with stately gate she passed through the streete,
She saw her mother in the doore, that with her there would meete,
In mynde to aske if she her purpose yet dyd hold,
In mynde also, apart twixt them, her duty to have tolde;
Wherefore with pleasant face, and with wonted chere,
As soone as she was unto her approched sumwhat nere,
Before the mother spake, thus did she fyrst begyn:
"Madame, at saint Frauncis church have I this morning byn,
Where I did make abode a longer while, percase,
Then dewty would; yet have I not been absent from this place
So long a while, without a great and just cause why;
This frute have I receaved there;—my hart, erst lyke to dye,
Is now revived agayne, and my afflicted brest,
Released from affliction, restored is to rest!
For lo! my troubled gost, alas too sore diseased
By gostly counsell and advise hath fryer Lawrence eased;
To whom I dyd at large discourse my former lyfe,
And in confession did I tell of all our passed stryfe:
Of Counte Paris sute, and how my lord, my syre,
By my ungrate and stubborne stryfe I styrred unto yre,
But lo, the holy fryer hath by his gostly lore
Made me another woman now than I had been before.
By strength of argumentes he charged so my mynde,
That, though I fought, no sure defence my searching thought could
finde.

So forced I was at length to yeld up witles will,
And promist to be ordered by the fryers prayd skill.
Wherefore, albeit I had rashely, long before,
The bed and rytes of mariage for many yeres forswore,
Yet mother, now behold your daughter at your will,
Ready, if you commaunde her aught, your pleasure to fulfill,
Wherefore in humble wise, dere madam, I you pray;
To go unto my lord and syre, withouten long delay;
Of him fyrst pardon crave of faultes already past,
And shew him, if it pleaseth you, his child is now at last
Obedient to his just and to his skilfull hest,
And that I will, God lendeth lyfe, on Wensday next, be prest

To wayte on him and you, unto thappoynted place,
 Where I will, in your hearing, and before my fathers face,
 Unto the Counte geve my fayth and whole assent,
 And take him for my lord and spoufe; thus fully am I bent;
 And that out of your mynde I may remove all doute,
 Unto my closet fare I now, to searche and to choose out
 The bravest garmentes and the richeft jewels there.
 Which, better him to please, I mynde on Wensday next to weare.
 For if I did excell the famous Grecian rape,
 Yet might attyre helpe to amende my bewty and my shape."
 The simple mother was rapt into great delight;
 Not halfe a word could she bring forth, but in this joyfull plight
 With nimble foote she ran, and with unwonted pace,
 Unto her pensive husband, and to him with pleasant face
 She tolde what she had heard, and prayseth much the fryer;
 And joyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes of this gray-borded fryer.
 With hands and eyes heaved-up he thankes God in his hart,
 And then he sayth: "This is not, wyfe, the fryers first desert;
 Oft hath he showde to us great frendship heretofore,
 By helping us at nedefull times with wisdomes prattious lore.
 In all our common weale scarce one is to be founde
 But is, for somme good torne, unto this holy father bounde.
 Oh that the thyrd part of my goodes (I doe not sayne)
 But twenty of his passed yeres might purchase him agayne!
 So much in recompence of frendship would I geve,
 So much, in fayth, his extreme age my frendly hart doth greeve."
 These said, the glad old man from home goeth straight abrode,
 And to the stately palace hyeth where Paris made abode;
 Whom he desyres to be on Wensday next his guest,
 At Freetowne, where he myndes to make for him a costly feast.
 But loe, the earle saith, such feasting were but lost,
 And counsels him till mariage time to spare so great a cost.
 For then he knoweth well the charges will be great;
 The whilst, his hart desyreth still her sight, and not his meate.
 He craves of Capilet that he may straight goe see
 Fayre Juliet; wherto he doth right willingly agree.
 The mother, warnde before, her daughter doth prepare;
 She warneth and she chargeth her that in no wyse she spare
 Her courteous speche, her pleasant lookes, and commely grace,
 But liberally to geve them forth when Paris comes in place:
 Which she as cunningly could set forth to the shew,
 As cunning craftsmen to the sale do set theyr wares on rew;
 That ere the County dyd out of her sight depart,
 So secretly unwares to him she stole away his hart,
 That of his lyfe and death the wily wench hath powre;
 And now his longing hart thinkes long for theyr appoynted howre,
 And with importune sute the parents doth he pray
 The wedlocke knot to knit soone up, and hast the mariage day.

The

The woer hath past forth the fyrst day in this fort,
 And many other more then this, in pleasure and disport.
 At length the wished time of long hoped delight
 (As Paris thought) drew nere; but nere approached heavy plight,
 Agaynst the brydall day the parentes did prepare
 Such rich attyre, such furniture, such store of dainty fare,
 That they which did behold the same the night before,
 Did thinke and say, a man could scarcely wish for any more.
 Nothing did seeme to deere; the deereſt thinges were bought;
 And, as the written story sayth, in dede there wanted nought,
 That longd to his degree, and honor of his stocke:
 But Juliet, the whilst, her thoughts within her brest did locke;
 Even from the trusty nurse, whose secretnes was tride,
 The secret counsell of her hart the nurse-childe seekes to hyde.
 For sith, to mocke her dame, she did not sticke to lye,
 She thought no sinne with shew of truth to blear her nurces eye.
 In chaumber secretly the tale she gan renew,
 That at the doore she told her dame, as though it had been trew.
 The flattering nurse dyd prayse the fryer for his skill,
 And said that she had done right well by wit to order will.
 She setteth forth at large the fathers furious rage,
 And eke she prayseth much to her the second mariage;
 And County Paris now she prayseth ten times more,
 By wrong, then she her selfe by right had Romeus prayſde before.
 Paris shall dwell there still, Romeus shall not retourne;
 What shall it boote her all her lyfe to languishe still and mourne.
 The pleasures past before she must account as gayne;
 But if he doe retorne—what then?—for one she shall have twayne.
 The one shall use her as his lawful wedded wyfe;
 In wanton love with equal joy the other leade his lyfe;
 And best shall she be sped of any townish dame,
 Of husband and of paramour to fynde her chaunge of game.
 These words and like the nurse did speake, in hope to please,
 But greatly did these wicked wordes the ladies mynde diseafe;
 But ay she hid her wrath, and seemed well-content,
 When dayly dyd the naughty nurse new argumentes invent.
 But when the bryde perceived her howre aproched nere,
 She sought, the best she could, to fayne, and temperd so her cheere,
 That by her outward looke no living wight could gesse
 Her inward woe; and yet anew renewde is her distresse.
 Unto her chaumber doth the pensive wight repayre,
 And in her hand a percher light the nurse beares up the stayre.
 In Juliets chaumber was her wonted use to lye;
 Wherefore her mistres, dreading that she should her work descrye,
 As soone as she began her pallet to unfold,
 Thinking to lye that night where she was wont to lye of olde,
 Doth gently pray her seeke her lodging some where els;
 And, lest the crafty should suspect, a ready reason telles,

“ Deere

‘Dere friend, quoth she, you knowe, to-morrow is the day
 Of new contract; wherefore, this night, my purpose is to pray
 Unto the heavenly myndes that dwell above the skyes,
 And order all the course of thinges as they can best devyse,
 That they so smile upon the doinges of to-morrow,
 That all the remnant of my lyfe may be exempt from sorow:
 Wherefore, I pray you, leave me here alone this night,
 But see that you to-morrow comme before the dawning light,
 For you must coorle my heare, and set on my attyre;”—
 And easely the loving nurse did yelde to her desyre.
 For she within her hed dyd cast before no doute;
 She little knew the close attempt her nurse-child went about.
 The nurse departed once, the chamber doore shut close,
 Assured that no living wight her doing might disclose,
 She powred forth into the vyoll of the fryer,
 Water, out of a silver ewer, that on the boorde stoode by her.
 The slepy mixture made, fayre Juliet doth it hyde
 Under her bolster soft, and so unto her bed she hyed:
 Where divers novel thoughts arise within her hed,
 And she is so invironed about with deadly dred,
 That what before she had resolved undoubtedly
 That same she calleth into doute: and lying doutefully
 Whilst honest love did strive with dred of dedly payne,
 With handes y-wrong, and weeping eyes, thus gan she to complaine:
 “What, is there any one, beneth the heavens hye,
 So much unfortunate as I? so much past hope as I?
 What, am I not my selfe, of all that yet were borne,
 The depest drenched in dispayre, and most in Fortunes skorne?
 For loe the world for me hath nothing els to finde,
 Beside mishap and wretchednes and anguish of the mynde;
 Since that the cruell cause of my unhapines
 Hath put me to this sodayne plunge, and brought to such distres.
 As, to the end I may my name and conscience save,
 I must dewyre the mixed drinke that by me here I have,
 Whose working and whose force as yet I do not know.—”
 And of this piteous plaint began an other doute to grove:
 “What do I know (quoth she) if that this powder shall
 Sooner or later then it should or els not worke at all?
 And then my craft descryde as open as the day,
 The peoples tale and laughing stocke shall I remayne for aye.
 And what know I, quoth she, if serpentes odious,
 And other beastes and wormes that are of nature venomous,
 That wonted are to lurke in darke caves under grounde,
 And commonly, as I have heard, in dead mens tombes are found,
 Shall harme me, yea or nay, where I shall lye as ded?—
 Or how shall I that alway have in so freshe ayre been bred,
 Endure the loathsome stinke of such an heaped store
 Of carcases, not yet consumde, and bones that long before

Intomb'd were, where I my sleeping place shall have,
Where all my ancestors do rest, my kindreds common grave?
Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,
Fynd me, if I awake before, y-stifled in the tombe;”

And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell somewhat too long,
The force of her ymagining anon did waxe so strong,
That she surmisde she saw, out of the hollow vaulte,
A grisly thing to looke upon, the carkas of Tybalt;
Right in the selfe same sort that she few dayes before
Had seene him in his blood embrewed, to death eke wounded fore.
And then when she agayne within her selfe had wayde
That quicke she should be buried there, and by his side be layde,
All comfortles, for she shall living feere have none,
But many a rotten carkas, and full many a naked bone;
Her daynty tender partes gan shever all for dred,
Her golden heares did stande upright upon her chillish hed.
Then pressed with the feare that she there lived in,
A sweat as colde as mountayne yse pearst through her slender skin.
That with the moyture hath wet every part of hers:
And more besides, she vainely thinkes, whilst vainly thus she seares,
A thousand bodies dead have compast her about,
And lest they will dismember her she greatly standes in doute.
But when she felt her strength began to weare away,
By little and little, and in her heart her feare encreased ay,
Dreading that weaknes might, or foolish cowardise,
Hinder the execution of the purposde enterprise,
As she had frantike been, in hast the glasse she cought,
And up she dranke the mixture quite, withouten farther thought.
Then on her brest she crost her armes long and small,
And so, her senses fayling her, into a traunce did fall.

And when that Phœbus bright heaved up his seemely hed,
And from the East in open skies his glistring rayes dispred,
The nurse unshut the doore, for she the key did keepe,
And douting she had slept to long, she thought to breake her slepe;
Fyrst softly dyd she call, then lowder thus did crye,
“ Lady, you slepe to long, the earle will rayse you by and by.”
But wele away, in vayne unto the deafe she calles,
She thinks to speake to Juliet, but speaketh to the walles.
If all the dredfull noyse that might on earth be found,
Or on the roaring seas, or if the dredfull thunders sound,
Had blowne into her eares, I thinke they could not make
The sleeping wight before the time by any meanes awake;
So were the sprites of lyfe shut up, and senses thrald;
Wherewith the feely carefull nurse was wondrously alpd.
She thought to daw her now as she had donne of olde,
But loe, she found her parts were stiffe and more than marble colde;
Neither at mouth nor nose found she recourse of breth;
Two certaine argumentes were these of her untimely death.

Wherefore

Wherefore as one distraught she to her mother ranne,
 With scratched face, and heare betorne, but no word speake she can,
 At last with much adoe, "Dead (quoth she) is my childe;"
 Now, "Out alas," the mother cryde;—and as a tyger wilde,
 Whole whelpes, whilst she is gonne out of her den to pray,
 The hunter gredy of his game doth kill or cary away;
 So raging forth she ran unto her Juliets bed,
 And there she found her derling and her onely comfort ded.
 Then shrieked she out as lowde as serve herwould her breth,
 And then, that pity was to heare, thus cryde she out on death:
 "Ah cruell death (quoth she) that thus against all right,
 Hast ended my felicitie, and robde my hartes delight,
 Do now thy worst to me, once wreake thy wrath for all,
 Even in despite I crye to thee, thy vengeance let thou fall.
 Wherto stay I, alas! since Juliet is gonne?
 Wherto live I since she is dead, except to wayle and mone.
 Alacke, dere chylde, my teares for thee shall never cease;
 Even as my dayes of lyfe increase, so shall my plaint increase:
 Such store of sorow shall afflict my tender hart,
 That dedly panges, when they aslayle, shall not augment my smart."
 Then gan she so to sobbe, it seemde her hart would braft;
 And while she cryeth thus, behold, the father at the last,
 The County Paris, and of gentlemen a route,
 And ladies of Verona towne and country round about,
 Both kindreds and alies thether apace have preast,
 For by their presence there they fought to honor so the feast;
 But when the heavy newes the byden gastes did heare,
 So much they mournd, that who had seene theyr countenance and theyr
 cheere,
 Might earely have judgde by that that they had seene,
 That day the day of wrath and eke of pity to have beene.
 But more then all the rest the fathers hart was so
 Smit with the heavy newes, and so shut up with sodayn woe,
 That he ne had the powre his daughter to bewepe,
 Ne yet to speake, but long is forfd his teares and plaint to kepe.
 In all the hast he hath for skilfull leaches sent;
 And, hearing of her passed life, they judge with one assent
 The cause of this her death was inward care and thought;
 And then with double force againe the doubled sorowes wrought.
 If ever there hath been a lamentable day,
 A day, ruthfull, unfortunate and fatall, then I say,
 The same was it in which through Veron town was spred
 The wofull newes how Juliet was sterved in her bed.
 For so she was bemonde both of the young and olde,
 That it might seeme to him that would the common plaint behold,
 That all the common welth did stand in jeopardy;
 So universal was the plaint, so piteous was the crye.

For lo, beside her shape and native bewties hewe,
With which, like as she grew in age, her vertues prayses grew,
She was also so wise, so lowly, and so mylde,
That, even from the hory head unto the witles chylde,
She wan the hartes of all, so that there was not one,
Ne great, ne small, but did that day her wretched state bemone.

Whilst Juliet slept, and whilst the other wepen thus,
Our fryer Lawrence hath by this sent one to Romeus,
A frier of his house, (there never was a better,
He trusted him even as himselfe) to whom he gave a letter,
In which he written had of every thing at length,
That past twixt Juliet and him, and of the powders strength;
The next night after that, he willeth him to comme
To helpe to take his Juliet out of the hollow toombe,
For by that time, the drinke, he saith, will cease to woorke,
And for one night his wife and he within his cell shall loorke;
Then shall he cary her to Mantua away,
(Till sickell Fortune favour him,) disguyfde in mans aray.

This letter closde he sendes to Romeus by his brother;
He chargeth him that in no case he geve it any other.
Apace our frier John to Mantua him hyes;
And, for because in Italy it is a wonted gyfe
That friers in the towne should seeldome walke alone,
But of theyr covent aye should be accompanide with one,
Of his profession straight a house he syndeth out,
In mynd to take some fryer with him, to walke the towne about,
But entred once, he might not issue out agayne,
For that a brother of the house a day before or twayne
Dyed of the plague, a sicknes which they greatly feare and hate:
So were the brethren charged to kepe within their covent gate,
Bard of theyr fellowship that in the towne do wonne;
The towne folke eke commaunded are the fryers house to shonne,
Till they that had the care of health theyr fredome should renew;
Whereof, as you shall shortly heare, a mischeefe great there grewe.
The fryer by this restraint, beset with dred and sorow,
Not knowing what the letters held, differed untill the morowe;
And then he thought in time to send to Romeus,
But whilst at Mantua, where he was, these doings framed thus,
The towne of Juliets byrth was wholly busied
About her obsequies, to see theyr darling buried.
Now is the parentes myrth quite chaunged into mone,
And now to sorow is retornde the joy of every one;
And now the wedding weades for mourning weades they chaunge,
And Hymene into a dyрге;—alas! it seemeth straunge:
Instade of marriage gloves, now funerall gownes they have,
And whom they should see married, they follow to the grave.
The feast that should have been of pleasure and of joy,
Hath every dish and cup fild full of sorow and annoye.

Now throughout Italy this common use they have,
 That all the best of every flocke are earthed in one grave;
 For every household, if it be of any fame;
 Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault, that beares the housholdes name;
 Wherein, if any of that kyndred hap to dye,
 They are bestowde; els in the same no other corps may lye.
 The Capilets her corps in such a one did lay,
 Where Tybalt slaine of Romeus was layde the other day.
 An other use there is, that whosoever dyes,
 Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes,
 In wonted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding sheet.
 So, as by chaunce he walked abroad, our Romeus man did meete
 His masters wife; the sight with sorowe straight did wounde
 His honest heart; with teares he saw her lodged under ground.
 And, for he had been sent to Verone for a spye,
 The doinges of the Capilets by wisdom to descrye,
 And, for he knew her death dyd tooch his maister most,
 Alas! too soone, with heavy newes, he hyed away in post;
 And in his house he found his maister Romeus,
 Where he, besprent with many teares, began to speake him thus:
 " Syr, unto you of late is chaunced so great a harme,
 That sure, except with constancy you seeke yourselfe to arme,
 I feare that straight you will breathe out your latter breath,
 And I, most wretched wight, shall be thoccase of your death.
 Know syr, that yesterday, my lady and your wife,
 I wot not by what sodain greefe, hath made exchaunge of life;
 And for because on earth she found nought but unrest,
 In heaven hath she sought to fynde a place of quiet rest;
 And with these weping eyes my selfe have seene her layde.
 Within the tombe of Capilets:"—and herewithall he stayde.
 This sodayne message sounde, sent forth with sighes and teares,
 Our Romeus receaved too soone with open listening eares;
 And therby hath sonke such sorow in his hart,
 That loe, his sprite annoyed sore with torment and with smart,
 Was like to break out of his prison-house perforce,
 And that he might flye after hers, would leave the massy corce:
 But earnest love that will not fayle him till his ende,
 This fond and sodain fantasy into his head dyd sende;
 That if nere unto her he offered up his breath,
 That then an hundred thousand parts more glorious were his death;
 Eke should his painfull hart a great deale more be eased,
 And more also, he vainely thought, his lady better pleased.
 Wherefore when he his face hath washt with water cleane,
 Lest that the staynes of dryed teares might on his cheekes be seene,
 And so his sorow should of every one be spyde,
 Which he with all his care did seeke from every one to hyde,
 Straight, wery of the house, he walketh forth abroad;
 His servant, at the masters heft, in chaumber still abode:

And

And then fro streete to streete he wandreth up and downe,
 To see if he, in any place may fynde, in all the towne,
 A salve meet for his sore, an oyle fit for his wounde;
 And seeking long, alas too soone! the thing he sought, he founde.
 An apothecary fate unbusied at his doore,
 Whom by his heavy countenance he guessed to be poore.
 And in his shop he saw his boxes were but few,
 And in his window of his wares there was so small a shew;
 Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,
 What by no frendship could be got, with money should be bought;
 For nedy lacke is like the poor man to compell
 To sell that which the cities lawe forbiddeth him to sell.
 Then by the hand he drew the nedy man apart,
 And with the sight of glittering gold inflamed hath his hart:
 "Take fiftie crownes of gold (quoth he) I geve them thee,
 So that, before I part from hence, thou straight deliver me
 Somme poyson strong, that may in lesse than halfe an howre
 Kill him whose wretched hap shall be the potion to devowre."
 The wretch by covetise is wonne, and doth assent
 To sell the thing, whose sale ere long, too late, he doth repent.
 In haste he poyson sought, and closely he it bounde,
 And then began with whispering voyce thus in his eare to rounde:
 "Fayr syr, quoth he, be sure this is the speding gere,
 And more there is than you shall nede; for halfe of that is there
 Will serve, I undertake, in lesse than halfe an howre
 To kill the strongest man alive; such is the poysons power."

Then Romeus, somewhat easd of one part of his care,
 Within his bosome putteth up his dere unthrifty ware.
 Retoorning home agayne, he sent his man away,
 To Verone towne, and chargeth him that he, without delay,
 Provyde both instruments to open wide the toombe,
 And lightes to shew him Juliet; and stay, till he shall come,
 Nere to the place whereas his loving wife doth rest,
 And chargeth him not to bewray the dolours of his brest.
 Peter, these heard, his leave doth of his master take;
 Betimes he commes to towne, such hast the painfull man dyd make:
 And then with busy care he seeketh to fulfill,
 But doth disclose unto no wight his wofull masters will.
 Would God, he had herein broken his masters hest!
 Would God, that to the frier he had disclosed all his brest!
 But Romeus the while with many a dedly thought
 Provoked much, hath caused inke and paper to be brought,
 And in few lines he did of all his love dyscoorse,
 How by the friers helpe, and by the knowledge of the noorte,
 The wedlocke knot was knit, and by what meane that night
 And many moe he did enjoy his happy harts delight;
 Where he the poyson bought, and how his lyfe should ende;
 And so his wailefull tragedy the wretched man hath pend.

The

The letters clofd and feald, directed to his fyre,
 He locketh in his purfe, and then a poft-hors doth he hyre.
 When he approached nere, he waresly lighted downe,
 And even with the shade of night he entred Verone towne;
 Where he hath found his man, wayting when he fhould comme,
 With lanterne, and with instruments to open Juliets tooomme.
 Helpe Peter, helpe, quod he, helpe to remove the ftone,
 And ftraight when I am gone fro thee, my Juliet to bemone,
 See that thou get thee hence, and on the payne of death
 I charge thee that thou comme not nere while I abyde beneath
 Ne feeke thou not to let thy mafters enterprife,
 Which he hath fully purpofed to doe, in any wife.
 Take there a letter, which, as foone as he fhall ryfe,
 Prefent it in the morning to my loving fathers eyes;
 Which unto him perhaps farre pleasanter fhall feeme,
 Than eyther I do mynd to fay, or thy grofe head can deeme.

Now Peter, that knew not the purpofe of his hart,
 Obediently a little way withdrewe himfelfe apart;
 And then our Romeus, the valt ftone fet up upright,
 Descended downe, and in his hand he bare the candle light.
 And then with piteous eye the body of his wyfe
 He gan behold, who furely was the organ of his lyfe;
 For whom unhappy now he is, but erft was blyft;
 He watred her with teares, and then a hundred times her kyft;
 And in his folded armes full ftraightly he her plight,
 But no way could his greedy eyes be filled with her fight:
 His fearfull handes he layde upon her ftomach colde,
 And them on diverfe parts befyde the wofull wight did hold.
 But when he could not fynd the signes of lyfe he fought,
 Out of his curfed box he drewe the poyfon that he bought;
 Whereof he greedely devowrde the greater part,
 And then he cryde, with dedly figh fetcht from his mourning hart—
 “ Oh Juliet, of whom the world unworthy was,
 From which, for worldes unworthines thy worthy goft did paffe,
 What death more pleafant could my hart wifh to abyde
 ‘Then that which here it fuffreth now, fo nere thy frendly fyde?
 Or els fo glorious tombe how could my youth have craved,
 As in one felfe fame vaulte with thee haply to be ingraved?
 What epitaph more worth, or halfe fo excellent,
 ‘To confecrate my memorye, could any man invent,
 As this our mutual and our piteous facrifice
 Of lyfe, fet light for love?’—but while he talketh in this wife,
 And thought as yet a while his dolours to enforce,
 His tender hurt began to faynt, preft with the venoms force;
 Which little and little gan to overcome his hart,
 And whilft his bufy eyne he threwe about to every part,
 He faw, hard by the corce of fleeping Juliet,
 Bold Tybalts carkas dead, which was not all consumed yet.

To whom, as having life, in this sort speaketh he :

“ Ah cosin dere, Tybalt, where so thy restles sprite now be,
With stretched handes to thee for mercy now I crye,
For that before thy kindly howre I forced thee to dye.
But if with quenched lyfe not quenched be thine yre,
But with revengeing lust as yet thy hart be set on fyre,
What more amendes, or cruell wreake desyreest thou
To see on me, then this which here is shewd forth to thee now ?
Who rest by force of armes from thee thy loving breath,
The same with his owne hand, thou seest, doth poyson himselve to
death.

And for he caused thee in tombe too soone to lye,
Too soone also, yonger then thou, himselve he layeth by.”
These sayd, when he gan feeles the poysons force prevaile,
And little and little mastred lyfe for aye began to fayle,
Kneeling upon his knees, he said with voyce full lowe,—
“ Lord Christ, that so to raunsome me descendedst long agoe
Out of thy fathers bosome, and in the virgins wombe
Didst put on fleshe, oh let my plaint out of this hollow toombe,
Perce through the ayre, and graunt my sute may favour finde ;
Take pity on my sinneful and my poore affected mynde !
For well enough I know, this body is but clay,
Nought but a masse of sinne, to frayle, and subject to decay.”
Then pressed with extreme greefe he threw with so great force
His overpressed parts upon his ladies wayled corps,
That now his weakened hart, weakened with torments past,
Unable to abyde this pang, the sharpest and the last,
Remayned quite deprived of sence and kindly strength,
And so the long imprisoned soule hath freedome wonne at length.
Ah cruell death, too soone, too soone was this devorce,
Twixt youthfull Romeus heavenly sprite, and his fayre earthy corse.

The fryer that knew what time the powder had been taken,
Knew eke the very instant when the sleeper should awaken ;
But wondring that he could no kinde of aunswer heare,
Of letters which to Romeus his fellow fryer did beare,
Out of Sainct Frauncis church hymselfe alone dyd fare,
And for the opening of the tombe meete instrumentes he bare.
Approching nigh the place, and seeing there the light,
Great horror felt he in his hart, by straunge and sodaine sight ;
Till Peter, Romeus man, his coward hart made bolde,
When of his masters being there the certain newes he tolde :
“ There hath he been, quoth he, this halfe howre at the least.
And in this time, I dare well say, his plaint hath still increast.”
Then both they entered in, where they alas ! dyd fynde
The bretheles corps of Romeus, forsaken of the mynde ;
Where they have made such mone, as they may best conceive,
That have with perfect frendship loved, whole frend fierce death dyd
reve.

But whilst with piteous playnt they Romeus fate bewepe,
An howre too late fayre Juliet awaked out of slepe³;

And

³ In the original Italian Novel Juliet awakes from her trance before the death of Romeo. Shakspeare has been arraigned for departing from it, and losing so happy an opportunity of introducing an affecting scene. He was misled, we see, by the piece now before us. The curious reader may perhaps not be displeased to compare the conclusion of this celebrated story as it stands in the *Giulietta* of Luigi da Porto, with the present poem. It is as follows:

“So favourable was fortune to this his last purpose, that on the evening of the day subsequent to the lady’s funeral, undiscovered by any, he entered Verona, and there awaited the coming of night; and now perceiving that all was silent, he betook himself to the monastery of the Minor Friars, where was the vault. The church, where these monks then dwelt, was in the citadel, though since, for what reason I know not, they have transferred their habitation to the Borgo di S. Zeno, in that place which is now called Santo Bernardino; yet is it certain that their former mansion had been inhabited by Saint Francis himself. Near the walls of this church, on the outside, were at that time certain buildings, such as we usually see adjoining to churches, one of which was the ancient sepulcher of the Cappelletti family, and in this the fair damsel had been deposited. At this place, about four hours after midnight, Romeo being arrived, and having, as a man of superior strength, by force raised the stone which covered the vault, and, with certain wedges, which he had brought with him for that purpose, having so prop’d it that it could not be fastened down contrary to his desire, he entered, and reclosed the entrance.

“The unhappy youth, that he might behold his lady, had brought with him a dark lantern, which, after closing the vault, he drew forth, and opened; and there, amidst the bones and fragments of many dead bodies, he beheld the fair Julietta lying as if dead. Whence suddenly breaking out into a flood of tears, he thus began: O eyes, which, while it pleased the Heavens, were to my eyes the brightest lights! O lips, by me a thousand times so sweetly kissed, and from whence were heard the words of wisdom! O beauteous breast, in which my heart rejoiced to dwell! where do I now find you, blind, mute, and cold? how without you do I see, do I speak, do I live? Alas, my miserable lady, whither hast thou been conducted by that love, whose will it now is that this narrow space shall both destroy and lodge two wretched lovers! Ah me! an end like this my hope promised not, nor that desire which first inflamed me with love for you! O unfortunate life, why do I support you? and so saying, he covered with kisses her eyes, her lips, her breast, bursting every instant into more abundant lamentation; in the midst of which he cried, O, ye walls, which hang over me, why do you not render my life still more short by crushing me in your ruin? But since death is at all

And much amafde to fee in tombe fo great a light,
She wift not if ſhe ſaw a dreame, or ſprite that walkd by night.

But

all times in our power, it is daftardly to defire it, and not to ſnatch it: and, with theſe words, he drew forth from his ſleeve the vial of deadly poiſon, which he had there concealed, and thus proceeded: I know not what deſtiny conducts me to die in the miſt of my enemies, of thoſe by me ſlain, and in their ſepulcher; but ſince, O my ſoul, thus near my love it delights us to die, here let us die! and, approaching to his lips the mortal draught, he received it entire into his boſom; when embracing the beloved maid, and ſtrongly ſtraining her to his breaſt, he cried,—O thou beauteous body, the utmoſt limit of all my deſires, if, after the ſoul is departed, any ſentiment yet remains in you, or, if that ſoul now beholds my cruel fate, let it not be diſpleaſing to you, that, unable to live with you joyfully and openly, at the leaſt I ſhould die with you ſadly and ſecretly;—and holding the body ſtraitly embraced, he awaited death.

“The hour was now arrived, when by the natural heat of the damſel the cold and powerful effects of the powder ſhould have been overcome, and when ſhe ſhould awake; and accordingly, embraced and violently agitated by Romeo, ſhe awoke in his arms, and, ſtarting into life, after a heavy ſigh, ſhe cried, Alas, where am I? who is it thus embraces me? by whom am I thus kiſſed? and, believing it was the Frier Lorenzo, ſhe exclaimed, Do you thus, O friar, keep your faith with Romeo? is it thus you ſafely conduct me to him? Romeo, perceiving the lady to be alive, wondered exceedingly, and thinking perhaps on Pigmalion, he ſaid, Do you not know me, O my ſweet lady? ſee you not that I am your wretched ſpouſe, ſecretly and alone come from Mantua to perſiſh by you? Julietta, ſeeing herſelf in the monument, and perceiving that ſhe was in the arms of one who called himſelf Romeo, was well nigh out of her ſenſes, and puſhing him a little from her, and gazing on his face, ſhe inſtantly knew him, and embracing gave him a thouſand kiſſes, ſaying, What folly has excited you, with ſuch imminent danger, to enter here? Was it not ſufficient to have underſtood by my letters how I had contrived, with the help of Frier Lorenzo, to feign death, and that I ſhould ſhortly have been with you? The unhappy youth, then perceiving his fatal miſtake, thus began: O miſerable lot! O wretched Romeo! O, by far the moſt afflicted of all lovers! On this ſubject never have I received your letters! and he then proceeded to inform her how Pietro had given him intelligence of her pretended death, as if it had been real, whence, believing her dead, he had, in order to accompany her in death, even there cloſe by her, taken the poiſon, which, as moſt ſubtile, he already felt, had ſent forth death through all his limbs.

“The unfortunate damſel hearingt his, remained ſo overpowered with grief, that ſhe could do nothing but tear her lovely locks, and beat and bruife her innocent breaſt; and at length to Romeo, who already

M m 2

lay

But cumming to her selfe she knew them, and said thus :
 “ What, fryer Lawrence, is it you ? where is my Romeus ? ”

And

lay supine, kissing him often, and pouring over him a flood of tears, more pale than ashes, and trembling all over, she thus spoke: Must you then, O, lord of my heart, must you then die in my presence, and through my means ! and will the heavens permit that I should survive you, though but for a moment ? Wretched me ! O, that I could at least transfer my life to you, and die alone !—to which, with a languid voice the youth replied : If ever my faith and my love were dear to you, live, O my best hope ! by these I conjure you, that after my death, life should not be displeasing to you, if for no other reason, at least that you may think on him, who, penetrated with passion, for your sake, and before your dear eyes, now perishes ! To this the damsel answered : If for my pretended death you now die, what ought I to do for yours which is real ? It only grieves me that here, in your presence, I have not the means of death, and, inasmuch as I survive you, I detest myself ! yet still will I hope that ere long, as I have been the cause, so shall I be the companion of your death : And, having with difficulty spoken these words, she fainted, and, again returning to life, busied herself in sad endeavours to gather with her sweet lips the extreme breath of her dearest lover, who now hastily approached his end.

“ In this interval Friar Lorenzo had been informed how and when the damsel had drunk the potion, as also that upon a supposition of her death she had been buried ; and, knowing that the time was now arrived when the powder should cease to operate, taking with him a trusty companion, about an hour before day he came to the vault ; where being arrived, he heard the cries and lamentations of the lady, and, through a crevice in the cover, seeing a light within, he was greatly surpris'd, and imagined that, by some means or other, the damsel had contrived to convey with her a lamp into the tomb ; and that now, having awaked, she wept and lamented, either through fear of the dead bodies by which she was surrounded, or perhaps from the apprehension of being forever immured in this dismal place ; and having, with the assistance of his companion, speedily opened the tomb, he beheld Julietta, who, with hair all disheveled, and sadly grieving, had raised herself so far as to be seated, and had taken into her lap her dying lover. To her he thus address'd himself : Did you then fear, O my daughter, that I should have left you to die here inclosed ? and she, seeing the friar, and redoubling her lamentations, answered : Far from it ; my only fear is that you will drag me hence alive !—alas, for the love of God, away, and close the sepulcher, that I may here perish,—or rather reach me a knife, that piercing my breast, I may rid myself of my woes ! O, my father. my father ! is it thus you have sent me the letter ? are these my hopes of happy marriage ? is it thus you have conducted me to my Romeo ? behold him here in my bosom already dead !

And then the auncient frier, that greatly stood in feare
Left if they lingred over long they should be taken theare,

In

dead!—and, pointing to him, she recounted all that had passed. The friar, hearing these things, stood as one bereft of sense, and gazing upon the young man, then ready to pass from this into another life, bitterly weeping, he called to him, saying, O, Romeo, what hard hap has torn you from me? speak to me at least! cast your eyes a moment upon me! O, Romeo, behold your dearest Julietta, who beseeches you to look at her. Why at the least will you not answer her in whose dear bosom you lie? At the beloved name of his mistress, Romeo raised a little his languid eyes, weighed down by the near approach of death, and, looking at her, reclosed them; and, immediately after, death thrilling through his whole frame, all convulsed, and heaving a short sigh, he expired.

“The miserable lover being now dead in the manner I have related, as the day was already approaching, after much lamentation the friar thus addressed the young damsel:—And you Julietta, what do you mean to do?—to which she instantly replied,—here inclosed will I die. Say not so, daughter, said he; come forth from hence; for, though I know not well how to dispose of you, the means can not be wanting of shutting yourself up in some holy monastery, where you may continually offer your supplications to God, as well for yourself as for your deceased husband, if he should need your prayers. Father, replied the lady, one favour alone I entreat of you, which for the love you bear to the memory of him,—and so saying she pointed to Romeo,—you will willingly grant me, and that is, that you will never make known our death, that so our bodies may for ever remain united in this sepulcher: and if, by any accident, the manner of our dying should be discovered, by the love already mentioned I conjure you, that in both our names you would implore our miserable parents that they should make no difficulty of suffering those whom love has consumed in one fire, and conducted to one death, to remain in one and the same tomb;—then turning to the prostrate body of Romeo, whose head she had placed on a pillow which had been left with her in the vault, having carefully closed his eyes, and bathing his cold visage with tears,—lord of my heart, said she, without you what should I do with life? and what more remains to be done by me toward you but to follow you in death? certainly nothing more! in order that death itself, which alone could possibly have separated you from me, should not now be able to part us!—and having thus spoken, reflecting upon the horror of her destiny, and calling to mind the loss of her dear lover, determined no longer to live, she suppressed her respiration, and for a long space holding in her breath, at length sent it forth with a loud cry, and fell dead upon the dead body.”

For the foregoing faithful and elegant translation, as well as that in a former page, I am indebted to a most dear and valued friend,

M m 3

whose

In few plaine woordes the whole that was betyde, he tolde,
 And with his fingar shewd his corps out-stretched, stiffe, and colde;
 And then perswaded her with patience to abyde
 This sodain great mischaunce; and sayth, that he will soone provyde
 In some religious house for her a quiet place,
 Where she may spend the rest of lyfe, and where in time percase
 She may with wisdomes meane measure her mourning brest,
 And unto her tormented soule call back exiled rest.
 But loe, as soon as she had cast her ruthfull eye
 On Romeus face, that pale and wan fast by her side dyd lye,
 Straight way she dyd unstop the conduites of her teares,
 And out they gush;—with cruell hand she tare her golden heares.
 But when she neither could her swelling sorow swage,
 Ne yet her tender hart abyde her sickenes furious rage,
 False on his corps she lay long panting on his face,
 And then with all her force and strength the ded corps did embrace,
 As though with sighes, with sobs, with force, and busy payne,
 She would him rayse, and him restore from death to lyfe agayne:
 A thousand times she kist his mouth, as cold as stone,
 And it unkist againe as oft; then gan she thus to mone:
 “ Ah pleasant prop of all my thoughts, ah onely grounde
 Of all the sweete delightes that yet in all my lyfe I founde,
 Did such assured trust within thy hart repose,
 That in this place and at this time, thy church-yard thou hast chose,
 Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect loving make,
 And thus by meanes of me to ende thy life, and for my sake?
 Even in the flowring of thy youth, when unto thee
 Thy lyfe most deare (as to the most) and pleasant ought to bee,
 How could this tender corps withstand the cruell fight
 Of furious death, that wons-to fray the stoutest with his sight?
 How could thy dainty youth agree with willing hart
 In this so fowle infected place to dwell, where now thou art?
 Where spitefull Fortune hath appoynted thee to bee
 The dainty foode of greedy wormes, unworthy fure of thee.
 Alas, alas, alas, what neded now anew
 My wonted sorowes, doubled twise, againe thus to renewe:
 Which both the time and eke my patient long abode
 Should now at length have quenched quite, and under foote have trode?
 Ah wretch and caytive that I am, even when I thought
 To synd my painfull passions salve, I myst the thing I sought;
 And to my mortall harme the fatal knife I grounde,
 That gave to me so depe, so wide, so cruell dedly wounde.
 Ah thou, most fortunate and most unhappy tombe!
 For thou shalt beare, from age to age, witnes in time to comme

whose knowledge of the Italian language is so much superior to any that
 I can pretend to, that I am confident no reader will regret that the
 task has been executed by another. MALONE.

Of the most perfect leage betwixt a payre of lovers,
 That were the most unfortunate and fortunate of others ;
 Receave the latter sigh, receave the latter pang,
 Of the most cruell of cruell slaves that wrath and death ay wrang,"
 And when our Juliet would continue still her mone,
 The fryer and the servant fled, and left her there alone ;
 For they a sodayne noyse fast by the place did heare,
 And left they might be taken there, greatly they stoode in feare.
 When Juliet saw herselfe left in the vaulte alone,
 That freely she might worke her will, for let or stay was none,
 Then once for all she tooke the cause of all her harmes,
 The body dead of Romeus, and clasped it in her armes ;
 Then she with earnest kisse sufficiently did prove,
 That more then by the feare of death, she was attaint by love ;
 And then, past deadly feare, (for lyfe ne had she care)
 With hasty hand she did draw out the dagger that he ware.
 " O welcome death, quoth she, end of unhappines,
 That also art beginning of assured happines,
 Feare not to dart me nowe, thy stripe no longer stay,
 Prolong no longer now my lyfe, I hate this long delaye ;
 For straight my parting sprite, out of this carkas fled,
 At ease shall finde my Romeus sprite emong so many ded.
 And thou my loving lord, Romeus, my trusty feere,
 If knowledge yet doe rest in thee, if thou these woordes dost heer,
 Receve thou her, whom thou didst love so lawfully,
 That cauld alas ! thy violent death, although unwillingly ;
 And therefore willingly offers to thee her gost,
 To tend that no wight els but thou might have just cause to boste
 Thinjoying of my love, which ay I have reserved
 Free from the rest, bound unto thee, that hast it well deserved :
 That so our parted sprites from light that we see here,
 In place of endlesse light and blisse may ever live y-fere."

These said, her ruthlesse hand through gyrt her valiant hart :
 Ah, ladies, helpe with teares to wayle the ladies dedly smart !
 She grones, she stretcheth out her limmes, she shuttes her eyes,
 And from her corps the sprite doth flye ;—what should I say ? she dyes.
 The watchmen of the towne the whilt are passed by,
 And through the gates the candle light within the tombe they spye ;
 Whereby they did suppose inchaunters to be comme,
 That with prepared instruments had opend wide the tombe,
 In purpose to abuse the bodies of the ded,
 Which, by their science ayde abuse, do stand them oft in sted.
 Theyr curious harts desyre the truth hereof to know ;
 Then they by certaine steppes descend, where they do fynd below,
 In clasped armes y-wrapt the husband and the wyfe,
 In whom as yet they seemd to see somme certaine markes of lyfe.
 But when more curiously with leysure they did vew,
 The certainty of both theyr deathes assuredly they knew :

Then here and there so long with carefull eye they sought,
That at the length hidden they found the murtherers;—so they
thought.

In dungeon depe that night they lodgde them under ground;
The next day do they tell the prince the mischief that they found.

The news was by and by throughout the towne dyspred,
Both of the taking of the fryer, and of the two found ded.
Thether you might have seene whole households forth to ronne,
For to the tombe where they did heare this wonder straunge was donne,
The great, the small, the riche, the poore, the yong, the olde,
With hasty pace do ronne to see, but rew when they beholde.
And that the murtherers to all men might be knowne,
(Like as the murders brute abrode through all the towne was blowne)
The prince did straight ordaine, the corpes that wer founde
Should be set forth upon a stage hye rayfed from the grounde,
Right in the selfe same fourme, shewde forth to all mens sight,
That in the hollow valt they had been found that other night;
And eke that Romeus man and fryer Lawrence should
Be openly examined; for els the people would
Have murmured, or saynd there were some waighty cause
Why openly they were not calde, and so convict by lawes.

The holy fryer now, and reverent by his age,
In great reproche set to the shew upon the open stage,
(A thing that ill beseemde a man of silver heares)
His beard as whyte as mylke he bathes with great fast-falling teares:
Whom straight the dredfull judge commaundeth to declare
Both, how this murther hath been donne, and who the murtherers are;
For that he nere the tombe was found at howres unfitte,
And had with hym those yron tooles for such a purpose fitte.
The frier was of lively sprite and free of speche,
The judges woords appald him not, ne were his wittes to seeche.
But with advised heed a while fyrst did he stay,
And then with bold assured voyce aloud thus gan he say:
“ My lordes, there is not one among you, set togyther,
So that, affection set aside, by wisdom he consider
My former passed lyfe, and this my extreme age,
And eke this heavy sight, the wreke of frantike Fortunes rage,
But that, amased much, doth wonder at this chaunge,
So great, so sodainly befallne, unlooked for, and straunge.
For I that in the space of sixty yeres and tenne,
Since fyrst I did begin, to soone, to lead my lyfe with men,
And with the worldes vaine thinges myfelfe I did acquaint,
Was never yet, in open place, at any time attaynt
With any crime, in weight as heavy as a rustie,
Ne is there any slander by can make me gylty blushe;
Although before the face of God I doe confesse
Myfelfe to be the sinfullst wretch of all this mighty presse.

When

When readiest I am and likeliest to make
 My great accompt, which no man els for me shall undertake;
 When wormes, the earth, and death, doe cyte me every howre,
 Tappeare before the judgment seate of everlasting powre,
 And falling ripe I steppe upon my graves brinke,
 Even then, am I, most wretched wight, as eche of you doth thinke,
 Through my most haynous deede, with hedlong sway throwne downe,
 In greatest daunger of my lyfe, and damage of renowne,
 The spring, whence in your head this new conceite doth ryse,
 (And in your hart increaseth still your vayne and wrong surmise)
 May be the hugenes of these teares of myne, percase,
 That so abundantly downe fall by eyther syde my face;
 As though the memory in scriptures were not kept
 That Christ our Saviour himselve for ruth and pitie wept:
 And more, who so will reade, y-written shall be fynde,
 That teares are as true messengers of mans unglyt mynde.
 Or els, a liker prooffe that I am in the cryme,
 You say these present yrons are, and the suspected time:
 As though all howres alike had not been made above!
 Did Christ not say, the day had twelve? wherby he sought to prove,
 That no respect of howres ought justly to be had,
 But at all times men have the choyce of doing good or bad;
 Even as the sprite of God the harts of men doth guyde,
 Or as it leaveth them to stray from vertues path asyde.
 As for the yrons that were taken in my hand,
 As now I deeme, I nede not seeke to make ye understand
 To what use yron first was made, when it began;
 How of it selfe it helpeth not, ne yet can hurt a man.
 The thing that hurteth is the malice of his will,
 That such indifferent thinges is wont to use and order yll.
 Thus much I thought to say, to cause you so to know
 That neither these my piteous teares, though nere so fast they flowe,
 Ne yet these yron tooles, nor the suspected time,
 Can justly prove the murther donne, or damne me of the cryme:
 No one of these hath powre, ne power have all the three,
 To make me other than I am, how so I seeme to be.
 But fure my conscience, if I so gylt deserve,
 For an appeacher, witnesse, and a hangman, eke should serve;
 For through mine age, whose heares of long time since were hore,
 And credyt greate that I was in, with you, in time tofore,
 And eke the sojorne short that I on earth must make,
 That every day and howre do loke my journey hence to take,
 My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrise,
 Then all the outward deadly payne that all you could devyse.
 But God I prayse, I feele no worme that gnaweth me,
 And from remorres pricking sting I joy that I am free:
 I meane, as touching this, wherewith you troubled are,
 Wherewith you should be troubled still, if I my speche should spare.

But

But to the end I may set all your hartes at rest,
 And pluck out all the scrupuls that are rooted in your brest,
 Which might perhappes henceforth increasing more and more,
 Within your conscience also increafe your curelesse sore,
 I sweare by yonder heavens, whither I hope to clym,
 (And for a witnes of my woordes my hart attesteth him,
 Whose mighty hande doth welde them in their violent sway,
 And on the rolling stormy seas the heavy earth doth stay)
 That I will make a short and eke a true dyscourse
 Of this most wofull tragedy, and shew both thend and fource
 Of their unhappy death, which you perchaunce no lesse
 Will wonder at then they alas! poore lovers in distresse,
 Tormented much in mynd, not forcing lively breath,
 With strong and patient hart dyd yelde them selfe to cruell death:
 Such was the mutual love wherein they burned both,
 And of theyr promyst frendshippes sayth so stedy was the troth."

And then the auncient fryer began to make discourse,
 Even from the first, of Romeus and Juliets amours;
 How first by sodayn sight the one the other chose,
 And twixt them selfe dyd knitte the knotte which onely death might
 lose;

And how, within a while, with hotter love opprest,
 Under confessions cloke, to him themselfe they have adrest;
 And how with solemne othes they have protested both,
 That they in hart are maried by promise and by othe;
 And that except he graunt the rytes of church to geve,
 They shal be forst by earnest love in sinneful state to live:
 Which thing when he had wayde, and when he understoode
 That the agreement twixt them twayne was lawfull, honest, good,
 And all thinges peysed well, it seemed meet to bee
 (For lyke they were of noblenesse, age, riches, and degree);
 Hoping that so at length ended might be the stryfe
 Of Montagew and Capelets, that led in hate theyr lyfe,
 Thinking to worke a worke well-pleasing in Gods sight,
 In secret shrift he wedded them; and they the selfe same night
 Made up the mariage in houle of Capilet,
 As well doth know (if she be askt) the nurse of Juliet.
 He told how Romeus fled for reving Tybalts lyfe,
 And how, the whilst, Paris the earle was offred to his wife;
 And how the lady dyd so great a wrong dydayne,
 And how to shrift unto his church she came to him agayne;
 And how she fell flat downe before his feete aground,
 And how she sware, her hand and bloody knife should wound
 Her harmles hart, except that he some meane dyd synde
 To disappoynt the earles attempt: and spotles save her mynde.
 Wherefore, he doth conclude, although that long before
 By thought of death and age he had refusde for evermore

The

The hidden artes which he delighted in, in youth,
 Yet wonne by her importunenes, and by his inward ruth,
 And fearing lest she would her cruell vowe dyscharge,
 His closed conscience he had opened and set at large;
 And rather did he choose to suffer for one tyme
 His soule to be spotted fomdeale with small and easie cryme,
 Then that the lady should, wery of living breath,
 Murther her selfe, and daunger much her seely soule by death:
 Wherefore his auncient artes agayne he puts in ure;
 A certain powder gave he her, that made her slepe so sure,
 That they her held for dead; and how that fryer John
 With letters sent to Romeus to Mantua is gone;
 Of whom he knoweth not as yet, what is become;
 And how that dead he found his frend within her kindreds tombe.
 He thinkes with poyson strong, for care the yong man sterue,
 Supposing Juliet dead; and how that Juliet hath carvde,
 With Romeus dagger drawne her hart, and yelded breath,
 Desyrous to accompany her lover after death;
 And how they could not save her, so they were afeard,
 And hidde themselfe, dreading the noyse of watchmen, that they heard.
 And for the prooffe of this his tale, he doth desyer
 The judge to send forthwith to Mantua for the fryer,
 To learne his cause of stay, and eke to read his letter;
 And, more beside, to tend that they might judge his cause the better,
 He prayeth them depose the nurce of Juliet,
 And Romeus man, whom at unawares besyde the tombe he met.

Then Peter, not so much, as erst he was, dismayd:
 My lordes, quoth he, too true is all that fryer Laurence sayd.
 And when my maister went into my mystres grave,
 This letter that I offer you, unto me he gave,
 Which he him selfe dyd write, as I do understand,
 And charged me to offer them unto his fathers hand.
 The opened packet doth conteyne in it the same
 That erst the skilfull fryer said; and eke the wretches name
 That had at his request the dedly poyson sold,
 The price of it, and why he bought his letters plaine have tolde.
 The case unfolded so and open now it lyes,
 That they could wish no better prooffe, save seeing it with theyr eyes:
 So orderly all thinges were tolde, and tryed out,
 That in the prease there was not one that stoode at all in doute.

The wyser sort, to counsell called by Escalus,
 Here geven advice, and Escalus sagely decreeth thus:
 The nurse of Juliet is banisht in her age,
 Because that from the parentes she dyd hyde the mariage,
 Which might have wrought much good had it in time been knowne,
 Where now by her concealing it a mischeefe great is growne;
 And Peter, for he dyd obey his masters heft,
 In woonted freedome had good leave to lead his lyfe in rest:

Thapothecary high is hanged by the throte,
 And, for the paynes he tooke with him, the hangman had his cote;
 But now what shall betyde of this gray-bearded fyre,
 Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryre?
 Because that many time he woorthily did serue
 The common welth, and in his lyfe was never found to swerue,
 He was discharged quyte, and no mark of defame
 Did seem to blot or touch at all the honour of his name.
 But of himselfe he went into an hermitage,
 Two miles from Veron towne, where he in prayers past forth his age;
 Till that from earth to heaven his heavenly sprite dyd flye:
 Fyve years he lived an hermite, and an hermite dyd he dye.
 The straungnes of the chaunce, when tryed was the truth,
 The Montagewes and Capelets hath moved so to ruth,
 That with their emptyed teares theyr choler and theyr rage
 Has emptied quite; and they, whose wrath no wisdom could asswage,
 Nor threatning of the prince, ne mynde of murthers donne,
 At length, (so mighty Jove it would) by pitye they are wonne.
 And lest that length of time might from our myndes remove
 The memory of so perfect, sound, and so approved love,
 The bodies dead, removed from vaulte where they did dye,
 In stately tombe, on pillars great of marble, rayse they hye.
 On every side above were set, and eke beneath,
 Great store of cunning epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.
 And even at this day the tombe is to be seene*;
 So that among the monumentes that in Verona been,
 There is no monument more worthy of the sight,
 Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fleete Strete within Temble bar, at the
 signe of the hand and starre, by Richard Tottill the xix day of
 November. An. do. 1562.

* Breval says in his Travels, 1726, that when he was at Verona,
 his guide shewed him an old building, then converted into a house
 for orphans, in which the tomb of these unhappy lovers had been;
 but it was then destroyed. MALONE.

A P P E N D I X.

VOL. X.

M m 7

SEQUITUR EMENDATIO, PARS STUDIORUM LONGE
UTILISSIMA. NEQUE ENIM SINE CAUSA CREDITUM
EST, STYLUM NON MINUS AGERE, CUM DELET.
HUJUS AUTEM OPERIS EST, ADJICERE, DETRA-
HERE, MUTARE.—NAM ET DAMNANDA SUNT QUÆ
PLACUERANT, ET INVENIENDA QUÆ FUGERANT.

QUINTIL.

A P P E N D I X.

VOL. I.

TEMPEST.

P. 5. n. 5.] The examples of this phrase, produced by Mr. Steevens, were accidentally omitted. Add therefore to his note :

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. sc. vi.

“ When they shall hear how we have play’d the men.”

Again, in Marlowe’s *Tamburlaine*, 1590, P. II.

“ Viceroyes and peers of Turkey, *play the men.*”

STEEVENS.

Again, in Scripture, 2 Samuel, x. 12. “ Be of good courage, and let us *play the men* for our people.” MALONE.

P. 7. n. 5.] In the old copy these words were absurdly printed as spoken by one person. Dr. Johnson’s arrangement is proved to be right, not only by the reason of the thing, but by a similar passage in *Coriolanus*, Act V. sc. ult. “ He kill’d my son ;—my daughter,” &c. where the words, *All People* are prefixed to the speech. MALONE.

P. 8. n. 3.] *Add to my note.* So, in Spenser’s *Shepherd’s Calender* (April) :

“ The red rose *medled* with the white y-fere,

“ In either *cheeke* depein&stein lively cheere.”

Again, in Lewknor’s translation of Contareno’s *Commonwealtb and Government of Venice*, 1598: “ —which scrolles being first all well *meddled* together, are put into the pott.”

MALONE.

P. 9. n. 6.] So, in *the Winter’s Tale* :

“ —Befeech you,

“ Of your own state take care; *this dream of mine*,—

“ Being now awake, I’ll queen it no inch farther,

“ But milk my ewes and weep.”

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ He liv’d in the court—

“ —to the grave

“ A child that guided dotards; *to his mistress*,

“ For whom he now is banish’d,—her own price

“ Proclaims how she esteem’d him and his virtue.”

MALONE.

P. 11. n. 3.] *To trash for over-topping* may either mean to lop them because they did over-top, or in order to prevent them from over-topping. So Lucetta in the second scene of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, says,

“—I was taken up for laying them down :

“Yet here they shall not lie *for catching cold*.”

This mode of expression is not frequent in Shakspeare, but occurs in every play of Beaumont and Fletcher :

“We'll have a bib *for spoiling of your doublet*.”

The Captain.

“Stir my horse *for catching cold*. *Love's Pilgrimage*

“—all her face patch'd *for discovery*. *The Pilgrim*.

That is, to prevent discovery. MASON.

P. 12. n. 6.] There is a very singular coincidence between this passage and one in Bacon's *History of King Henry VII.* [Perkin Warbeck] “did in all things notably acquit himself; inso much as it was generally believed—that he was indeed Duke Richard. Nay, *himself, with long and continual counterfeiting, and with oft telling a lie, was turned by habit almost into the thing he seemed to be; and from a liar to be a believer.* MALONE.

Ibid.—Me, poor man! *my library*

Was large enough;] i. e. was large enough for. Of this kind of ellipsis see various examples in a note on *Cymbeline*. Vol. VIII. p. 472, n. 3. MALONE.

P. 14. l. 1.] For *cherubim*, read *cherubin*, which is the reading of the old copy, and, though inaccurate, was the constant language of Shakspeare's time. In Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, 8vo. 1616 we find “CHERUBIN, one of the highest order of angels.” So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's characters, 1616: [*A Precifian*] “He thinks every organist is in the state of damnation, and had rather hear one of Robert Wisdome's Psalmes than the best hymn a *cherubin* can sing.” Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

“Back'd with a troop of fiery *cherubins*.” MALONE.

Ibid. Some food we had, and some fresh water, that

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

Out of his charity, (*who* being then appointed

Master of this design;) did give us;] Mr. Steevens

has suggested, that we might better read—*he* being then appointed; and so we should certainly now write: but the reading of the old copy is the true one, that mode of phraseology being the idiom of Shakspeare's time. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“—This

“ ——— This your son-in-law,

“ And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,) .

“ Is troth-plight to your daughter.”

Again, in *Coriolanus* :

“ ——— waving thy hand,

“ Which often, thus, *correcting thy stout heart,*

“ Now humble as the ripest mulberry,

“ That will not hold the handling ; or, say to them,” &c.

See Vol. IV. p. 257, n. 1. and p. 488, n. * ; and Vol. VII.

p. 239, n. 5. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 4. l. 12.] For *deck*, r: *leck*.—Add at the end of my note.—In Cole’s Latin Dictionary, 1679, we find—“ *To dag, collutulo, irroro.* MALONE.

P. 16. — to ride

On the curl’d clouds ;] So, in Isaiah, xix. 1. “ The Lord rideth on the swift cloud.” MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 7.] So also De Loier, speaking of “ strange sights happening in the seas,” *Treatise of Spectres*, 4to. 1605, p. 67, b : “ Sometimes they shall see the fire which the saylors call *Saint Hermes*, to fly uppon their shippe, and to alight upon the *toppe of the mast*; and sometimes they shall perceive a wind that stirreth such stormes as will run round about their shippe, and play about it in such sort, as by the hurling and beating of the clowdes will rayse uppe a fire that will burne uppe the *yarden, the sayles, and the tacklings of the shippe.*” MALONE.

P. 17. — and quit the vessel,] *Quit* is, I think, here used for *quitted*. So, in *K. Lear* :

“ ——— ’Twas he inform’d against him,

“ And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment

“ Might have the freer course.”

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I. *lift*, for *lifted* :

“ He ne’er *lift* up his hand, but conquered.” MALONE.

Ibidem. *On their sustaining garments, &c.*] The word *sustaining* in this place does not mean *supporting*, but *enduring*; and by their *sustaining garments* Ariel means, their garments which bore, without being injured, the drenching of the sea.

MASON.

Perhaps *sustaining* is here used for *sustained*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, *all-obeying*, for *all-obeyed*. Mr. Mason’s interpretation, however, may be the true one; and the word *sustaining* may also have been used for *suffering*, in the passage quoted from *King Lear*. Their garments could not be called *sustaining*, in the sense which Mr. Steevens attributes to the

word, for it is well known that the clothes of a person who has fallen into the sea, when they become thoroughly wet, instead of sustaining him, render him less able to keep himself from sinking. MALONE.

P. 20. — to tread the ooze

Of the salt deep;—

To do me buliness in the veins of the earth,] [So Milton, *Par. Lost*:

“ Or do his errands in the gloomy deep.”

P. 22. *Come, thou tortoise! when?*] This expression of impatience occurs often in our old dramas. See Vol. V. p. 9, n. 8, and Vol. VII. p. 330, n. 5. MALONE.

P. 22. *We cannot miss him.*] That is, as Mr. Mason has observed, *We cannot do without him.* This provincial expression is still used in the midland counties. MALONE.

P. 24. *Which any print of goodness will not take,*

Being capable of all ill!] So, in Harrington's translation of *Orlando Furioso*, 1591:

“ The cruel Eſſelyno, that was thought

“ To have been gotten by some wicked devil,

“ *That never any goodness had been taught,*

“ But sold his soule to sin and doing evil.” MALONE.

P. 25. l. 4.] For *wild*, r. *wile*, and *dele* my note. *Wild* in the old copy is merely the ancient mode of spelling *wile*, and therefore, as modern orthography has been observed in all other places, it ought also to be followed here. MALONE.

Ibidem. *The red plague rid you!*] To follow Mr. Steevens's note.

So again, in *Coriolanus*:

“ Now the *red pestilence* strike all trades in Rome!”

The word *rid*, which has not been explained, means to *destroy*. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

“ — If you ever chance to have a child,

“ Look, in his youth, to have him so cut off,

“ As, deathsmen! you have *rid* this sweet young prince.”

MALONE.

P. 26. *Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,*] The lady's hand only was kiss'd, as it should seem, previous to the dance. See Winwood's *Memorials*, Vol. II. p. 44: “ — at this he was taken out to dance, and footed it like a lusty old gallant with his country-woman. He took out the queen, and forgot not to *kiss her hand.*” MALONE.

Ibidem. *Where should this musick be? i'the air, or the earth?*] [So,

So, Milton, in his *Il Penseroso*:

“ And, as I walk, sweet musick, breathe,

“ Above, about, or underneath!” MALONE.

Ibidem, n. 3. l. 4.] After “ our author’s word,” add—
agen, A. S. signifies both *ad-versus* and *iterum*. In *Julius Cæsar* we find *against* used in the first of these senses:

“ Against the capitol I met a lion,—.”

Lydgate in his *Troie boke*, describing Priam’s palace, uses *again* in the sense of *against*:

“ And even *agayne* this kynges royal see,

“ In the partye that was thereto contrayre,

“ Yrayfed was by many crafty stayre

“ In brede and length a full rich aultere.” MALONE.

P. 29. n. 6. l. 6. from the bottom.]

Again, in Lily’s *Maydes Metamorphoses*, 1600:

“ Well met, fair *nymph*, or *goddesse* if ye be.”

Add at the end:

I have said “ that nothing is more common in these plays than a word being used in reply in a sense different from that in which it was employed by the first speaker.” Here follow my proofs. In *As you like it*, Orlando, being asked by his brother, “ Now, sir, what *make* you here?” [i. e. What do you do here?] replies, “ Nothing; I am not taught to *make* any thing.” So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

“ —Henceforward will I bear

“ Upon my target three fair shining *suns*.

“ *Rich.* Nay, bear three *daughters*.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

“ *Ch. Just.* Your means are very slender, and your *waste* great.

“ *Fal.* I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my *waist* slenderer.”

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

“ With this, my lord, myself hath *nought* to do.

“ *Glo.* *Nought* to do with mistress Shore?” &c.

MALONE.

P. 31. n. 2.] We have the same thought in Lily’s *Euphues*, 1580: “ Then how vain is it, that the *foot* should neglect his office, to correct the *face*.” MALONE.

P. 33. n. *.] *Claribel* is also the mistress of Phaon in Spenser’s *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. iv. MALONE.

P. 34.] *How lush and lusty the grass looks, bow green!*] The word *lush* has not yet been rightly interpreted. It appears from the following passage in Golding’s translation of Ovid, 1587, to have signified *juicy*, *succulent*:

N n 2

“ What?

"What? seest thou not, how that the year, as representing plaine

"The age of man, departs himself in quarters foure: first, baine*

"And tender in the spring it is, even like a sucking babe,

"Then greene and void of strength, and *lusty* and *foggy* is the blade;

"And cheers the husbandman with hope."

Ovid's lines (Met. XV.) are these:

Quid? non in species succedere quattuor annum

Aspicis, ætatis peragentem imitamina nostræ?

Nam tener et lactens, puerique simillimus ævo,

Vere novo est. Tunc *berba recens, et roboris experts,*

Turget, et insolida est, et spe delectat agrestem.

Spenser in his *Shepherd's Calender*, (Feb.) applies the epithet *lusty* to green:

"With leaves engrain'd in *lustie green*." MALONE.

P. 35. n. *. l. 2.] For *Fauconbridge*, r. *Fauconbridge*.

P. 37. n. 9. l. 5.] For *sh'ould*, r. *sh'ould*.

P. 43. After n. 3.] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*: "—why he'll answer nobody, he *professes* not answering." MALONE.

P. 48. n. 4. l. 2.] For *bombard*, r. *bumbard*.

P. 50. n. 9.] Add to my note.—These words, however, may mean, (as Mr. Mason has observed,) "I will not take for him even more than he is worth." MALONE.

P. 53. n. 1.] *Dele* Dr. Grey's note, and substitute the following.

This is a common expression, to denote profound obeisance.

So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,—

"*Make sacred even his stirrop*, and through him

"Drink the free air."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*: "—When you come to him, [the emperor,] at the first approach, you must kneel, *then kiss his foot*, then deliver your pigeons." MALONE.

Ibidem, n. 2.] Add to my note—

With respect to the place from which Caliban says he will fetch these young sea-mels, or sea-mews, Shakspeare might have learned from Pliny's *Natural History*, 1600, (a book that he is known to have looked into,) "As touching the gulls or *sea-cobs*, they build in *rockes*." p. 287. MALONE.

* i. e. limber, flexible.

P. 54. 'Ean, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,] Perhaps our author remembered a song of Sir P. Sidney's:

"Da, da, da—Daridan."

Astrophel and Stella, fol. 1627. MALONE.

P. 55. n. 4.] In like manner in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. the same change was made by him. "I am a Roman, *and* (i. e. *and yet*) my services are, as you are, against them." Mr. Pope reads—"I am a Roman, *but* my services," &c. MALONE.

P. 57. *The flesh-fly blow my mouth:*] i. e. swell and inflame my mouth. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Here is a vent of blood, and something *blown*."

Again, *ibidem*:

"——— and let the water-*flies*

"*Blow* me into abhorring." MALONE.

Ibidem.—*than* I would *suffer*.—] I have here, with all the modern editors, incautiously adopted an emendation made by Mr. Pope. But the reading of the old copy—*than to suffer*—is right, however ungrammatical. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, *than to have*." MALONE.

P. 66. n. 5.] Our poet had probably Lily's *Euphues*, and *his England*, particularly in his thoughts: signat. Q. 3.—"As there is but one phoenix in the world, so is there but *one tree* in Arabia wherein she buildeth." See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Rafin*, a tree in Arabia, whereof there is but *one* found, and upon it the phoenix sits."

In l. 1. of this note, for *phæn' thronex*, r. *phœnix' throne*.

The letters were shuffled out of their places at the press.

MALONE.

P. 69. n. 7. l. 3.] for 1670, r. 1679.

P. 71. n. 3.] Add to Mr. Steevens's note.—So in the celebrated libel called *Leicester's Commonwealth*: "I heard him once my selfe in publique act at Oxford, and that in presence of my lord of Leicester, maintain that poyson might be so tempered and given, as it should not appear presently, and yet should kill the party afterwards at what time should be appointed."

Ibidem, n. 5. l. 5. from the bottom.] For 1529, r. 1540.

P. 72. n. 8. l. ult.] For *utv*, r. *utv*.

P. 78. *With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,*] So, in Golding's Translation of Ovid's *Metamorph.* B. IX. 1587:

"The noble stream of Calydon made answer, who did weare

"A garland made of reedes and flagges upon his *sedgy* heare," MALONE.

P. 79. n. 1.] Perhaps our poet also remembered Spenser's *Ruines of Time*, 1591:

" High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
 " Strong walls, rich porches, princelie pallaces,
 " Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
 " Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
 " Wrought with faire pillours, and fine imageries,
 " All these, (O pitie!) now are turn'd to dust,
 " And overgrown with black oblivions rust." MALONE.

P. 80. n. 2.] I am now inclined to think that *rack* is a mis-spelling for *wrack*, i. e. *wreck*, which Fletcher likewise has used for a minute broken fragment. See his *Wife for a Month*, where we find the word mis-spelt as it is in the *Tempest*:

" He will bulge so subtilly and suddenly,
 " You may snatch him up by parcels, like a *sea-rack*."

It has been urged, that " objects which have only a visionary and insubstantial existence, can, when the vision is faded, leave nothing *real*, and consequently no *wreck* behind them." But the objection is founded on misapprehension. The words—" Leave not a rack (or wreck) behind," relate not to " the baseless fabrick of this vision," but to the final destruction of the world, of which the towers, temples, and palaces, shall (*like a vision, or a pageant,*) be dissolved, and leave no vestige behind. MALONE.

P. 85. *Go, charge thy goblins, that they grind their joints
 With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
 With aged cramps;]* So Milton, in his *Masque*:

" He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
 " And crumble all thy *sinews*." MALONE.

P. 86. *His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
 From eaves of reeds:]* Milton probably remembered these lines, when he wrote

" Or usher'd with a shower still,
 " When the gulf hath blown his fill,
 " Ending on the rustling leaves,
 " *With minute drops from off the eaves.*" MALONE.

P. 89. l. 23.] For a *pace*, r. *apace*.

P. 91. n. 1. Add at the end of my first note.] That the crying of owls was introduced as descriptive of night, and not to mark the season of the year, is proved by Shakspeare's frequent mention of the same bird in various places, in all of which the owl is introduced as an attendant upon night. So, in *Macbeth*:

" It

“ It was the *owl* that *cry’d*, the fatal bellman,

“ That gives the stern’st good-*night*.”

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

“ Deep night, dread night, the silent of the night,

“ When *scritch-owls cry*—”.

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“ The *owl*, *night’s* herald, shrieks; ’tis very late,” &c.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ The night to the *owl*, and morn to the lark, less welcome.” MALONE.

P. 91. n. 2.] After the words—“ midland counties”, add,
—So, in a kindred sense, in *K. Lear*:

“ —while I to this hard house,—

“ (Which even but now, demanding *after* you,

“ Deny’d me to come in,) return,” &c. MALONE.

P. 93. n. 7.] Add to Mr. Steevens’s note.—To be *woe* is often used by old writers to signify to be *sorry*. So, in the play of *The Four P’s*, 1569:

“ But be ye sure, I would be *woe*,

“ That you should chance to beguile me so.”

P. 96. n. 2.] We have the same phraseology in *Coriolanus*:

“ One thus descended,—

“ To be set high in place, we did commend

“ To your *remembrances*.” MALONE.

Ibidem. l. 15, of text.] After *gone*, put a full point.

P. 97. n. 4.] *Trickfy* also signifies neat, elegantly adorned. See Florio’s Dictionary, 1598: *Nimfarsi*, to trim, to smug, to *trixie*, to deck or spruce himself up as a nymphe.” The same writer interprets *Pargoletta*, “ quaint, pretty, nimble, *trixie*, tender, small.” See also Minshew’s Dict. in v. to *trick*. MALONE.

Ibidem, n. 5.] The emendation made by Mr. Pope (which like all the late editors I have inadvertently admitted into the text,) ought to be a warning to all future editors, not to substitute modern for ancient phraseology, merely because the latter appears uncouth or unusual. In this edition I have had this rule almost constantly before my eyes; but in the present and two or three more instances, my caution (which I trust will be found to have been strenuously exerted against all capricious alterations) was overwatched.

Two words (and not one, as Mr. Pope supposed,) were undoubtedly intended; but the compositor has printed *of*, instead of *on*. “*On* sleep” was the ancient English phraseology. The reader will therefore be pleased to correct the text accordingly.

ingly. So, in Gascoigne's *Supposes*: "—knock again; I think they be *on* sleep." Again, in a song said to have been written by Anna Boleyn:

"O death, rock me *on* slepe."

Again, in Campion's *History of Ireland*, 1633: "One officer in the house of great men is a tale-teller, who bringeth his lord *on* sleep with tales vaine and frivolous." MALONE.

P. 99. n. 3. l. 2.] for *Eixir*, r. *Elixir*.

Omitted in its proper place, p. 4, n. 2.

Dr. Johnson has observed, that in the naval dialogue in the first scene of this play there are some inaccuracies and contradictory orders; but the observation, which he says, was made by a skilful seaman, is founded on a mistake. These orders should be considered as given, not at once, but successively, as the emergency required. One attempt to save the ship failing, another is tried. MALONE.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

P. 107. n. 3.] Since this note was written, I have seen the edition of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, printed in 1598. It contains the first two *Sestiads* only. The remainder was added by Chapman. MALONE.

P. 107. n. 7.] Add—Or the construction intended may have been—Let me hear from thee by letters to Milan, i. e. addressed to me there. MALONE.

P. 110. *Nay, in that you are astray, &c.*] From the word *astray* here, and *lost mutton* above, it is obvious that the double reference was to the first sentence of the general confession in the Prayer-Book. HENLEY.

P. 116. n. 5.] Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 98. b. "The Queen marched from York to Wakefield, and *bade bafe* to the duke even before his castle." MALONE.

Ibidem. Yet *here they shall not lie for catching cold.*] i. e. lest they should catch cold.

So, in an ancient *Dialogue both pleasaunte and profitable*, by Willyam Bulleyn, 1564:

"My horse starteth, and had like to have unfaddled me; let me sit faster, *for falling.*"

Again, in Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, translated by Sir Thomas North: "So he was let in, and brought to her muffled as he was, *for being known.*" i. e. for fear of being known.

See

See Mr. Maſon's note on *The Tempeſt*, p. 11, n. 3.

MALONE.

P. 117. n. 9.] *Impeachment* in this paſſage means reproach or imputation. So Demetrius ſays to *Helena* in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*,

“ You do *impeach* your modeſty too much,

“ To leave the city, and commit yourſelf

“ Into the hands of one that loves you not.”

MASON.

P. 118.—*now will we break with him.*] i. e. break the matter to him. MASON.

P. 128. n. 8.] There could be no doubt about the ſenſe of this paſſage, had Launce ſaid, “ O, that *it* could ſpeak like a wood woman!” but he uſes the feminine pronoun in ſpeaking of the ſhoe, becauſe it is ſuppoſed to repreſent a woman.

MASON.

P. 130. n. 2.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594 :

“ — the illiterate, that know not how

“ To cipher what is writ in learned books,

“ Will *cote* my loathſome trefpaſs in my looks.”

In our poet's time words were thus frequently ſpelt by the ear. MALONE.

P. 134. n. 7.] After “*contemporaries*,” add—So, in *The Famous Hiſtorie of George Lord Fauconbridge*, 4to. 1616, p. 15: “ Such an *imperious* God is love, and ſo commanding.” MALONE.

P. 136. n. 6. l. 5.] For *Valen*, *tines*, r. *Valentines*.

P. 137. n. 2. l. 2.] For 149, r. 146.

P. 138.—*how ſay'ſt thou, that my maſter is become a notable lover?*] i. e. (as Mr. Maſon has elſewhere obſerved)

What ſay'ſt thou to this circumſtance,—namely, that my maſter is become a notable lover? MALONE.

P. 140. n. 7.] Mr. Steevens is right in aſſerting that competitor in this place means *confederate* or *partner*. The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *Twelfth Night*, where the clown, ſeeing Maria and Sir Toby approach, who were joined in the plot againſt Malvolio, ſays,

“ The *competitors* enter.”

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

“ ——— The Guilfordſ are in arms,

“ And every hour more *competitors*

“ Flock to the rebels.” MASON.

P. 151. n. 9.] See Lord Surrey's Sonnets, 1557 :

“ My

" My song, thou shalt attain to find the pleasant place,
 " Where she doth live, by whom I live; may chance to
 have the grace,
 " When she hath read, and seen the grief wherein I serve,
 " *Between her breasts she shall thee put, there shall she thee*
reserve." MALONE.

P. 154. n. 2.] Mr. Steevens asks, how a desire for dainties can make amends for an offensive breath. It certainly can not; but he forgets that Launce replies to the *words* of Speed, not to his meaning. The quibble is preserved, and the *sweet* mouth makes equally amends for the sour breath, whatever the real signification of the former phrase may be.

A *sweet* mouth may possibly imply a disposition to wantonness, as well as a love of dainties; but it cannot in this place mean that she sings sweetly, for that would be a real perfection, and he is enumerating her vices. MASON.

P. 156. Speed. *And more wealth than faults.*

Launce. *Why, that word makes the faults gracious.*] Mr. Steevens's interpretation of the word *gracious* has been controverted, but it is right. We have the same sentiment in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* :

" O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults

" Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

MALONE.

P. 172. n. 2.] After *part with*, add—So, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

" I dare be sworn for him, he would not *leave* it,

" Or pluck it from his finger for the wealth

" That the world masters." MALONE.

P. 176. n. 3.] It appears from hence, and a passage in Massinger, that the word *statue* was formerly used to express a portrait. Julia is here addressing herself to a picture; and in *The City Madam* the young ladies are supposed to take leave of the *statues* of their lovers, as they stile them, though Sir John at the beginning of the scene calls them *pictures*, and describes them afterwards as nothing but superficies, colours, and no substance. MASON.

P. 178. n. 4.] She pities Sir Thurio's possessions, because they are let to others, and are not in his own dear hands. Such appears to me to be the meaning. MASON.

P. 182, n. 2. l. 3.] For n. 2, read n. 3; and add—

So, in our poet's 133d Sonnet:

" But slave to slavery my *sweetest* friend must be."

MALONE.

MERRY

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

P. 191. n. 2. l. 2.] After *universities*," add—of Cambridge and Dublin.

P. 192. *The dozen white louses do become an old coat well.*] A similar play of words is found in the ballad said to be made by Shakspere on Sir Thomas Lucy. See Vol. I. Part I. The arms of the Lucy family are three *lucres* hariant; but I am informed that one of the shields in Charlecote church has *twelve lucres* depicted on it. MALONE.

P. 198. n. 5.] After "sixpences," add—See also Vol. V. p. 336, n. 1. "Quoit him down Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling." MALONE.

P. 201.—and so *conclusions* pass'd the cariers.] Bardolph means to say, "and so in the *end* he reel'd about with a circuitous motion, like a horse, *passing a carier*." To *pass a carier* was the technical term. So,* in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: "—her hottest fury may be resembled to the *passing* of a brave *carriere* by a Pegasus."

Again, in Harrington's *Ariosto*, 1591 (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's):

"To stop, to start, to *pass carier*, to bound."

We find the term again used in *K. Henry V.* in the same manner as in the passage before us: "—The king is a good king, but—he *passes* some humours and *cariers*." MALONE.

P. 204. Anne. *The dinner attends you, sir.*

Slen.—Go, *sirrah*, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow.] This passage shews that it was formerly the custom in England, as it is now in France, for persons to be attended at dinner by their own servants, wherever they dined. MASON.

P. 205. n. 1. — *three venies for a dish of stew'd prunes.*] Mr. Steevens's interpretation is not accurate. Slender means to say, that the wager for which he played was a dish of stew'd prunes, which was to be paid by him who received three *bits*. See Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, 8vo. 1616: "*Venie*. A touch in the body at playing with weapons." See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598. "*Tocco*. A touch or feeling." Also a *venie* at fence; a *bit*." MALONE.

P. 207. n. 8.] Shakspere might have remembered in Spenser's *Tears of the Muses*,

"Which was the care of *Kesars* and of *kings*."

Pheejar was a made word from *pheeze*. "I'll *pheeze* you," says

says Sly to the Hostess in *The Taming of the Shrew*. See Vol. III. p. 243, n. 2, and Vol. VIII. p. 206, n. 1.

MALONE.

P. 209. n. 8.] Add to my note.—There is a similar corruption in the folio copy of *K. Lear*. In the quarto, 1608, signat. B, we find—"since what I *well* intend," instead of which the folio exhibits—"since what I *will* intend," &c.

MALONE.

P. 210. n. 6.] So, in Hinde's *Eliasto Libidinoso*, 1606: "—for princes are great marks, upon whom many eyes are *intended*," i. e. earnestly bent. MALONE.

P. 212. *I will incense Page*—] To *incense* in Shakspeare's age meant to *insigate*. See Minshew's Dictionary, 1617, in v. MALONE.

P. 214. n. 4.] "A tall man of his hands" sometimes meant quick-handed, active; and as Slender is here commending his master for his gymnastick abilities, perhaps the phrase is here used in that sense. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. "*Manesco*. Nimble or quick-handed; a tall man of his hands." MALONE.

P. 219. n. 2.] Add to Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in the third book of Gower, *de Confessione Amantis*:

"The son cleped was Machayre,

"The daughter eke Canace hight,

"By daie bothe and eke by night."

Loud and still was another phrase of the same meaning.

P. 224. n. 5.] Pistol again uses it in *K. Henry V.*; so does the Clown in *Twelfth Night*: I do not believe therefore that any ridicule was here aimed at Preston, the author of *Cambyfes*. MALONE.

P. 225. n. 1.] Add to my note—On the Stationers' books was entered in 1579 by Thomas Dawson, a book entitled, "*Of Cataia and the region of Sina, and of the MARVAILOUS WONDERS that have been seen in those parts*." MALONE.

P. 230, n. 4.] Dr. Warburton's interpretation is, I think, right. *Equipage* indeed does not *per se* signify *stolen* goods, but such goods as Pistol promises to return, we may fairly suppose, would be stolen. *Equipage*, which, as Dr. Farmer observes, had been but newly introduced into our language, is defined by Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, "Furniture, or provision for horsemanship, especially in triumphs or tournaments." Hence the modern use of this word. MALONE.

P. 231,

P. 231. n. 8.] Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1616, furnish us with a confirmation of the reading of the old copies: "The eye of this wolf is as quick in his head as a cutpurse in a throng." MALONE.

P. 239. *Lowe like a shadow flies, when substance lowe pursues;*

Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.]

These lines have much the air of a quotation, but I know not whether they belong to any contemporary writer. In Florio's *Second Fruites*, 1591, I find the following verses:

"Di donne e, et sempre fu natura,

"Odiar chi l'ama, e chi non l'ama cura."

Again:

"—— Sono simili a crocodilli

"Chi per prender l'huomo, piangono, e preso la devorano,

"Chi le fugge sequono, e chi le seque fuggono."

Thus translated by Florio:

"—— they are like crocodiles,

"They weep to winne, and wonne they cause to die,

"Follow men flying, and men following fly." MALONE.

P. 240. n. 3.] Mr. Steevens is, I think, mistaken. What Ford means to say is, that if he could once detect her in a crime, he should then be able to drive her from those defences with which she would otherwise ward off his addresses; such as her *purity*, her reputation, her marriage-vow, &c. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"—— Tell him, you're sure,

"All in Bohemia's well;—Say this to him,

"He's beat from his best ward." MASON.

P. 243. n. 3.] Dr. Farmer, I believe, is right. The host, who, availing himself of the poor Doctor's ignorance of English phraseology, applies to him all kind of opprobrious terms, here means to call him a coward. So, in *The Three Lords of London*, 1590:

"My lordes, what means these gallants to performe?

"Come these Castilian cowards but to brave?

"Do all these mountains move, to breed a mouse?"

There may, however, be also an allusion to his profession, as a water-caster.

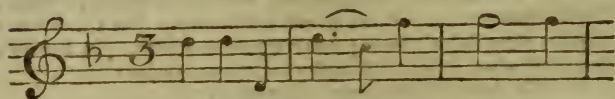
I know not whether we should not rather point—Thou art a Castilian, king-urinal! &c.

In *K. Henry VIII.* Wolfey is called count-cardinal.

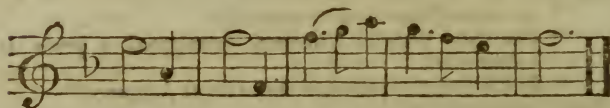
MALONE.

P. 246.

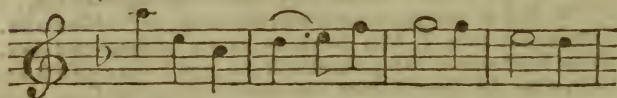
P. 246. n. 2.] The musical notes to which this song was set, have been recovered by Sir John Hawkins from a Ms. of Shakspeare's time. Not thinking them of much value, I omitted to insert them, but in compliance with the wishes of a musical friend I shall here give them a place.



Come live with me, and be my



love, and we will all the plea-sures prove,



that hills and val-lies, dale and field, and



all the crag-gy moun-tains yield.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

P. 256. n. 5.] *Tire-volant*, however, I believe with Mr. Steevens, was the poet's word. "Their heads (says Nashe in 1594) with their *top and top-gallant* lawne baby caps, and snow-resembled silver curlings, they make a plain puppet-stage of. Their breasts they embuske up on hie, and their round rolete buds they immodestly lay forth, to shew, at their hands there is fruit to be hoped." *Christ's Tears over Jeru-salem*, 4to. 1594. MALONE.

P. 256.

P. 256. n. 6.] In how much request the Venetian tyre formerly was held, appears from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1624: "— let her have the Spanish gate, [gait] the *Venetian tire*, Italian complements and endowments." MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 8.] At the beginning of my note, *insert*—
The first stanza of this popular ballad was as follows :

" Fortune, my foe, why dost thou frown on me ?

" And will my fortune never better be ?

" Wilt thou, I say, for ever breed my pain,

" And wilt thou not restore my joys again?" MALONE.

P. 257. *I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lissing hawthorn-buds,—I cannot; but I love thee.*] So, in *Wily Beguil'd*, 1606 :

" I cannot play the dissembler,

" And woo my love with courting ambages,

" Like one whose love hangs on his smooth tongue's end ;

" But in a word I tell the sum of my desires,

" I love faire Lelia." MALONE.

P. 259. *The cowl-staff?*] is a staff used for carrying a large tub or basket with two handles. In Essex the word *cowl* is yet used for a tub. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 6.] So, in a letter written by Queene Catharine in 1526, Howard's Collection, Vol. I. p. 212: " We will and command you, that ye delyver or cause to be delyvered unto our trusty and well-beloved John Creusse—one buck of *season*." " The season of the hynd or doe (says Manwood) doth begin at Holyrood-day, and lasteth till Candelmas." *Forest Laws*, 1558. MALONE.

P. 266. n. 8.] *Add to my note.*—Thus: " You two are going to throw away your daughter on a fool and a physician; you, sir, on the former, and you, madam, on the latter."

MALONE.

P. 273. n. 6. l. ult.] For *spracht*, r. *spacht*.

P. 276. n. *. l. 6.] For *on her entrance*, r. *on Falstaff's re-entrance*.

P. 277. l. ult. of text.] For *gang*, r. *ging*, which was the word intended by the poet, and was anciently used for *gang*. So, in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, 1631 :

" The secret is, I would not willingly

" See or be seen to any of this *ging*,

" Especially the lady."

Again, in *The Alchemist*, 1610 :

" — Sure he has got

" Some

" Some bawdy picture to call all this *ging*;

" The friar and the boy, or the new motion," &c.

MALONE.

P. 279. n. 4.] Add to my note—Or it may signify superficial, external appearances. So, in another play:

" So smooth he *daub'd* his vice with shew of virtue."

MALONE.

P. 282. n. 5.] So, in *Westward for Smelts*, a pamphlet which Shakspeare certainly had read: " I answer in the behalfe of one, who is *as free from disloyaltie, as is the sunne from darknes, or the fire from COLD.*" A husband is speaking of his wife. MALONE.

P. 291. l. 2.] Restore the reading of the old copy—*whereof*, and instead of the present, substitute the following, note:

Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—The mirth *whereof's* so larded, &c. but the old reading is the true one, and the phraseology that of Shakspeare's age. *Whereof* (as I suspected when my original note was written) was formerly used as we now use *thereof*; " —the mirth *thereof* being so larded," &c. So, in *Mount Tabor, or Private Exercises of a Penitent Sinner*, 8vo. 1639: " In the mean time [they] closely conveyed under the cloaths wherewithal he was covered, a visard, like a swine's snout, upon his face, with three-wire chains fastened thereunto, the other end *whereof* being holden severally by those three ladies; who fall to singing again," &c. MALONE.

P. 297. n. 7.] The same thought is found in Lily's *Euphues*, 1580: " I think in those days love was well ratified on earth, when lust was so full authorized by the gods in heaven." MALONE.

P. 300. n. 8. l. 8.] *Dele* the comma after *consequence*, and put a comma after *innocence*.

Ibidem, n. 8. l. 14.] The fantasies with which the mind of the virtuous maiden is to be amused, are the reverse of those with which Oberon disturbs Titania in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

" There sleeps Titania;—

" With the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,

" And make her full of *hateful fantasies*." MALONE.

P. 301. n. 3.] *Middle earth*, says the Glossarist to Gawin Douglas's Translation of Virgil, is only *this* earth, ab A. S. *myddan eard, mundus*. MALONE.

P. 303.

P. 302. *And turn him to no pain:*] This appears to have been the common phraseology of our author's time. So again, in the *Tempest*:

" ——— O, my heart bleeds,

" To think of the *teen* that I have *turn'd you to*."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

" Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,

" For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

" And all the *trouble* thou hast *turn'd me to*."

Of this line there is no trace in the original play, on which the third Part of *K. Henry VI.* was formed. MALONE.

Ibidem, n. 6.] In Sonnets by H. C. [Henry Constable,] 7594, we find the same image:

" *Lust is a fire*, that for an hour or twaine

" Giveth a scorching blaze, and then he dies;

" Love a continual furnace doth maintaine," &c.

MALONE.

P. 305. l. 9.] For *windfor*, r. *Windsor*.

V O L. II.

M E A S U R E F O R M E A S U R E.

P. 4. n. 4.] Add, after the passage from *Much ado about Nothing*.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, folio, 1623:

" And hither shall he come, and that very night

" Shall Romeo," &c.

instead of

" And hither shall he come, *and he and I*

" *Will watch thy waking*, and that very night

" Shall Romeo," &c. MALONE.

P. 5. n. 7. After Mr. Steevens's note.] Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" ——— never did young man fancy

" With so eternal and so *fix'd a soul*." MASON.

P. 6. n. 7.] Add to my note.—So, in *Timon of Athens*:

" It is our *part*, and promise to the Athenians,

" To speak with Timon." MALONE.

P. 17. n. 9.] Add to my note.—Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw any one so *prone*." MALONE.

Ibidem. At the end of note 2.] The same phrase, in Lucio's

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wanton sense, occurs in *Lusty Juventus*. STEEVENS.

Ibidem. In the text.] For *Scene VI. r. Scene IV.*

P. 19. n. 7.] For *Our author is often incorrect in the computation of time*, r. *Claudio would naturally represent the period during which the law had not been put in practice, greater than it really was.* MALONE.

P. 20. l. 11.] Add—*Exeunt.*

P. 22. n. 1.] So, in Tarleton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, bl. 1. no date: "— he spide the fetch, and perceived that all this while this was his *lover's* husband, to whom he had revealed these escapes." MALONE.

P. 23. Add to note 2.] So, in our author's 3d Sonnet:

"For who is she so fair, whose unear'd womb

"Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?" MALONE.

P. 24. n. 8.] So, in *Otbello*, 4to. 1622:

"And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

"*H'as* done my office."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*, p. 247, folio 1623, we find *H'as* twice, for *He has*. See also *Twelfth Night*, p. 258, edit. 1623: "— *h'as* been told so," for "*he has* been told so."

MALONE.

P. 26. n. 7.] The sense undoubtedly requires, "— which now you censure him *for*," but the text certainly appears as the poet left it. I have elsewhere shewn that he frequently uses these elliptical expressions. See Vol. VII. p. 128, n. 8; Vol. VIII. p. 472, n. 3; and Vol. IX. p. 469, n. 3. MALONE.

P. 36. *Save your honour!*] *Your honour*, which is so often repeated in this scene, was in our author's time the usual mode of address to a lord. See Vol. X. p. 3, n. 2. It had become antiquated after the Restoration; for Sir William D'Avenant in his alteration of this play has substituted *your excellence* in the room of it. MALONE.

P. 38. *The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:]* So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"Nor dies revenge, although he sleep awhile."

MALONE.

P. 39. n. 3. l. 3.] So, in *Coriolanus*, Act V. sc. v.

"—— but *there* to end,

"WHERE he was to begin, and give away

"The benefit of our levies." &c.

Again, in *Julius Caesar*:

"And WHERE I did begin, *there shall I end.*"

MALONE.

P. 40. n. 5.] So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

"Thou

"Thou bring'st such *pelting* scurvy news continually,

"Thou art not worthy life." MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 6.] Add to Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:

"Till by degrees the rough and *gnarly* trunk

"Beriv'd in sunder."

P. 41. n. 2.] Add to my note.

The word *breeds* is used in nearly the same sense in *The Tempest*:

"—— Fair encounter

"Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace

"On that which *breeds* between them!" MALONE.

P. 44. n. 1.] No language could more forcibly express the aggravated profligacy of Angelo's passion, which the purity of Isabella served but the more to inflame.—The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an eastern method of expressing contempt. See 2 Kings, x. 27. HENLEY.

P. 45. *I come to visit the afflicted spirits*

Here in the prison.] This is a scriptural expression very suitable to the grave character which the duke assumes: "—by which also he went and preached unto *the spirits in prison.*" 1 Pet. iii. 19. WHALLEY.

Ibidem. n. 3.] Add to my note.—Again, in *All's Well That ends well*:

"—— Yet, in his idle *fire*,

"To buy his will, it would not seem too dear."

To *fall* IN, (not *into*) was the language of the time. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"—— almost spent with hunger,

"I am fallen *in* offence." MALONE.

P. 51. n. 5.] Add to my note, after the instance from *K. Richard II.* (in which for *self-same* mould, *r. self-mould*), Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

"—— Common mother, thou,

"Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,

"Teems and feeds all; whose self-same *mettle*,

"Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,

"Engenders the black toad," &c. MALONE.

P. 54. n. 7. Add to Mr. Steevens's note.] So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657:

"*Subscribe* to his desires."

Milton uses the word in the same sense.

P. 54. n. 1.] Add to my note.—So, in Holinshed's *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 150: "—asleep they were so fast, that a man might have removed the chamber over them, sooner than to have awaked them out of their drunken sleep."

MALONE.

P. 55. n. 4.] I have shewn in a note on *Cymbeline*, Vol. VIII. p. 380, n. 2. that *feodary* was used by Shakspeare in the sense of an *associate*, and such undoubtedly is its signification here. Dr. Warburton's note therefore is certainly wrong, and ought to be expunged.

After having ascertained the true meaning of this word, I must own, that the remaining part of the passage before us is extremely difficult. I would, however, restore the original reading *thy*, and the meaning should seem to be this. We are all frail, says Angelo. Yes, replies Isabella; if he has not one associate in his crime, if no other person own and follow the same criminal courses which you are now pursuing, let my brother suffer death.

I think it, however, extremely probable that something is omitted. It is observable that the line "—Owe and succeed thy weakness," does not, together with the subsequent line,—"Nay, women are frail too,"—make a perfect verse: from which it may be conjectured that the compositor's eye glanced from the word *succeed* to *weakness* in a subsequent hemistich, and that by this oversight the passage is become unintelligible.

MALONE.

P. 57. *And now I give my sensual race the rein:*] And now I give my senses the rein, in the race they are now running.

HEATH.

P. 61, n. 7.] I apprehend Shakspeare means to say no more, than that the passage from this life to another is as easy as sleep; a position in which there is surely neither folly nor impiety. MALONE.

P. 62. n. 5.] These examples should have been added to Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605:

"Let colder *eld* their strong objections move."

Again, in our author's *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"The superstitious idle-headed *eld*."

Gower uses it for *age* as opposed to youth:

"His *eld* had turn'd to youth."

De Confessione Amantis, lib. v. fol. 106.

P. 69. n. 3.] The following example of the use of the word *wildernejs*, should not have been omitted. Add therefore

therefore to Mr. Steevens's note, after the word *disorderly*; So, in *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"But I in *wildernefs* totter'd out my youth."

P. 73. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allowed by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm. And furr'd with fox and lamb skins too,—] Fox-skins and lamb-skins were both used as facings to cloth in Shakspeare's time. See the Statute of Apparel, 24 Henry VIII. c. 13. Hence fox-furr'd slave is used as an opprobrious epithet in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606, and in other old comedies. See also *Characterismi, or Lenton's Leasures*, &c. 1631: "An Usurer is an old fox, clad in lamb-skin, who hath pray'd [prey'd] so long abroad," &c.

MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 5.] I have since observed that the word was used in the same sense by the contemporary writers. So, in Tarleton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, printed about the year 1590: "—till my return I would have thee stay at our little graunge house in the country."

Again, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

"Thus wrought to sin, soon was I train'd from court

"To a solitary grange."

In Lincolnshire they at this day call every lone house that is unconnected with others, a *grange*. MALONE.

P. 73. n. 6.] *Bastard* was raisin-wine. See Minshew's Dict. in v. and Cole's Latin Dict. 1679. MALONE.

P. 74. n. 1.] Add to my note,—This line is rendered harsh and obscure by the word *free* being dragged from its proper place for the sake of the rhyme. MALONE.

P. 78. n. 7.] *Detected*, however, may mean, *notoriously charged*, or guilty. So, in North's translation of Plutarch: "—he only of all other kings in his time was most *detected* with this vice of lecherie." Again, in Howe's Abridgment of Stowe's Chronicle, 1618, p. 363: "In the month of February divers traitorous persons were apprehended, and *detected* of most wicked conspiracie against his majesty:—the 7th of Sept. certaine of them wicked subjects were indicted," &c. MALONE.

P. 79.—a shy fellow was the duke:] The meaning of this term may be best explained by the following lines in the fifth Act:

"—the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,

"May seem as *shy*, as grave, as just, as absolute," &c.

MALONE.

P. 80.

P. 80. n. 6.] Lucio's words have certainly been rightly explained. The phrase, however, had its origin in times of popery. "In Queene Marye's daies, (says an Abbot of Westminster in a debate in the house of Lords, in 1559,) your honours do know right well, how the people of this realm did live in an order, and would not run before the lawes, nor openly disobey the queenes highnesses proceedings and proclamations:—there was no open *flesh-eatinge*, nor shambles-keeping in the lent, and *daies* prohibited." Strype's *Annals of the Reformation*, Vol. I. Append. p. 26.

MALONE.

P. 82. *There is scarce truth enough alive to make securities secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurs'd.*] The speaker here alludes to those legal securities into which "fellowship" leads men to enter for each other. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. "He would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the *security*." Falstaff in the same scene, plays, like the Duke, on the same word: "I had as lief they should put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with *security*. I look'd he should have sent me two and twenty yards of sattin,—and he sent me *security*. Well, he may sleep in *security*," &c. MALONE.

P. 83. n. 3.] In *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609, we find the same expression:

"—— he hath but shown

"*A pattern in himself*, what thou shall find

"In others." MALONE.

P. 86. n. 3.] Add to Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Could so much turn the constitution

"Of any *constant* man."

Ibidem. n. 4.] Add to Dr. Johnson's note.

"He caus'd the doors to be *mured* and cas'd up."

Painter's Palace of Pleasure.

Ibidem. n. 5.] Add to Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in Sir Arthur Gorge's translation of Lucan, 1614:

"Yet with his hooves doth beat and rent

"The *planched* floore, the barres, and chaines."

P. 87. *O place and greatness, millions of false eyes*

Are stuck upon thee!] So, in Chaucer's *Sompnour's Tale*, late edit. v. 7633:

"There is full many an eye, and many an ere

"Awaiting on a lord," &c. STEEVENS.

Ibidem.

Ibidem. n. 2.] I now incline to think that *quests* here means *inquisitions*, in which sense the word was used in Shakspeare's time. See Minsheu's Dict. in v. Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders "A *quest*," by "*examen, inquisitio*."

MALONE.

P. 97. n. 1.] Add to my note.—*Sericum rasum*. See Minsheu's Dict. in v. *Rasb*, and Florio's Italian Dict. 1598, in v. *rascia, raschetta*. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 2. Add to my note.] The practices of the money-lenders of Shakspeare's time are thus described by Nashe, in his pamphlet entitled *Christ's Teares over Jerusalem*, 1594: "He [a usurer] falls acquainted with gentlemen, frequents ordinaries and dicing-houses dayly, where when some of them at play have lost all their mony, he is very diligent at hand, on their chaines and bracelets, or jewels, to lend them *half the value*. Now this is the nature of young gentlemen, that where they have broke the ise, and borrowed once, they will come again the second time; and that these young foxes know as well as the beggar knows his dish. But at the second time of their coming, it is doubtful to say whether they shall have money or no. The world growes hard, and wee all are mortal; let him make him any assurance before a judge, and they shall have some hundred pounds *per consequence*, in *silks and velvets*. The third time if they come, they shall have *baser commodities*: the fourth time, *lute-strings* and GREY PAPER." MALONE.

P. 105. n. 2.] Again, more appositely, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"What dare not Warwick, if false Suffolk *dare him*."

MALONE.

P. 107. n. 7.] That *vail* was the old spelling of *veil*, appears from a line in *The Merchant of Venice*, folio, 1623:

"*Vailing* an Indian beauty—"

for which in the modern editions *veiling* has been rightly substituted. MALONE.

P. 114. n. 2.] Mr. Steevens's interpretation is certainly the true one. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. sc. i:

"A *vulgar* comment will be made of it;

"And that supposed by the *common rout*,—

"That may," &c.

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"—for 'tis a *vulgar* proof,

"That very oft we pity enemies." MALONE.

P. 114. n. 8.] A *temporary meddler* means, I believe, one who seizes all such opportunities as the time affords, to meddle or interfere in the business of others. MALONE.

P. 120. n. 6.] The different orders of monks have a chief, who is called the General of the order; and they have also superiors, subordinate to the general, in the several provinces through which the order may be dispersed. The friar therefore means to say, that the duke dare not touch a finger of his, for he could not punish him by his own authority, as he was not his subject; nor through that of the superior, as he was not of that province. MASON.

P. 128. n. 5.] According to the *trick*, is, according to the fashion of thoughtless youth. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "—yet I have a *trick* of the old rage." Again, in a collection of epigrams, entitled *Wit's Bedlam*, printed about the year 1615:

"Carnus calls lechery a *trick* of youth;

"So he grows old; but this *trick* hurts his growth."

MALONE.

P. 129. n. 6.] The following instance of the ancient use of the word *forfeit* should have been added to Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in the 12th Pageant of the Coventry Collection of Mysteries, the Virgin Mary tells Joseph:

"I dede never *forfete* with man, I wys."

P. 129. n. 8.] Mr. Mason (whose book did not reach my hands till the first six of these plays had been printed) concurs with me in the explanation of this passage, and supports it by the duke's words in the beginning of the fifth act:

"——— and we hear

"Such goodness of your justice, that our soul

"Cannot but yield you forth to publick *thanks*,

"*Fore-running more requital*."

Heywood also in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612, uses to *gratulate*, in the sense of to *reward*. "I could not chuse but *gratulate* your honest endeavours with this remembrance."

MALONE.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

P. 142. n. 6.] So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: "Host. Out of my doors, knave, thou enterest not my doors; I have no *chalk* in my house; my *posts* shall not be guarded with a little sing-song." MALONE.

P. 147. *While I at home starve for a merry look*.] So, in our poet's 47th Sonnet:

"When that mine eye is *famish'd for a look*." MALONE.

P. 149.

P. 149. n. 1.] The observation concerning gold is found in one of the early dramattick pieces, *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

“ ——— gold in time does *wear* away,

“ And other precious things do fade: friendship does ne’er decay.” MALONE.

P. 164. n. 5.] Love-*springs* are what our poet has in *Romeo and Juliet* called the *buds of love*.

Dele the words—See a note on the second scene of the fifth act of *Coriolanus*, and insert—See Vol. X. p. 44, n. 9.

P. 166. n. 4.] Again, more appositely in our author’s *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,

“ Not gross to *sink*, but *light*, and will aspire.”

Venus is here speaking of herself.

Again, *ibidem*:

“ *She’s love*, she loves, and yet she is not lov’d.”

MALONE.

P. 169. n. 1.] Add to my note.

In *Macbeth*, folio 1623, *heire* is printed for *hair*:

“ Whose horrid image doth unfix my *heire*.”

Again, in *Cymbeline*, folio, 1623:

“ — His meanest garment is dearer

“ In my respect, than all the *heires* above thee.”

MALONE.

P. 171. n. 5.] *Dele* the words—“ but omitted to note them,”—and insert these.

So, in *The Winters Tale*:

“ But as the unthought-on accident is *guilty*

“ To what we wildly do,”— MALONE.

P. 178. n. 7.] *Band* is used in the sense which is couched under the words, “ a stronger thing,” in our author’s *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Sometimes her arms infold him, like a *band*.”

MALONE.

P. 194. n. 2.] Fools undoubtedly were shaved and *nick’d* in a particular manner, in our author’s time, as is ascertained by the following passage in *The Choice of Change, containing the triplicitie of Divinitie, Philosophie, and Poetrie*, by S. R. Gent. 4to. 1598: “ Three things used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. They are *shaven and notched on the head, like fooles*.”

See also Florio’s Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. “ *Zuccone*. A shaven pate, a *notted poule*; a poule-pate; a gull, a *ninnie*.”

MALONE.

MUCH

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

P. 208. n. 5.] Add at the beginning of Mr. Steevens's note the following words, which were omitted by the negligence of the compositor.—“*Montanto* was one of the ancient terms of the fencing school.”

P. 218. n. 2. Add to my note, at the end of l. 7.]

This kind of conclusion to letters was not obsolete in our author's time, as has been suggested. Michael Drayton concludes one of his letters to Drummond of Hawthornden in 1619, thus: “And so wishing you all happiness, *I commend you to God's tuition*, and rest your assured friend.” So also Lord Salisbury concludes a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, April 7th, 1610, “—And so I commit you to God's protection.”

Winwood's *Memorials*, III. 147. MALONE.

P. 229. n. 7.] After Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in *The Choice of Change, containing the triplicities of Divinitie, Philosophie, and Poetrie*, by S. R. Gent. 4to. 1598: “Three sortes of people, in respect of use in necessitie, may be accounted good:—*Merchantes*, for they may play the *usurers*, instead of the *Jewes*.” Again, *ibid.* “There is a scarcitie of *Jewes*, because christians make an occupation of *usurie*.” MALONE.

P. 232. n. 5.] “Thou must goe to the citie of Babylon to the Admiral Gaudisse, to bring me thy hand full of the heare of his beard, and foure of his greatest teeth. Alas, my lord, (quoth the Barrons) we see well you desire greatly his death, when you charge him with such a message.” *Huon of Bourdeaux*, ch. 17. BOWLE.

P. 231. n. 3.] After *places*, add—Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“—Now bid me run,

“And I will strive with *things impossible*,

“And get the better of them.” MALONE.

P. 243. O, *she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence*.] See *Mortimeriados*, by Michael Drayton, 4to. 1596:

“She now begins to write unto her lover,—

“Then turning back to read what she had writ,

“She teyr the paper, and condemns her wit.”

MALONE.

P. 253. n. *.] The words—“Or in the shape of two countries,” &c. to “no doubt,” were omitted in the folio, probably to avoid giving any offence to the Spaniards, with whom James became a friend in 1604. MALONE.

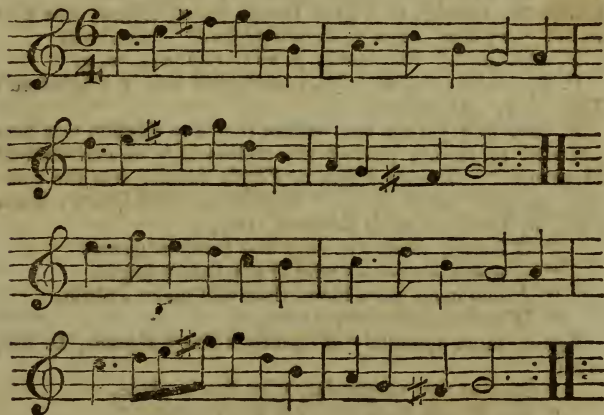
P. 254.

P. 254. n. 8.] Add to my note.—Besides; Don Pedro is evidently playing on the word *dies* in Claudio's speech, which Claudio uses metaphorically, and of which Don Pedro avails himself to introduce an allusion to that consummation which he supposes Beatrice was *dying* for. MALONE.

P. 262.—*a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.*] Here is a cluster of conceits. *Commodity* was formerly as now, the usual term for an article of merchandise. To *take up*, besides its common meaning, (*to apprehend*) was the phrase for obtaining goods on credit. "If a man is thorough with them in honest *taking up*, (says Falstaff,) then they must stand upon security." *Bill* was the term both for a single bond, and a halberd.

We have the same conceit in *K. Henry VI. P. II.* "My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and *take up commodities* upon our *bills*." MALONE.

P. 264. n. 2.] Add to Sir John Hawkins's note.—I have lately recovered it from an ancient MS. and it is as follows:



SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

P. 265. n. 7.] Add to my note.—Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*: "— and has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or *moral* of his signs and tokens." MALONE.

P. 279. *O, a stool and a cushion for the Sexton.*] Perhaps a ridicule was here aimed at *The Spanish Tragedy*:

"Hieron. What, are you ready?

"Balb. Bring a chaire and a cushion for the king."

MALONE.

P. 282.

P. 282. n. 1.] The following errors of the press, in the old copies, which I had not observed, when this note was written, incline me to prefer Mr. Steevens's emendation of this passage [And, *sorry wag*, &c.] to my own. In *Cymbeline*, Act V. sc. ult. we find in the original copy, "I am *sorrow* for thee," instead of "I am *sorry*," &c. And in one of the quarto copies of *K. Lear*, printed in 1608, the same misprint is found in Act IV. sc. vii.

"—— I am only *sorrow*,

"He had no other deathsmā."

The other quarto, printed in the same year, and also the folio, read rightly, "I am only *sorry*," &c.

The word *wag*, as a substantive, however unsuitable to the gravity of the speaker, may be also confirmed by a passage in *Cymbeline*:

"—— change fear and niceness

"—— into a *waggish* courage,

"Ready in *gibes*, quick answer'd, faucy," &c.

i. e. to the courage of a gay, lively, young fellow, one who would "*cry hem*, when he should groan." MALONE.

P. 287. n. 8.] For note 4, p. 262, r. p. 214, n. 5.

P. 292.—incensed *me* —] i. e. instigated me. See Minshew's Dict. in v. MALONE.

P. 300. n. 3.] I do not believe that any allusion was here intended to Hero's having yet achieved "no matrimonial adventure." *Diana's knight* or *Virgin knight*, was the common poetical appellation of virgins, in Shakspeare's time.

So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

"O sacred, shadowy, cold and constant queen,

"—— who to thy *female knights*

"Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,

"Which is their order's robe,—"

Again, more appositely in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. III. c. xii.

"Soon as that *virgin knight* he saw in place,

"His wicked bookes in hast he overthrow."

MALONE.

P. 305. n. 1. l. antipenult.] For *linnen*, r. *linen*.

MALONE.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

P. 312. n. 2.] Mr. Warton is of opinion that Shakspeare here alludes to the May games. But I have no doubt that the more obvious interpretation is the true one. So, in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*:

"And fresher than May with floures new,"—

So also, in our poet's *K. Richard II.*:

"She came adorned hither, like sweet May."

i. e. as the ground is in that month enamelled by the gay diversity of flowers which the spring produces.

Again, in *The Destruction of Troy*, 1619: "At the entry of the month of May, when the earth is attired and adorned with diverse flowers," &c. MALONE.

P. 317. n. 8. l. 2.] *Dele* the comma after *when*.

P. 333. l. 2.] *Dele* the comma after *no*.—*No point* was a negation borrowed from the French. See the note on the same words, *Act V. sc. ii.* MALONE.

P. 366. n. 9. l. 2.] For *Gemrd's*, r. *Gerard's*.

P. 368. n. 3.] Add at the beginning of my note.—In the old copies the word *of* is wanting. "Which we of taste," &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's last observation is fully supported by a subsequent passage:

"—— and then we,

"Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of *she*."

MALONE.

P. 369. *If a talent be a claw*, &c.] In our author's time the *talon* of a bird was frequently written *talent*. Hence the quibble here, and in *Twelfth Night*, "—let them use their *talents*." So, in *The First Part of the Contention between the houses of York and Lancaster*, 1600:

"Are you the kite, Beaufort? where's your *talents*?"

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamberlaine*, 1590:

"—— and now doth ghastly death

"With greedy *talents* gripe my bleeding heart."

MALONE.

P. 375. *Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears*—] So, in our poet's *Venus and Adonis*:

"But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,

"Shone, like the moon in water, seen by night."

MALONE.

P. 377.

P. 377. n. 5.] I have now no doubt that Theobald's emendation is right. In the text therefore, for *not*, read *but*.

The word *corporal* in Shakspeare's time was used for *corporeal*. So, in *Macbeth*, "each *corporal* agent." Again:

" ——— and what seem'd *corporal*, melted

" As breath into the wind."

Again, in *Julius Caesar*:

" His *corporal* motion govern'd by my spirit."

This adjective is found in Bullokar's *Expofitor*, 8vo. 1616, but *corporeal* is not.

Not is again printed for *but* in the original copy of *The Comedy of Errors*, (See p. 165, n. 7.) and in other places.

MALONE.

P. 381. n. 7.] Add to my note.

The original reading, and Mr. Heath's explanation of it, are confirmed by a passage in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. II. c. ix.

" As when a swarme of gnats at even-tide

" Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,

" Their murmuring small *trompettes* founden wide," &c.

MALONE.

P. 385.—*beauty doth beauty lack*,

If that she learn not of her eye to look :

No face is fair, that is not full as black.] So, in our poet's 132d Sonnet:

" —those two *mourning* eyes become thy face:—

" O, let it then as well beseem thy heart

" To mourn for me;—

" Then will I swear, *beauty herself is black*,

" *And all they foul, that thy complexion lack.*"

See also his 127th Sonnet. MALONE.

P. 389. n. 9.] Our poet's contemporaries, I have lately observed, are chargeable with the same inaccuracy. So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, by Robert Greene, 1598:

" Shew thee the tree, leav'd with refined gold,

" Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,

" That watch'd *the garden*, call'd *HESPERIDES*."

The word may have been used in the same sense in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, a poem, 1597:

" And, like the dragon-of the *Hesperides*,

" Shutteth the garden's gate,—." MALONE.

P. 389. l. 7.] For *makes*, r. *make*, for the reason assigned in the note. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "—for every one of these *letters* are in my name."

Again,

Again, in *K. Henry V.*

“ The *venom* of such *looks*, we fairly hope,
“ Have lost their quality.”

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ The *posture* of your *blows* are yet unknown.”

Again, more appositely, in *K. John*:

“ How oft the *fight* of *means* to do ill deeds
“ Make ill deeds done.”

So Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander*:

“ The *outside* of her *garments* were of lawn.”

See also the sacred writings: “ The *number* of the *names*
together were about an hundred and twenty.” Acts i. 15.

MALONE.

P. 391.—— but be first advis'd,

In conflict that you get the sun of them.] In the days
of archery, it was of consequence to have the sun at the
back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy. This
circumstance was of great advantage to our Henry the Fifth
at the battle of Agincourt.—Our poet, however, I believe,
had also an equivoque in his thoughts. MALONE.

P. 392. n. 3.] After Dr. Farmer's note.

It is found in Bullokar's *Expofitor*, 8vo. 1616. MALONE.

P. 394. *They have been at a great feaft of languages, and
stolen the scraps.*] So, in *Christ's Teares over
Jerusalem*, by Thomas Nathe, 1594: “ The phrase of ser-
mons, as it ought to agree with the scripture, so heed must
be taken, that their whole sermon seem not a banquet of the
broken fragments of scripture.” MALONE.

P. 395. n. 6.] A *venue*, as has already been observed, is
not a *bout* at fencing, but a *hit*. “ A sweet touch of wit,
(says Armado,) a smart *hit*.” So, in *The Famous History of
Captain Thomas Stukeley*, bl. l. 1605: “ —for forfeits, and
vennyes given, upon a wager, at the ninth button of your
doublet, thirty crowns.” MALONE.

P. 396. n. 8.] Add to my note.—If this was the poet's
intention, they ought to be included in a parenthesis. To
whomsoever the words are supposed to be addressed, the
emendation appears to me equally necessary. It is confirmed
by a passage in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*: “ Give me your
neif, mounseur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your *courtesie*,
mounseur.”

In *Hamlet*, the prince, when he desires Ofrick to “ put his
bonnet to the right use,” begins his address with the same
words which Armado uses: but unluckily is interrupted by
the

the courtier, and prevented (as I believe) from using the very word which I suppose to have been accidentally omitted here.

“*Ham.* I beseech you, remember—

“*Ofr.* Nay, good my lord, for my ease, in good faith.”

In the folio copy of this play we find in the next scene :

O, that your face were so full of o’s—

instead of—were *not* so full, &c. See various other instances of similar omissions in Vol. VIII. p. 327, n. 6. MALONE.

P. 408. *Dumain was at my service, and his sword;*

No point, quoth I.] Add to my note.

The former supposition appears to me much the more probable of the two.

In the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606, Philomusus says—“*Tit, tit, tit, non poynte; non debet fieri,*” &c. See also Florio’s Italian Dict. 1598, in v. “*Punto.—never a whit;—no point, as the Frenchmen say.*” MALONE.

P. 410. n. 7.] That the original is the true reading, is ascertained by one of Nashe’s tracts; *Christ’s Teares over Jerusalem*, 1594: “The sower scattered some seede by the highway side, which the foules of the ayre peck’d up.”

MALONE.

P. 417. n. 8.] After line 12. add.—In *Othello*, 1622, the former word is used exactly as here:

“And mark the *jeers*, the gibes, and notable scorns,

“That dwell in every region of his face.”

At the end add—Again, in *The Epistle Dedicatorie* to Nashe’s *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596: “—nor Dick Swash, or *Desperate Dick*, that’s such a terrible cutter at a chine of beefe, and devoures more meat at ordinaries in discoursing of his fraies, and deep acting of his slashing and hewing, than would serve half a dozen brewers draymen.”

MALONE.

P. 426. l. penult. of the text.] *Dele* the note of interrogation, and put a semicolon.

P. 432. n. 6.] Add to my note.—It is only the old spelling of *quote*. So again, in our poet’s *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

“Yea, the illiterate—

“Will *cote* my loathed trespass in my looks.” MALONE.

P. 437. n. 8.] At the beginning of Mr. Steevens’s note, add the following example of this phrase.

So, in Marston’s *What you will*, 1607: “Faith, Doricus, thy braine boyles; *keel* it, *keel* it, or all the fat’s i’ the fire.”

Ibidem. And *Dick the shepherd* blows his nail,] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

“What

"What time *the shepherd, blowing of his nails,*

"Can neither call it perfect day nor night." MALONE.

P. 438. *When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl.*] Add to my note.—The bowl must be supposed to be filled with ale; a toast and some spice and sugar being added, what is called *Lamb's wool* is produced. So, in *K. Henry V.* 1598 (not our author's play):

"Yet we will have in store a *crab in the fire,*

"With nut-brown ale, that is full stale," &c. MALONE.

Omitted in its proper place.

P. 310. n. 2.] By *all these Dumain* means the King, Biron, &c. to whom he may be supposed to point, and with whom he is going to live in philosophical retirement. A. C.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

P. 441. n. 1. l. 15.] For *original*, r. *originals*.

P. 445. *Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke*

My soul consents not to give sovereignty.] Dele *to* in the first of these lines, and for *unwish'd*, r. *unwished*.—Though I have been in general extremely careful not to admit into the text any of the innovations made by the editor of the second folio, from ignorance of our poet's language or metre, my caution was here over-watched; and I have printed the above lines as exhibited by that and all the subsequent editors, of which the reader was apprized in a note. The old copies should have been adhered to, in which they appear thus:

Ere I will yield my virgin patent up

Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke

My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

i. e. to give sovereignty *to*. See various instances of this kind of phraseology in a note on *Cymbeline*, Vol. VIII. p. 472,

n. 3. The change was certainly made by the editor of the second folio from his ignorance of Shakspeare's phraseology.

MALONE.

P. 446. n. 6.] Add to Dr. Johnson's note.

"So would I, said the enchanter, glad and fain

"*Beteem* to you his sword, you to defend."

Insert, at the beginning of Mr. Steevens's note.

Again, in *The Case is altered; How? Ask Dallio and Millo*, 1604: "I could *beteem* her a better match."

P. 460. n. 7. l. 11.] For *Skelton*, r. *Shelton*.

P. 461. *And tailor cries,*] This phrase perhaps originated in a pun. *Your tail is now on the ground.* See Camden's *Remaines*, 1614. PROVERBS. "Between two stools the *tail* goeth to the ground." MALONE.

VOL. X.

P p

P. 463,

P. 463. n. 5.] Add to Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in Gascoigne's *Glas of Government*, 1575: "Doway is a pelting town; pack'd full of poor scholars."

P. 466. *That rheumatick diseases do abound.*] *Rheumatick diseases* signified in Shakpeare's time, not what we now call *rheumatism*, but distillations from the head, catarrhs, &c. So, in a paper entitled "The State of Sir H. Sydney's bodie, &c. Feb. 1567;" *Sydney Memorials*, Vol. I. p. 94: "— he hath verie much distempered diverse parts of his bodie, as namely, his hedde, his stomach, &c. and thereby is always subject to coughes, distillations, and other *rumarick diseases*."

MALONE.

P. 466. n. 7.] Add to my note.

This singular image was, I believe, suggested to our poet by Golding's translation of Ovid, Book II.

"And lastly, quaking for the colde, stood Winter all forlorne,

"With rugged head as white as dove, and garments all to-torne,

"Forladen with the isycles, that dangled up and downe

"Upon his gray and hoary beard, and snowie frozen crown." MALONE.

P. 480. *Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.*] Thus the ancient copies, and such was Shakpeare's usage. He frequently employs *either* and other similar words, as monosyllables. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"*Either* from the king, or in the present time."

Again, in *K. Henry V.*

"*Either* past, or not arriv'd to pith and puissance."

Again, in *Julius Caesar*:

"*Either* led or driven, as we point the way."

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

"*Either* thou will die by God's just ordinance,—."

Again, in *Othello*:

"*Either* in discourse of thought, or actual deed."

So also Marlowe in his *Edward II.* 1598:

"*Either* banish him that was the cause thereof—".

The modern editors read—*Or death or you, &c.* MALONE.

P. 481. *God shield us! A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.*] There is an odd coincidence between what our author has here written for Bottom, and a real occurrence at the Scottish court in the year 1594. Prince Henry the eldest son of James the First was christened in August in that year. While the king and queen, &c. were at dinner, a triumphal chariot (the frame of which, we are told, was ten feet

feet long and seven broad) with several allegorical personages on it, was drawn in by "a black-moore. This chariot should have been drawne in by a *lyon*, but because his presence might have brought some feare to the nearest, or that the sight of the lighted torches might have commoved his tameness, it was thought meete that the Moore should supply that room." *A true account of the most triumphal and royal accomplishment of the baptism of the most excellent, right high, and mighty prince, Henry Frederick, &c. as it was solemnized the 30th day of August, 1594.* 8vo. 1603. MALONE.

P. 484. *Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier.*] So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. VI. c. viii.

"Through hills, through dales, through bushes and through briars,

"Long thus she bled," &c. MALONE.

P. 488. n. 4.] Add to my note.—So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. ix.

"If it be I, of pardon I you pray." MALONE.

P. 489. *Tie up my love's tongue, &c.*] I have here incautiously, with the other modern editors, adopted an alteration made by Mr. Pope. But the old copies are undoubtedly right: for *love's*, therefore, read—*lover's*. Our poet has again used *lover* as a monosyllable in *Twelfth Night*:

"Sad true *lover* never find my grave."

See also a note on *Twelfth Night*, p. 46, *post*. MALONE.

P. 509. n. 7.] Add to Mr. Steevens's note.—

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. VI. c. 30:

"And whilst she *coys* his sooty cheeks, or curls his sweaty top,—"

P. 512. *That he awaking, when the others do;*] For *others*, r. *other*; for such is the reading of the old copies, and such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age; though the modern editors have departed from it.—So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. "—and unbound the rest, and then came in the *other*."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. "For the *other*, Sir John, let me see," &c.

So, in the epistle prefixed to *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, by Thomas Nashe, 4to. 1592: "I hope they will give me leave to think there be fooles of that art, as well as of all *other*." MALONE.

P. 514. n. 2.] To follow Mr. Steevens's note.

In *The Winter's Tale* Antigonus is destroyed by a *bear*, who is chased by hunters. See also our poet's *Venus and Adonis*:

" For now she hears it is no gentle chase,
 " But the blunt boar, rough *bear*, or lion proud."

MALONE.

P. 517.] — *my love to Hermia*,
Melted as doth the snow—] The emendation here
 made is confirmed by a passage in *K. Henry V.*

" — as *doth* the melted snow

" Upon the vallies." MALONE.

P. 519. n. 3.] *Procris and Cephalus*, written by Henry Chute, was entered on the Stationers' books by John Wolf, in 1593, and probably published in the same year. It was a poem, but not dramattick, as has been suggested. MALONE.

P. 524. n. 4.] Add to my note.—Mr. Upton's emendation may derive some support from a passage in *Macbeth* :

" — when they shall be opened, *black Macbeth*

" Shall seem as pure as *snow*." MALONE.

P. 532. *Approach, ye furies fell!*

O jakes, come, come, &c.] The poet here, and in the following lines spoken by Thisbe,

" O sisters three,

" Come, come to me,

" With hands as pale as milk—"

probably intended to ridicule a passage in *Damon and Pythias*, by Richard Edwards, 1582 :

" Ye *furies*, all at once

" On me your torments trie :—

" Gripe me, you greedy greefs,

" And present pangues of death,

" You *sisters three*, with cruel bandes

" With speed come stop my breath!" MALONE.

Ibidem. Well mous'd, lion!] To *mouse* signified to mam-mock, to tear in pieces, as a cat tears a mouse. See Vol. IV. p. 477, n. 6. MALONE.

P. 534. A moth will turn the balance.] For *moth*, r. *mote*. *Moth* was the old mode of spelling this word. See a note on *King John*, post. MALONE.

P. 536. Now the hungry lion roars, &c.] It has been justly observed by an anonymous writer, that " among this assemblage of familiar circumstances attending midnight, either in England or its neighbouring kingdoms, Shakspere would never have thought of intermixing the exotick idea of the hungry lion roaring, which can be heard no nearer than in the deserts of Africa, if he had not read in the 104th Psalm :

" Thou

* Thou makest darkness that it may be *night*, wherein all he beasts of the forest do move; the *lions roaring* after their prey, do seek their meat from God." MALONE.

P. 539. n. 3. l. 4.] For *then ymph*, r. *the nymph*.

V O L. III.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

P. 9. n. 6.] Any emendation of this passage, is, I find, unnecessary, the old copy being certainly right. So, in *Sapho and Phao*, a comedy by Lily, 1591: "As for you, Sir boy, I will teach you how to run away; you shall be stript from top to toe, and whipt with nettles; I will handle you *for this geare* well: I say no more." Again, in Nashe's Epistle Dedicatorie to his *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593: "I meane to trounce him after twenty in the hundred, and have a bout with him, with two staves and a pike, *for this geare*." MALONE.

P. 38. n. 2.] My doubt concerning the word *younker* was without foundation. The word is used by Florio in his translation of Montagne, and by our author himself in *King Henry IV.* MALONE.

P. 42. n. 8.] Dr. Johnson's emendation is supported by Shakspeare's 101st Sonnet:

"——it lies in thee

"To make thee much out-live a *gilded tomb*."

MALONE.

P. 46. — *That many may be meant*

By the fool multitude,] I have reason to congratulate myself on having here adhered to the ancient copies, in opposition to the other modern editors, having, since this note was printed, met with many examples of this kind of phraseology. So, in Plutarch's Life of Cæsar, as translated by North, 1575: "— he answered, that these fat long-heared men made him not affrayed, but the lean and whitely-faced fellows; *meaning that by Brutus and Cassius*." i. e. meaning by that, &c. Again, in Sir Thomas More's Life of Edward the Fifth;—Holinshed, p. 1374: "—that *meant be by the lordes* of the queenes kindred that were taken before," i. e. by that he meant the lords, &c. Again, *ibidem*, p. 1371: "My lord, quoth lord Hastings, on my life, never doubt you; for while one man is there,—never can there be, &c."

P p 3

This

This *meant be by Catesby*, which was of his near secrete counsaile." i. e. by this he meant Catesby, &c.

Again, Puttenham in his *Arte of Poesie*, 1589, p. 157, after citing some enigmatical verses, adds, "—the good old gentleman would tell us that were children, how *it was meant by a furr'd glove*." i. e. a furr'd glove was meant by it,—i. e. by the enigma. Again *ibidem*, p. 161: "Any simple judgment might easily perceive *by whom it was meant*, that is, by lady Elizabeth, queene of England." MALONE.

P. 58. *Making them lightest, which wear most of it.*] *Lightest* is here used in a wanton sense. So afterwards:

"Let me be light, but let me not seem *light*."

MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 3.] When this note was written, the following passage in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. did not occur to me. It is strongly in favour of the reading of the text:

"—but in short space

"It rain'd down *fortune* show'ring on thy head,

"And such a flood of greatness fell on you," &c.

MALONE.

P. 69. n. 4.] For p. 208, r. p. 214.

P. 73. n. 2.] For p. 216, r. p. 116.

P. 77. n. 1.] I have inadvertently omitted the following lines in Turberville's *Epitaphes*, p. 13, which have been pointed out by Dr. Farmer, in support of the emendation proposed (*swollen*):

"First came the rustick forth,

"With pipe and *puffed bag*."

I am, however, of opinion that the old is the true reading.

MALONE.

P. 84. n. 6. l. 3.] For *ληοτὴς*, r. *λεστὴς*.

P. 88. —*thou should'st have had ten more*,] This appears to have been an old joke. So, in *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564, (which has been quoted in a former page,) one of the speakers, to shew his mean opinion of an ostler at an inn, says, "I did see him aske blessinge to xii godfathers at ones." MALONE.

P. 100. n. 4. l. 3.] After the word *meaning*, add—The word has been already employed in this sense:

"Cannot contain their urine for affection."

So also in Montaigne's *Essaies*, translated by Florio, 1603, B. II. c. iii. "Why dost thou complaine against this world? It doth not *containe* thee: if thou livest in paine and sorow, thy base courage is the cause of it; to die there wanteth but will."

will." Again, in Bacon's *Essaies*, 4to. 1625, p. 327: "To containe anger from mischiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things."

Dele the remainder of the note. MALONE.

P. 91. *In such a night did Thisbe, &c.*] In *Wily Beguil'd*, a comedy, printed in 1606, we find the following lines:

"See how the twinkling stars do hide their borrowed shine.—

"In such a night did Paris win his love.

"*Lelia*. In such a night Æneas prov'd unkind.

"*Sophos*. In such a night did Troilus court his dear.

"*Lelia*. In such a night fair Phillis was betraid."

Mr. Whalley has made the same observation.—*Wily Beguil'd* was written before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in one of his pamphlets published in that year. MALONE.

Ibidem. And saw the lion's shadow ere himself.] Thisbe may be supposed to have seen the lion's shadow by moon-light in the water of the fountain near the tomb of Ninus. Our poet probably had recently read in Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women*, TISBE OF BABILONE. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 5.] For the willow the poet must answer, but I believe he here recollected Chaucer's description of Ariadne in a similar situation:

"Alas (quod she) that ever I was wrought!

"I am betrayed, and her heere to-rent,

"And to the *stronde* barefote fast she went,

"And cried; Theseus, mine hert swete,

"Where be ye, that I may nat with you mete;

"And might thus with beestes bin yslaine.

"The halow rockes answerde her againe.

"No man she saw, and yet shone the moone.—

"She cried, O *turne again*, for routhe and sinne;

"Thy barge hath not all his meine in.

"Her *kercheise* on a pole sticked she,

"Ascaunce he should it well ysee,

"And him remember that she was behind,

"And *turne* againe, and on the *stronde* her find."

Legend of good Women, p. 194. b. MALONE.

P. 94. *Such harmony is in immortal souls;*

But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.] This hath been imitated by Milton in his *Arcades*:

"Such sweet compulsion doth in musick lie,

"To lull the daughters of necessity,

P P 4

" And

“ And keep unsteady nature in her law,
 “ And the low world in measur’d motion draw
 “ After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 “ Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear.” MALONE.

P. 95. — do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
 Which is the hot condition of their blood;
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of musick touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand, &c.] We

find the same thought in *The Tempest* :

“ ——— Then I beat my tabor,
 “ At which, like *unback’d colts*, they prick’d their ears,
 “ Advanc’d their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
 “ As they *smelt musick*.” MALONE.

P. 116.] In a Persian Manuscript in the possession of Ensign Thomas Munro, of the first battalion of Sepoys, now at Tanjore, is found the following story of a Jew and a Mussulman. Several leaves being wanting both at the beginning and end of the Ms. its age has not been ascertained. The translation, in which the idiom is Persian, though the words are English, was made by Mr. Munro, and kindly communicated to me (together with a copy of the original) by Daniel Braithwaite, esq.

“ It is related, that in a town of Syria a poor Mussulman lived in the neighbourhood of a rich Jew. One day he went to the Jew, and said, lend me 100 dinars, that I may trade with it, and I will give thee a share of the gain.—This Mussulman had a beautiful wife, and the Jew had seen and fallen in love with her, and thinking this a lucky opportunity, he said, I will not do thus, but I will give thee a hundred dinars, with this condition, that after six months thou shalt restore it to me. But give me a bond in this form, that if the term of the agreement shall be exceeded one day, I shall cut a pound of flesh from thy body, from whatever part I choose. The Jew thought that by this means he might perhaps come to enjoy the Mussulman’s wife. The Mussulman was dejected and said, how can this be? But as his distress was extreme, he took the money on that condition, and gave the bond, and set out on a journey; and in that journey he acquired much gain, and he was every day saying to himself, God forbid that the term of the agreement should pass away, and the Jew bring

bring vexation upon me. He therefore gave a hundred gold dinars into the hand of a trusty person, and sent him home to give it to the Jew. But the people of his own house, being without money, spent it in maintaining themselves. When he returned from his journey, the Jew required payment of the money, and the pound of flesh. The Mussulman said, I sent thy money a long time ago. The Jew said, thy money came not to me. When this on examination appeared to be true, the Jew carried the Mussulman before the Cazi, and represented the affair. The Cazi said to the Mussulman, either satisfy the Jew, or give the pound of flesh. The Mussulman not agreeing to this, said, let us go to another Cazi. When they went, he also spoke in the same manner. The Mussulman asked the advice of an ingenious friend. He said, "say to him, let us go to the Cazi of Hems*." Go there, for thy business will be well." Then the Mussulman went to the Jew, and said, I shall be satisfied with the decree of the Cazi of Hems; the Jew said, I also shall be satisfied. Then both departed for the city of Hems†. When they presented themselves before the judgment-seat, the Jew said, O my Lord Judge, this man borrowed an hundred dinars of me, and pledged a pound of flesh from his own body. Command that he give the money and the flesh. It happened, that the Cazi was the friend of the father of the Mussulman, and for this respect, he said to the Jew, "Thou sayest true, it is the pur-

* Hems-Emessa, a city of Syria, long. 70. lat. 34.

The Orientals say that Hippocrates made his ordinary residence there; and the Christians of that country have a tradition, that the head of St John the Baptist was found there, under the reign of Theodosius the younger.

This city was famous in the times of paganism for the Temple of the Sun, under the name of Heliogabalus, from which the Roman emperor took his name.

It was taken from the Mussulmen by the Tartars, in the year of Christ 1098. Saladin retook it in 1187. The Tartars took it in the year 1258. Afterwards it passed into the hands of the Mamalukes, and from them to the Turks, who are now in possession of it. This city suffered greatly by a most dreadful earthquake in 1157, when the Franks were in possession of Syria. HERBELOT.

† Here follows the relation of a number of unlucky adventures, in which the Mussulman is involved by the way; but as they only tend to shew the sagacity of the Cazi in extricating him from them, and have no connection with Shylock, I have omitted them. T. M.

port

port of the bond; and he desired, that they should bring a sharp knife. The Mussulman on hearing this, became speechless. The knife being brought, the Cazi turned his face to the Jew, and said, "Arise, and cut one pound of flesh from the body of him, in such a manner, that there may not be one grain more or less, and if more or less thou shalt cut, I shall order thee to be killed. The Jew said, I cannot. I shall leave this business and depart. The Cazi said, thou mayest not leave it. He said, O Judge, I have released him. The Judge said, it cannot be; either cut the flesh, or pay the expence of his journey. It was settled at two hundred dinars; the Jew paid another hundred, and departed." MALONE.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

P. 120. n. 5.] For *p. 24, r. p. 75, n. 1.*

P. 121. n. 7. l. 3.] For *Macbeth*, r. *The Winter's Tale*.

P. 131. n. 9. l. 2.] For 1590, r. 1592.

P. 138. n. 2. l. 8.] For *sharply*, r. *strangely*.

P. 144. *The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat,
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose, &c.]*

Saucius at quadrupes nota intra tecta refugit,

Succesitque gemens stabulis; questuque, cruentus,

Atque imploranti similis, tectum omne replevit. Virg.

MALONE.

Ibidem. l. 13.] For *worldings*, r. *worldlings*.

P. 149. n. 6.] Add at the end.—In the original copy of *Othello*, 4to. 1622, nearly the same mistake has happened; for there we find—

Let us be merry, let us hide our joys,
instead of—Let us be wary. MALONE.

P. 151. n. 4. l. 9.] *Dele* the word, *however*.

P. 161. *All the world's a stage, &c.]* This observation had been made in an English drama before the time of Shakspeare. See *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"Pythagoras said, that *this world was like a stage*,

"*Whereon many play their parts.*"

In *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597, we find these lines, which were pointed out to me by Mr. Kemble:

"Unhappy man ———"

"Whose life a sad continual tragedie,

"Himself

“Himself the actor, in the world, the stage,

“While as the acts are measur’d by his age.” MALONE.

P. 154. n. 7.] Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. “Is not your voice broken?”

In the Epistle prefixed to Spenser’s *Shepherd’s Calender*, the writer speaks of the rascally route of our “ragged rhimers;” and Sir Henry Wotton in his will mentions his “ragged estate.”

Again, in our poet’s *Rape of Lucrece*:

“Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,

“Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name.”

Again, in Nashe’s *Anatomie of Absurditie*, 1589: “—as the foolish painter in Plutarch, having blurred a ragged table with the rude picture of a dunghill cocke, wished his boy in any case to drive all live cocks from this his worthless workmanship,” &c. See also the extract from his *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, quoted below, p. 171. MALONE.

P. 163. n. 6.] Nashe in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592, commending the English theatres, says, “our stage is more stately furnished,—not consisting, like theirs, of a Pantaloun, a whore, and a Zanie,” &c. but he does not describe the dress of the Pantaloon. MALONE.

P. 165. n. 1.] Add at the end of my note.—That this passage refers to the turbulence of the sky, and the consequent agitation of the ocean, and not to the operation of frost, may be collected from our author’s having in *King John* described ice as uncommonly smooth:

“To throw a perfume on the violet,

“To smooth the ice,” &c. MALONE.

P. 171. *This is the very false gallop of verses;*] So, in Nashe’s *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 4to. 1593: “I would trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged verses, but that if I should retort the rime doggrell aright, I must make my verses (as he doth his) run bobbling, like a brewer’s cart upon the stones, and observe no measure in their feet.”

MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 7.] Add at the end of my note.—The following line in *K. Richard III.* may be urged to shew that the familiar image of the butter woman’s horse going to market, was in our author’s thoughts:

“But yet I run before my horse to market.” MALONE.

P. 173. n. 4.] Dr. Farmer’s explanation may derive some support from a subsequent passage: “—as swift a wit as Atalanta’s heels.” MALONE.

P. 176.

P. 176. n. 3.] Add to my note.—On a further consideration of this passage I am strongly inclined to think, with Dr. Johnson, that we should read—a South-sea discovery. “Delay, however short, is to me tedious and irksome as the longest voyage, as a voyage of discovery on the South-Sea.” The word *of*, which had occurred just before, might have been inadvertently repeated by the compositor. MALONE.

P. 178. *It is easy to count atomies*,—] “An *atomie* (says Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 1616,) is a *mote* flying in the sunne. Any thing so small that it cannot be made lesse.”

MALONE.

P. 180. n. 9.] Add to my note after the words—*painted cloth*. (l. 11.) That moral sentences were wrought in these painted cloths, is ascertained by the following passage in *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Dr. Willyam Bulleyne, 1564, (signat. H 5.) which has been already quoted: “This is a comelie parlour,—and faire *clothes*, with pleasaunte borders aboute the same, with many *wise sayings* painted upon them.” MALONE.

P. 182. n. 4.] See Marlowe’s *Hero and Leander*, 1598:

“His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
“That in the vast *uplandish* cuntry dwelt.”

Again, in Puttenham’s *Arte of Poesie*, 4to. 1589, fol. 120: “—or finally in any *uplandish* village or corner of a realm, where is no resort but of poor rusticall or uncivill people.”

MALONE.

P. 185. n. 2.] Add to my note.—Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

“It is my fault, not she, that merits blame;
“My *feature* is not to content her sight;
“My words are rude, and work her no delight.”

Feature appears to have formerly signified the whole countenance. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I.

“Her peerle’s *feature*, joined with her birth,
“Approves her fit for none but for a king.” MALONE.

P. 192. n. 2.] Instead of *See* p. 22, r. *See Vol. II.* p. 22.

P. 194. n. 3.] Add to my note.—So, in a Collection of Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c. entitled *Wits Bedlam*, printed about 1615:

“On a rare dyer of filke.
“Here lies one, who *liv’d* by *dying*,
“Yet *dy’d* not truly till this lying.” MALONE.

P. 196.] Add to my note after the words, “*that age*.”—As *no* is here printed instead of *mo*, so in *Romeo and Juliet*,
Act

Act V. we find in the folio, 1623, *No matter, for No matter.*

After the passage quoted from *Antony and Cleopatra*, add—
Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ But say that he, or we, (*as neither have*),

“ Receiv'd that sum,” &c. MALONE.

P. 208. *Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn*;] In *K. John* in two parts, 1591, a play which our author had without doubt attentively read, we find these lines:

“ But let the foolish Frenchman *take no scorn*,

“ If Philip front him with an English *horn*.” MALONE.

P. 211. —*in the purlieus of this forest*—] “ *Purlieu*,” says Manwood's *Treatise on the Forest Laws*, c. 20, “ is a certain territorie of ground adjoining unto the forest, meered and bounded with unmoveable marks, meeres and boundaries, which territories of ground was also forest, and afterwards disforested againe by the perambulations made for the severing of the new forest from the old.” REED.

Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 1616, describes a *purlieu* as “ a place neere joining to a forest, where it is lawful for the owner of the ground to hunt, if he can dispend fortie shillings by the yeere, of freeland.” MALONE.

P. 222. n. 4.] An anonymous writer has observed that in this phrase there may be an allusion to St. Luke's Gospel, xx. 34. “ The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage.” MALONE.

P. 230. n. 3.] Add, after the quotation from *Love's Labour's Lost*:

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,

“ The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,

“ He carried thence *incaged in his breast*.”

Again, in *King Richard III.*

“ Even to thy breast incloseth my poor heart.”

Again, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ Thy heart thou leav'st with her, when thou dost hence depart,

“ And in thy breast inclosed bear'st her tender friendly heart.” MALONE.

P. 234. l. 4.] For *pleases*, r. *please*.

Like all my predecessors, I had here adopted an alteration made by Mr. Rowe, of which the reader was apprized in the note; but the old copy is certainly right, and such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in *K. Richard III.*

“ Where every horse bears his commanding rein,

“ And may direct his course, as *please* himself.”

Again,

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ — a pipe for fortune’s finger,

“ To sound what stop she *please*.”

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“ — All men’s honours

“ Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion’d

“ Into what pitch he *please*.” MALONE.

P. 235. l. 6. of notes.] For *K. Henry V.* r. *K. Henry IV.*
P. II.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

P. 241. n. 1. l. ult.] For *that as*, r. *as that*.

P. 242. n. 2.] To *touze* or *toaze* had the same signification. See Florio’s Italian Dictionary, 1598: “*Arruffare*. To *touze*, to tug, to bang, or rib-baste one.” MALONE.

P. 252. n. 5.] It appears from *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act IV. sc. ii. that *single beer* and *small beer* were synonymous terms. MALONE.

P. 253. n. 6.] The text is undoubtedly right.

There is a village in Warwickshire called *Eurton on the Heath*, where Mr. Dover, the founder of the Cotswold games, lived. MALONE.

P. 255. And say, you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs, and no seal’d quarts :]

The *leet* is the *Court-leet*, or *View of frank pledge*, held anciently once a year, within a particular hundred, manor, or lordship, before the steward of the leet. See Kitchin *On Courts*, 4th edit. 1663. “The residue of the matters of the charge which ensue,” says that writer, on Court Leets, p. 21. “are enquirable and *presentable*, and are also punishable in a leet.” He then enumerates the various articles, of which the following is the twenty-seventh: “Also if tiplers sell by cups and dishes, or measures sealed, or not sealed, is *inquirable*.” See also *Characterismi*, or *Lenton’s Leasures*, 12mo. 1631: “He [an informer] transforms himselfe into several shapes, to avoid suspicion of *inne-bolders*, and inwardly joyes at the sight of a blacke pot or *jugge*, knowing that their sale by *sealed quarts* spoyles his market.” MALONE.

P. 258 n. 8.] Add after Dr. Johnson’s note.—So, in *The Nice Wanton*, an ancient interlude, 1560:

“O ye children, let your time be well spent,

“*Applye* your learning, and your elders obey.”

Again, in Gascoigne’s *Supposes*, 1566: “I feare he *applyes* his study so, that he will not leave the minute of an houre from his booke.” MALONE.

P. 283. n. 9.] Add to my note.—Again, in *Timon of Athens*: “We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him.” MALONE.

P. 285. — *she looks as clear*
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.] So Milton in his *L'Allegro*:

“There on beds of violets blue,

“And new-blown roses wash'd with dew,” &c. MALONE.

P. 292. n. 4.] Counterpoints were in ancient times extremely costly. In Wat Tyler's rebellion, Stowe informs us, when the insurgents broke into the wardrobe in the Savoy, they destroyed a coverlet, worth a thousand marks. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 5.] The word, however, may have been used in its common acceptation. In Holinshed, p. 819, we are told, “the king himself had a house of timber, and for his other lodgings he had great and goodly *tents of blew water-work*, garnished with yellow and white.” Perhaps, as our author was a reader of Holinshed, this circumstance might have adhered to his memory. MALONE.

P. 301. n. 4.] Add to my note.—This lacquey therefore did not wear a common *fancy* in his hat, but some fantastical ornament, comprizing the humour of forty different fancies. Such, I believe, is the meaning. A couplet in one of Sir John Davies's Epigrams, 1598, may also add support to my interpretation:

“Nor for thy love will I once gnash a bricke,

“Or some *pied colours* in my bonnet *sticke*.”

A *fancy*, however, meant also a love-song or sonnet, or other poem. So, in *Sappho and Phao*, 1591: “I must now fall from love to labour, and endeavour with mine oar to get a fare, not with my pen to write a *fancy*.” If the word was used here in this sense, the meaning is, that the lacquey had stuck forty ballads together, and made something like a feather out of them. MALONE.

P. 303. n. 6.] Add to my note.—Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“Remains that in the official marks invested,

“You anon do meet the senate.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“The beauty that is borne here in the face

“The hearer knows not, but *commends* itself

“To others' eyes.” MALONE.

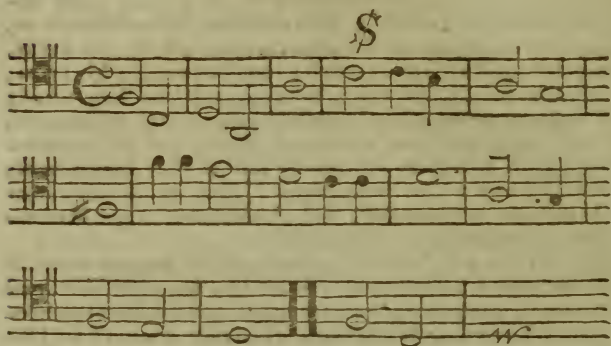
P. 305. — *he took his bride about the neck;*

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.] This
also

also is a very ancient custom, as appears from the following rubrick, with which I was furnished by the late Reverend Mr. Bowle. "Surgant ambo, sponfus et sponsa, et accipiat sponfus pacem a sacerdote, et ferat sponse, *osculans eam*, et neminem alium, nec ipse, nec ipsa." *Manuale Sarum*, Paris, 1533, 4to. fol. 69. MALONE.

P. 310. n. 1.]

Jack boy! ho boy!



SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

P. 314. n. 7.] This ballad was peculiarly suited to Petruchio's present situation: for it appears to have been descriptive of the state of a lover who had newly resigned his freedom. In an old collection of Sonnets, entitled *A bande-ful of pleasant delites, containing fundrie new sonets*, &c. by Clement Robinson, 1584, is "Dame Beautie's replie to the *lover late at libertie*, and now complaineth himselfe to be her captive, intituled, *Where is the life that late I led*."

"The life that erst thou led'st, my friend,

"Was pleasant to thine eyes," &c. MALONE.

P. 325. n. 3.] That it was the practice to wash the hands immediately before supper, as well as before dinner, is ascertained by the following passage in *The Fountayne of Fame, erected in an Orcharde of amorous adventures*, by Anthony Munday, 1580: "Then was our supper brought up very orderly, and she brought me *water to washe my bandes*. And after I had washed, I sat downe, and she also; but concerning what

what good cheere we had, I need not make good report."

MALONE.

P. 325. n. 7.] To the examples already given in support of the reading of the old copy, may be added this very apposite one from Lily's *Euphues, and his England*, 1580: "Shall I ruffle in new devices, with chains, with *bracelets*, with *rings*, with robes?"

Again, in Drayton's *Battaile of Agincourt*, 1627:

"With *ruffling* banners, that do brave the sky."

MALONE.

P. 326. *Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments*;] In our poet's time, women's gowns were usually made by men. So, in the Epistle to the Ladies, prefixed to *Euphues and his England*, by John Lily, 1580: "If a *taylor* make your gown too little, you cover his fault with a broad stomacher; if too great, with a number of pleights; if too short, with a fair guard; if too long, with a false gathering." MALONE.

P. 328. n. 8.] After Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in the Register of Mr. Henslowe, proprietor of the Rose theatre, (a manuscript of which an account has been given in Vol. I. Part II. p. 288): "3 of June 1594. Lent, upon a womanes gowne of villet in grayne, with a velvet *cape* imbroidered with bugelles, for xxxvi s." MALONE.

P. 333. — or moral—] i. e. the secret purpose. See Vol. II. p. 265, n. 7. MALONE.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

P. 354. n. 3.] After Sir William Blackstone's note.

So, in Spenser's *Shepheard's Calender*:

"Shee, while she was, (that *was* a woeful word to saine,)

"For beauties praise and pleasure had no peere."

Again, in *Wily Beguil'd*, 1606:

"She is not mine, I have no daughter now;

"That I should say *I had*, thence comes my grief."

MALONE.

P. 360. n. 8.] Our author's sixth Sonnet fully supports the emendation here made:

"That *use* is not forbidden usury,

"Which happies those that pay the willing loan;

"That's for thyself, to breed another thee,

"Or *ten times* happier, be it *ten* for one.

"Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,

"If *ten of thine ten times* refigur'd thee." MALONE.

VOL. X.

Q q

P. 363

P. 363. n. 5.] Add to my note.—We find some of these terms of endearment again used in *The Winter's Tale*. Leontes says to the young Mamillius,

"Come, *captain*, we must be neat," &c.

Again, in the same scene, Polixenes, speaking of his son, says,

"He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter ;

"Now my sworn *friend*, and then mine *enemy* ;

"My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all." MALONE.

P. 367. — *It much repairs*

Me to talk of your good father :] To repair, in these plays, generally signifies, to renovate. So, in *Cymbeline* :

"—— O disloyal thing,

"That should'st repair my youth !" MALONE.

P. 368. n. 8.] In *The Winter's Tale*, *place* is again used for rank or situation in life :

"—— O thou thing,

"Which I'll not call a creature of thy place." MALONE.

P. 369. n. *.] Add to my note.—So, in *King John* :

"Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin." MALONE.

P. 370. n. 2.] Add to my note.—So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. :

"—— every minute now

"Should be the father of some stratagem." MALONE.

P. 375. n. 4.] Add to my note.—In 1585 was entered on the Stationers' books by Edward White, "*The lamentation of Hecuba and the ladies of Troye*;" which probably contained the stanza here quoted." MALONE.

P. 379. n. 7.] In *Troilus and Cressida* we find—"I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus." There the words certainly mean, I should not be sorry or unwilling to be, &c. According to this, then, the meaning of the passage before us should be, "If you were mother to us both, it would not give me more solicitude than heaven gives me,—so I were not his sister." But Helena certainly would not confess an indifference about her future state. However, she may mean, as Dr. Farmer has suggested, "I should not care more than, but *equally as*, I care for future happiness ; I should be as content and solicit it as much, as I pray for the bliss of heaven." MALONE.

P. 390. *So holy writ in babes bath judgment shewn,*

When judges have been babes.] The allusion is to St. Matthew's Gospel, xi. 25. "O father, lord of heaven and earth, I thank thee, because thou hast hid these things from the wise

wife and prudent, and revealed them unto babes." See also 1 Cor. i. 27. "But GOD hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and GOD hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty." MALONE.

P. 390. n. 7.] Shakspeare says nothing of miracles continuing to happen, nor of wise men writing against the possibility of them; but only,—after alluding to *the production of water from a rock, and the drying up the red sea*,—that *miracles had been denied by the GREATEST*; or in other words, that the ELDERS OF ISRAEL (who just before in reference to another text were styled *judges*,) had notwithstanding these miracles, wrought for their own preservation, refused that compliance they ought to have yielded. See the book of Exodus, and particularly ch. xvii. 5, 6, &c. HENLEY.

See also Psalm lxxviii. 13. &c. and Psalm cvi. St. Matthew's Gospel, xi. 21, and St. Luke's Gospel, vii. 30.

MALONE.

P. 391. n. 2. l. penult.] Again, in *The Remedie of Love*, 4to. 1600:

"If she be fat, then she is swollen, say,

"If browne, then tawny as the Africk Moore;

"If slender, leane, meagre and worn away,

"If courtly, wanton, *worst of worst* before." MALONE.

P. 394. n. 2. l. 2.] For *Foolish*, r.—*Fooles*.

Ibidem. n. 3.] Add to my note.—*Tib* and *Tom* are generally coupled by our old writers. *Tib*, Cole renders in his Latin Dict. 1679, by *mulier fordida*.

"He struck at *Tib*, and down fell *Tom*," is, I think, one of Ray's Proverbial Sentences. MALONE.

P. 397. n. 9.] The epithet *authentick* was in our author's time particularly applied to the learned. So, in Drayton's *Owle*, 4to. 1604:

"For which those grave and still *authentick* sages,

"Which sought for knowledge in those golden ages,

"From whom we hold the science that we have," &c.

MALONE.

P. 399. *O'er whom both sovereign power, and father's voice, I have to use:*] They were his wards, as well as his subjects. HENLEY.

P. 404. n. 3.] Add, after—*sweet verbal brief*.

Again, in the Prologue to *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:

"To stop which scruple, let this *brief* suffice:—

"It is no pamp'ring glutton we present," &c. MALONE.

Q q 2

P. 412.

P. 412. *A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner, but one that lies three thirds, &c.*] So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1598:

"Gav. What art thou?

"2. Poor Man. A traveller.

"Gav. Let me see; thou would'st well

"To wait on my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner-time."

MALONE.

P. 416. n. *.] To this fashion Bishop Earle alludes in his *Characters*, 1638, Signat. E. 10. "He has learnt to *ruffe* his face from his *boote*; and takes great delight in his walk to heare his spurs gingle." MALONE.

P. 437. n. 4. l. penult.] For—*whom to protest I love*, r. *whom I protest to love*.

P. 447. n. 7.] Add to my note.—The feigned letter from Olivia to Malvolio, is partly prose, partly verse. MALONE.

P. 453. *All's well that ends well; still the fine's the crown;*] So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

"The end is crown of every work well done."

All's well that ends well, is one of Camden's proverbial sentences. MALONE.

P. 460. n. 2.] After the instance from *Pericles*, add—(in support of the reading of the old copy)

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

"When fortune, in her shift and change of mood,

"Spurns down her late belov'd."

Again, in *Julius Caesar*:

"—— Fortune is merry,

"And in this mood will give us any thing." MALONE.

P. 469. n. 7.] The following passage in *King Henry IV.* P. II. may be adduced in support of Mr. Steevens's interpretation of this passage: "Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown,—and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee."

Here Falstaff certainly means to speak equivocally; and one of his senses is, "I will take care to have thee knocked in the head, and thy friends shall ring thy funeral knell."

MALONE.

P E R I C L E S.

P. 581. l. 2.] For *to*, r. *too*.

V O L. IV.

T W E L F T H N I G H T.

P. 4. *That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.*] Our author had here undoubtedly Daniel's fifth Sonnet in his thoughts :

" Whilst youth and error led my wand'ring mind,
" And sette my thoughts in heedles waies to range,
" All unawares, a goddesse chaste I finde,
" (Diana like) to worke my suddaine change.
" For her no sooner had mine eye bewraid,
" But with disdaine to see mee in that place,
" With fairest hand the sweet unkindest maid
" Casts water-cold disdaine upon my face :
" Which turn'd my sport into a hart's despaire,
" Which still is chac'd, while I have any breath,
" By mine own thoughts, sette on me by my faire ;
" My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death.
" Those that I foster'd of mine owne accord,
" Are made by her to murder thus theyr lord."

Delia and Rosamond, augmented, 16mo. 1594.

The same observation has been made by an anonymous writer. MALONE.

P. 8. *Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be wort h thy pains ; for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,*] When the practice of castration (which originated certainly in the east) was first adopted, solely for the purpose of improving the voice, I have not been able to learn. The first regular opera, as Dr. Burney observes to me, was performed at Florence in 1600 : " till about 1635 musical dramas were only performed occasionally in the palaces of princes, and consequently before that time eunuchs could not abound. The first eunuch that was suffered to sing in the Pope's chapel was in the year 1600."

So early, however, as 1604, eunuchs are mentioned by one of our poet's contemporaries, as excelling in singing :

" Yes, I can sing, fool, if you'll bear the burthen ; and I can play upon instruments scurvily, as gentlemen do. O that I had been gelded ! I should then have been a fat fool for

Q 9 3

a chamber,

a chamber, a *squeaking fool* for a tavern, and a private fool for all the ladies." *The Malcontent*, by J. Marston, 1604.

MALONE.

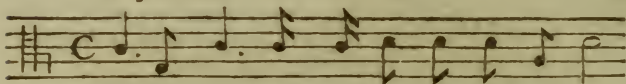
P. 12. *I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry.*] I suppose, Sir Andrew means, that he is not such a fool but that he can keep himself out of the water. MALONE.

P. 32. n. 7. l. ult.] For *Who*, r. *When*.

P. 34. n. 5. l. last but 5.] For *impeticoat*, r. *impetticoat*,

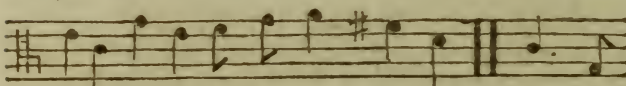
P. 37. Add to note 2.]

A 3 voc.



Hold thy peace, and I pree thee hold thy peace,

?



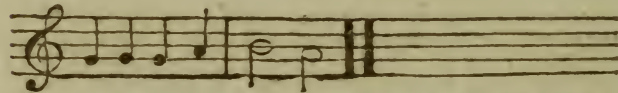
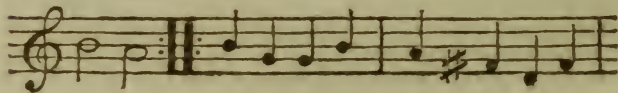
thou knave, thou knave: hold thy peace, thou knave.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS,

P. 38. At the end of n. 6. *add*, MALONE.

P. 38. n. 4.] *Peg-a-Ramsay*, or *Peggy Ramsay*, is the name of some old song: the following is the tune to it:

Peggy Rainsey.



SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

P. 44.

P. 44. n. 3.] Add at the end of my note.—The meaning is, (as Mr. Heath has observed,) “It is so consonant to the emotions of the heart, that they echo it back again.”

MALONE.

P. 45. n. 6.] The text is undoubtedly right, and *worn* signifies, *consumed*, *worn out*. So Lord Surrey, in one of his Sonnets, describing the spring, says,

“Winter is *worn*, that was the flowers bale.”

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

“These few days’ wonder will be quickly *worn*.”

Again, in *The Winter’s Tale*:

“——— and but infirmity,

“Which waits upon *worn* times,—.” MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 7.] *Free* however may only mean *cheerful*. So, in *Ottello*:

“I slept the next night well: was *free* and merry.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“Be *free* and jovial with thy guests to-night.”

“Fair and *free*,” Mr. Warton observes, is in the metrical romances a common appellation for a lady. Warton’s MILT. p. 38. Chaucer, the same ingenious writer observes, applies this epithet to married women, which is adverse to the explication given in my original note:

“Rise up, my wife, my love, my lady *free*.”

MARCH. T. v. 1655. Urr.

“So Jonson makes his beautiful Countess of Bedford to be ‘fair, and *free*, and wise.’ Epigrams, lxxvi.” MALONE.

P. 46. n. 1.] Add to my note.—Coffins being frequently made of *cypress* wood, (perhaps in consequence of *cyprus* being used at funerals) the epithet *sad* is here employed with strict propriety. “King Richard the Second (says Speed) was so affected by the death of his favourite Robert de Vere, duke of Ireland, that he commanded the *cypress* chest wherein his body lay embalmed, to be opened, that he might see and handle it.” The king attended his funeral. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 4.] Since this note was written, I have observed that *lover* is elsewhere used by our poet as a word of one syllable. So, in *A Midsummer-Night’s Dream*:

“Tie up my *lover’s* tongue; bring him silently.”

Again, in *King Henry VIII.*

“Is held no great good *lover* of the archbishop’s.”

There is perhaps therefore no need of abbreviating the word *lover* in this line. MALONE.

P. 49. n. 3.] Add, after the passage taken from the *Winter's Tale*:

Again, in *King Richard III.*

“ — like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,
“ *Star'd on each other, and look deadly pale.*”

I have expressed a doubt whether the word *grief* was employed in the singular number, in the sense of *grievance*. I have lately observed that our author has himself used it in that sense in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

“ — an inch of any ground

“ To build a *grief* on.”

Dr. Percy's interpretation, therefore, may be the true one.

MALONE.

P. 51. n. 6.] After the passage quoted from *K. Henry IV.*

P. I. add, in support of the reading of the old copy,

Again, *ibidem*:

“ — and as bountiful

“ As *mines of India.*”

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“ — To-day the French

“ All clinquant, all *in gold*, like heathen gods,

“ Shone down the English; and to-morrow they

“ Made Britain *India*; every man that stood,

“ Shew'd like a *mine.*”

So Lily in his *Euphues and his England*, 1580: “ I saw that *India* bringeth *gold*, but England bringeth goodness.”

So, in *Wily Beguild*, 1606: “ Come, my *heart of gold*, let's have a dance at the making up of this match.”—The person there addressed, as in *Twelfth Night*, is a woman.

MALONE.

P. 53. n. 7.] Add to my note —The *yeoman of the wardrobe* is not an arbitrary term, but was the proper designation of the wardrobe-keeper, in Shakspeare's time. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598. “ *Vestiaris*, a wardrobe-keeper, or a *yeoman of a wardrobe.*”

The story which our poet had in view is perhaps alluded to by Lily in *Euphues and his England*, 1580: “ — assuring myself there was a certain season when women are to be won; in the which moments they have neither will to deny, nor wit to mistrust. Such a time I have read a young gentleman found to obtain the love of the Dutchess of Milaine: such a time I have heard that a poor *yeoman* chose to get the fairest lady in Mantua.” MALONE.

P. 55.

P. 55. — *By your leave, wax.*—Soft ;] It was the custom in our poet's time to seal letters with soft wax, which retained its softness for a good while. The wax used at present would have been hardened long before Malvolio picked up this letter. See *Your Five Gallants*, a comedy, by Middleton: "Fetch a pennyworth of *soft wax* to seal letters." So Falstaff in *King Henry IV.* P. II. "I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him." MALONE.

P. 56. *Marry, hang thee, brock !]* i. e. Marry, hang thee, thou *vain, conceited coxcomb*, thou over-weaning rogue!

Brock, which properly signifies a badger, was used in this sense in Shakspeare's time. So, in *The merrie conceited Jests of George Peele*, 4to. 1657: "This *self-conceited brock* had George invited," &c. MALONE.

P. 62. n. 7.] Add to my note.—Our poet has the same image in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Foul cank'ring rust the hidden treasure frets,

"But gold, that's put to use, more gold begets."

MALONE.

P. 66. n. 4.] Add to Mr. Steevens's note.—So, in *Othello*:

"Which, as a *grise* or *step*, may help these lovers."

P. 73. — *he is sad and civil,*] i. e. solemn and grave. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—— Come, *civil* night,

"Thou *sober-suited* matron, all in black, &c."

See also Vol. X. p. 369, n. *. MALONE.

P. 96. n. 9.] Add to my note, after the passage quoted from *Much ado about Nothing*.

The compound, *good-man*, is again used adjectively, and as a word of contempt, in *King Lear*: "Part (says Edmund to Kent and the Steward). "With you, (replies Kent,) *good-man boy*, if you please." MALONE.

P. 100. n. 2.] For *scatchful*, r. *scathful*.

P. 106. n. 2. l. 5.] After *dancing*, put a comma.

P. 115. l. 1.] For *his majesty's cypher*, r. the cypher of King Charles II.

W I N T E R ' S T A L E .

P. 130. n. 9.] I believe the meaning is,—as false as blacks dyed over with another colour, which they may assume for a time,

a time, but the *falsehood* will soon be discovered by the original black appearing.

Mr. Steevens at the end of his note suggested that this might be the meaning, and the following passage in a book which our author had certainly read inclines me to believe that it is the true interpretation. "Truly (quoth Camillo) my wool was *blacke*, and therefore *it could take no other colour*." Lily's *Euphues and his England*, 4to. 1580.

MALONE.

P. 132. n. 8.] For *Othel*. r. *Iago*, and in the text line for *Iago*, r. *Othel*. The words were accidentally shuffled out of their places at the press.

P. 133. n. 2.] The following passage in Campion's History of Ireland, folio 1633, fully confirms my explanation of this passage; and shews that by the words—*Will you take eggs for money*, was meant, *Will you suffer yourself to be rajeled or imposed upon?*—"What my cousin Desmond hath compassed, as I know not, so I beshrew his naked heart for holding out so long.—But go to, suppose hee never bee had; what is Kildare to blame for it, more than my good brother of Ossory, who, notwithstanding his high promises, having also the king's power, is glad *to take eggs for his money*, and to bring him in at leaseure."

These words make part of the defence of the earl of Kildare, in answer to a charge brought against him by Cardinal Wolsey, that he had not been sufficiently active in endeavouring to take the earl of Desmond, then in rebellion. In this passage, *to take eggs for his money* undoubtedly means, *to be trifled with*, or *to be imposed upon*.

"For money" means, *in the place of money*. "Will you give me money, and take eggs instead of it?" MALONE.

P. 135. n. 4.] Add to my note.—Again, in *Hamlet*:

"I saw him enter such a house of sale,

"(*Videlicet*, a brothel) *or so forth*."

Again, more appositely, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"—with a dish of carraways, *AND so forth*."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*: "Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, *AND so forth*, the spice and salt that season a man?" MALONE.

P. 139. n. 1.] Add at the end—except, perhaps, *King Henry VIII.* MALONE.

P. 144. n. 7.] Add to my note.—So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"Plead my *successive* title with your swords." MALONE.

P. 145. n. 8.] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I.

“*Him that thou magnify’st with all these titles,
“ Stinking and fly-blown lies there at our feet.”*

MALONE,

P. 151. *A federary with her*—] We should certainly read—a *feodary* with her. There is no such word as *federary*. See Vol. VIII. p. 380. n. 2. MALONE.

P. 154. n. 4.] Add at the end of my note. Again, in Ben Jonson’s *Volpone*:

“ Speak to the knave ?

“ I’ll ha’ my *mouth* first *stopp’d with earth.*” MALONE.

P. 171. n. 5.] Add after the passage quoted from *Measure for Measure*.—Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ — found no opposition

“ But what he look’d for should oppose, and she

“ Should from *encounter* guard.” MALONE.

P. 174. n. 5.] Add at the end.—See also Vol. VII. p. 564, n. 6. and Vol. VIII. p. 565. n. 9. MALONE.

P. 175. n. 8.] Add in confirmation of the old copy.—So also in *The Continuation of Hardyng’s Chronicle, 1543.* “ Whereupon he sent unto the quene, then beeyng in the saintuary, diverse and sondry messengers, that should excuse and pource him of *his fault* afore dooen towards her.” Signat. M m. 6. b. MALONE.

P. 185.—*now the ship boring the moon with her main mast,*] So, in *Pericles*; “ But sea-room, and the brine and cloudy billow kifs the moon, I care not.” MALONE.

P. 188. n. 1.] Add after Mr. Steevens’s note.—In *The Pleasant Comedie of Patient Griffel, 1603*, written by Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, and William Haughton, Griffel is in the first act married, and soon afterwards brought to bed of twins, a son and a daughter; and the daughter in the fifth act is produced on the scene as a woman old enough to be married. MALONE.

P. 191. n. 9.] Dele my note, and substitute the following.

Angle anciently signified a fishing-rod. So, in *Lily’s Sappho and Phao, 1591*:

“ Thine *angle* is ready, when thine oar is idle, and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the river, as the fowl which other buy in the market.” MALONE.

P. 191. *Why then comes in the sweet of the year,*] Autolycus, I think, calls the *spring* the *sweet of the year*, because in that season maidens put out their sheets to bleach on the hedges; and “ his traffick (as he afterwards tells us) is
in

in sheets." The song at the end of *Love's Labour's Lost* may throw some little light on the passage before us; for there, it is observable, SPRING mentions as descriptive of that season, that then "*—maidens bleach their summer smocks.*" MALONE.

P. 194. n. 5.] Dele the whole note, and substitute the following.

I was led into an error concerning this passage by the word *tods*, which I conceived to be a substantive, but which is used ungrammatically as the third person singular of the verb to *tod*, in concord with the preceding words—*every eleven wether*. The same disregard of grammar is found in almost every page of the old copies, and has been properly corrected, but here is in character, and should be preserved.

Dr. Farmer observes to me, that to *tod* is used as a verb by dealers in wool; thus, they say, "Twenty sheep ought to *tod* fifty pounds of wool," &c. The meaning therefore of the clown's words is, "Every eleven wether *tods*; i. e. *will produce a tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool; every *tod* yields a pound and some odd shillings; what then will the wool of fifteen hundred yield?"

The occupation of his father furnished our poet with accurate knowledge on this subject; for two pounds and a half of wool is, I am told, a very good produce from a sheep at the time of shearing. About thirty shillings a *tod* is a high price at this day. It is singular, as Sir Henry Englefield remarks to me, that there should be so little variation between the price of wool in Shakspeare's time and the present.—In 1425, as I learn from Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*, a *tod* of wool sold for nine shillings and six pence. MALONE.

P. 195. *I cannot do't without counters.*] This was the usual mode by which the illiterate formerly reckoned. See Vol. IX. P. 445, n. 1. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 6.] Florio renders *Berlengozzo*, by "*a drunken song, a three-mens song.*" Italian Dict. 1598. MALONE.

P. 196. n. *.] To *abide* is again used in *Macbeth*, in the sense of *tarrying for a while*:

"I'll call upon you straight; *abide* within." MALONE.

P. 198. *Jog on, jog on, &c.*] These lines are part of a catch printed in *An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in pills compounded of witty ballads, jovial songs, and merry catches*, 1661, 4to. p. 69. REED.

P. 199. n. 2.] Add to my note, after the words—"here, good my glass."

Again,

Again, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ ——— I, your *glafs*,
“ Will modestly discover to yourself,
“ That of yourself,” &c.

Again, more appositely, in *Hamlet* :

“ ——— he was indeed the *glafs*,
“ Wherein the noble youth did *drefs* themselves.”

Add, at the end.

Sir Thomas Hanmer probably thought the similitude of the words *sworn* and *swoon* favourable to his emendation ; but he forgot that *swoon* in the old copies of these plays is always written *found* or *swound*. MALONE.

P. 200. *Nor in a way so chaste* :] It must be remembered that the transformations of Gods were generally for illicit amours ; and consequently were not “ in a way so chaste ” as that of Florizel, whose object was to marry Perdita. A. C.

P. 203. n. 3.] The following line in *The Paradise of Daintie Devises*, 1578, may add some support to the first part of Mr. Steevens’s note :

“ Some jolly youth the *gilly-flower* esteemeth for his joy.”
MALONE.

P. 205. — *pale primroses*,

That die unmarried, ere they can behold

Bright Phœbus in his strength,] So Milton, in his *Lycidas*, 4to. 1638 :

“ And the rathe *primrose*, that *unwedded dies*.”

The reason why the primrose is said to die unmarried, is, according to Mr. Warton, because it grows in the shade, uncherished or unseen by the sun, who was supposed to be in love with some sort of flowers.” Warton’s MILT. p. 25.

MALONE.

P. 208. n. 1.] See also *Choice Drollery*, 1656, p. 31 :

“ A story strange I will you tell,
“ But not so strange as true,
“ Of a woman that danc’d upon the rope,
“ And so did her husband too ;
“ With a *dildo*, *dildo*, *dildo*,
“ With a *dildo*, *dildo*, *dee*.” MALONE.

Ibidem, n. 2.] Again, in *The Knight of the burning Pestle*, 1613 : “ I will have him dance *jading*. *Fading* is a fine jig, I’ll assure you, gentlemen.”

It is likewise the burthen of a clown’s song in *Sportive Wit*, 1656, p. 58 ; of which the following is the first stanza :

“ The

"The courtier scorns us country clowns,

"We country clowns do scorn the court;

"We can be as merry upon the downs,

"As you at midnight, with all your sport;"

With a *fading*, with a *fading*." MALONE.

P. 209. n. 6. l. 1.] For *tape*, r. *galloon*. MALONE.

P. 211. n. 2.] To *clamour* is used by Bacon as a verb active, but in a sense that will not suit this passage:—"let them not come in multitudes or in a tribunitious manner, for that is, to *clamour* councils, not to inform them." *Essays*, 4to. 1625. MALONE.

P. 213. n. 7.] In Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, which contains a register of all the shews of London from 1623 to 1642, I find "a licence to Francis Sherret, to shew a *strange fish* for a yeare, from the 10th of Marche, 1635." In that age as at present not only beasts and fishes, but human creatures, were exhibited, and the defects of nature turned to profit; for in a subsequent year the following extraordinary entry occurs, which ascertains a fact that has been doubted:

"A license for six months granted to Lazarus, an Italian, to shew his brother Baptista, that grows out of his navell, and carries him at his syde. In confirmation of his Majesty's warrant, granted unto him to make publique shewe. Dated the 4. Novemb. 1637." MALONE.

P. 220. n. 5.] Add after the passage quoted from *Nosce Teipsum*—Again, in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597:

"The sunne on rich and poor alike doth shine."

I am now convinced that my suspicion was ill founded, and that there is no omission in the text. It is supported by a passage in *K. Henry VIII*.

"—No, my lord,

"You know no more than others, but you blame

"Things that are known *alike*."

i. e. that are known *alike by all*.

To *look upon*, without any substantive annexed, is a mode of expression, which, though now unusual, appears to have been legitimate in Shakspeare's time. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"He is my prize; I will not *look upon*."

Again, in *K. Henry VI*. P. III.

"Why stand we here—

"And *look upon*, as if the tragedy

"Were play'd in jest by counterfeited actors."

MALONE.

P. 228.

P. 228. — *he is half-flead already.*] I suppose Camillo means to say no more, than that Florizel is half stripped already.

He may however at the same time intend to insinuate that his friend is either half covered with vermin already, or half excoriated by their bite. In *Coriolanus* the verb is used in its original sense, and was anciently written to *flea*, though *flay* seems more proper:

“ ———— Who’s yonder,

“ That does appear as he were *flead*?” MALONE.

P. 231. — *hath not my gait in it the measure of the court?*] i. e. the stately tread of courtiers. See *Much ado about nothing*, Vol. II. p. 225. — “ the wedding mannerly modest, as a *measure*, full of *state* and ancientry.” MALONE.

P. 232. — *a great man—by the picking on’s teeth.*] “ If you find not a *courtier* here, (says Sir Thomas Overbury) you shall in Paules, with a *pick-tooth* in his hat, a cape cloak, and a long stocking.” *Characters*, 1616. MALONE.

P. 233. — *the hottest day* prognostication *proclaims*,] Almanacks were in Shak[sp]eare’s time published under this title. “ An Almanack and *Prognostication* made for the year of our Lord God, 1595.” See Herbert’s *Typograph.* Antiq. II. 1029. MALONE.

P. 240. n. 8. l. 3.] After *writings*, add—See p. 156, n. 8.

P. 245. — *the affection of nobleness*—] Perhaps both here and in *K. Henry IV.* *affection* is used for *propensity*:

“ ———— in speech, in gait,

“ In diet, in *affections* of delight,

“ In military exercises, humours of blood,

“ He was the mark and glass, &c. MALONE.

P. 247. n. 2.] After *unfeeling*, add—

So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“ — Hearts of most hard temper

“ Melt, and lament for him.” MALONE.

P. 257. n. 1.] Add, in support of the reading of the old copy, after the instance from *The Tempest*.

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Or as the snail (*whose* tender horns *being* hurt)

“ Shrinks backwards to his shelly cave with pain.”

Here we should now write—“ *his* tender horns,” &c.

MALONE.

MACBETH.

M A C B E T H.

P. 261. n. 1. l. 7.] For *germain*, r. *german*.

P. 262. — *burly-burly*—] However mean this word may seem to modern ears, it came recommended to Shakspeare by the authority of Henry Peacham, who, in the year 1577, published a book professing to treat of the ornaments of language. It is called *The Garden of Eloquence*, and has this passage. “Onomatopœia, when we invent, devise, fayne and make a name imitating the sound of that it signifyeth, as *hurliburly*, for an uprore and tumultuous stirre.”

HENDERSON.

Ibidem. When the battle's lost and won.] So, in *King Richard III.*

“ ——— while we reason here,

“ A royal battle might be *won and lost*.”

So also Speed, speaking of the battle of Towton: “—by which only stratagem, as it was constantly averred, the battle and day was *lost and won*.” Chronicle, 1611. MALONE.

P. 268. Like *valour's* minion, *carved out his passage*,] So, in *King John*:

“ Then, in a moment, *fortune* shall cull forth

“ Out of one side her happy *minion*.” MALONE.

P. 271. *Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky*,] This passage has perhaps been misunderstood. The meaning seems to be, not that the Norwegian banners proudly insulted the sky; but that, the standards being taken by Duncan's forces, and fixed in the ground, the colours idly flapped about, serving only to cool the conquerors, instead of being proudly displayed by their former possessors. The line in *K. John*, therefore, is the most perfect comment on this.

MALONE.

P. 274. n. 6. l. 3.] Add after the word *rhyme*—See various instances of similar ellipses in Vol. VIII. p. 472. n. 3.

MALONE.

P. 275. *Sleep shall, neither night nor day,*

Hang upon his pent-house lid;] So, in *The Miracles of Moses*, by Michael Drayton:

“ His brows, like two steep *pent houses*, hung down

“ Over his eye-lids.”

There was an edition of this poem in 1604, but I know not whether these lines are found in it. Drayton made additions

additions and alterations in his pieces at every re-impression.

MALONE.

P. 278. All hail, *Macbeth!*] *All hail* is a corruption of *al-hael*, Sax. i. e. *ave*, *sal-ve*. MALONE.

P. 282. ——— *As thick as tale,*

Came post with post;] The emendation of the word *can* is supported by a passage in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

“And there are twenty weak and wearied *posts*

“*Come from the north—.*” MALONE.

P. 286. n. 7.] Add to my note.—Again, in his 57th Sonnet:

“Being your slave, what should I do but tend

“Upon the *hours* and times of your desire?”

Again, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1587 (Legend of the Duke of Buckingham):

“The unhappy *hour*, the *time*, and eke the day.”

MALONE.

P. 289. n. 7.] Add to my note.—Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

“What shall you ask of me, that I’ll deny,

“That *honour* *sav’d* may upon asking give?”

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“I something fear my father’s wrath, but nothing

“*(Always reserv’d my holy duty)* what

“His rage can do on me.”

Our poet has used the verb to *save* in *Anthony and Cleopatra*:

“—best you *saf’d* the bringer

“Out of the host.” MALONE.

P. 296. n. 4.] On a revision of this passage, I cannot but wonder how I could have subscribed to Mr. Mason’s interpretation of it; which, as it now appears to me, is directly contrary to the whole tenour of Lady Macbeth’s speech. She is not yet full of direct cruelty, (which she must be supposed to be, if her milk is already of such a nature as to serve instead of gall, the nutriment of fiends,) but calls on the “spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, to unsex her, and to make thick her blood.” If her milk was now of the nature of gall, her woman’s breasts were already properly furnished, and she would not need the aid of the murdering ministers whom she invokes. But not yet being become quite a fiend, she very properly calls upon them, (that no compunctious visitings may shake her purpose,) to fill her breast with gall, instead of milk. MALONE.

P. 298. n. 8.] Add, after Mr. Steevens's note,—

Polyolbion was not published till 1612, after this play had certainly been exhibited; but in an earlier piece Drayton has the same expression:

“The sullen *night* in mistie *rugge* is wrapp'd;

“The glimm'ring stars, like sentinels in warre,

“Behind the clowdes, as thieves, do stand for prey.”

Mortimeriados, 4to. 1596.

P. 301. — *no jutty frieze*,] In this regulation I have followed former editors, but a comma should have been placed after *jutty*. A *jutty*, or *jetty*, (for so it ought rather to be written) is not here, as has been supposed, an epithet to *frieze*, but a substantive; signifying that part of a building which shoots forward beyond the rest. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: “*Barbacane*. An out-nooke or corner standing out of a house; a *jettie*.”—“*Sporto*. A porch, a portal, a bay window, or out-butting, or *jettie*, of a house, that jetties out farther than anie other part of the house.”—See also *Surpendue* in Cotgrave's French Dict. 1611: “A *jettie*; an out-jetting room.” MALONE.

P. 305. n. 2.] My interpretation of this passage is undoubtedly erroneous. “We'd *jump* the life to come,” certainly means, We'd *bazard* or run the risk of what might happen in a future state of being. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“—— Our fortune lies

“Upon this *jump*.”

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“—— and wish

“To *jump* a body with a dangerous physick,

“That's sure of death without it.”

See the note there, Vol. VII. p. 226. n. 7. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 4.] *Commends*, here as in many other places, means, *commits*. MALONE.

P. 306. *Upon the sightless couriers of the air*,] Add, at the beginning of my note—

So, in *K. Henry V.*

“Borne with the *invisble* and creeping wind.” MALONE.

P. 313. *who dares receive it other*,] So, in Holinshed: “—he burthen'd the chamberleins, whom he had slain, with all the fault, they having the keyes of the gates committed to their keeping all the night, and therefore *it could not be otherwise* (said he) but that they were of counsel in the committing of that most detestable murther.” MALONE.

P. 323.

P. 323. n. 1.] Add, after the words "moves like a ghost,"
l. 3. from bottom,—So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

"At midnight—

"When man, and bird, and beast, are all at rest,

"Save those that watch for *rape* and bloodie *murder*."

After the passage quoted from Martial, add—

Our poet may himself also furnish us with a confirmation
of the old reading; for in *Troilus and Cressida*, we find—

"You, like a lecher, out of *whorish loins*

"Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors." MALONE.

P. 326. n. 5.] Add, at the beginning of my note,—

So also, in the second *Æneid*:

"——— *vestigia retro*

"*Observata sequor, per noctem et lumine lustro.*

"*Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.*"

MALONE.

P. 329. n. 5. l. 3. of my note.] For *Cadaree*, r. *Cadaree*.

P. 338. — *we were carousing till the second cock*:] It
appears from a passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, that Shakespeare
means, that they were carousing till *three o' clock*:

"——— *The second cock* has crow'd;

"*The curfew-bell* has toll'd: 'tis *three o' clock*."

MALONE.

P. 345. n. 8.] Add to my note, after the lines quoted
from *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

So also, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1587:

"——— a naked sword he had,

"That to the hilts with blood was all embued."

The word *unmannerly* is again used adverbially in *K.*
Henry VIII.

"If I have us'd myself *unmannerly*,—"

So also Taylor the Water-poet, *Works*, 1630, p. 173:
"These and more the like such pretty aspersions, the outcast
rubbish of my company hath very liberally and *unmannerly*
and ingratelously bestowed upon me." MALONE.

P. 352. n. 5.] The same mistake has happened in *King*
Richard III. A^ct I. sc. iii. where we find in the folio,

"O Buckingham, *I'll kiss thy princely hand*,—"

instead of—*I kiss*—the reading of the quarto.

In *Timon of Athens* the same error is found more than
once. MALONE.

P. 253. n. 8.] Add, after the passage quoted from *The Two*
Gentlemen of Verona—

On the other hand, in the first scene of *Hamlet*, we find in the folio, 1623:

“ ——— then no planet strikes,

“ No fairy *talkes*,—”

instead of—“ No fairy *takes*.” MALONE.

P. 354. *And so I do commend you to their backs.*] In old language one of the senses of to *commend* was to *commit*, and such is the meaning here. So, in *K. Richard II.*

“ And now he doth *commend* his arms to rust.”

MALONE.

P. 357. n. 6. l. 9.] Dele the comma after *last*.

P. 370. ——— *our monuments*

Shall be the maws of kites.] “ In splendidissimum quemque captivum, non sine verborum contumelia, sæviit: ut quidem uni suppliciter *sepulturam* precanti respondisse dicatur, jam istam in *volucrum fore potestatem*.” Sueton. in August. 13. MALONE.

P. 372. n. 2. l. 8.] Add, after the word *inhibited*—

The same error is found in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 4to. 1618. p. 772: “ Also Robert Fabian writeth, that in the year 1506, the one and twentieth of Henry the seventh, the said stewhouses in Southwarke were for a season *inhabited*, and the doores closed up, but it was not long, faith he, ere the houses there were set open again, so many as were permitted.”—The passage is not in the printed copy of Fabian, but that writer left in Manuscript a continuation of his Chronicle from the accession of K. Henry VII. to near the time of his own death, (1512,) which was in Stowe's possession in the year 1600, but I believe is now lost. MALONE.

P. 376. *Why, how now Hecat'?*] Marlowe, though a scholar, has likewise used the word *Hecate*, as a dissyllable:

“ Plutoe's blew fire, and *Hecat's* tree,

“ With magick speils so compass thee.”

Dr. Faustus. MALONE.

P. 379. n. 8.] Add, at the end of my note—

See Vol. VII. p. 564, n. 6, and the passages there referred to. MALONE.

P. 392. *For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me;*] The epithet *blood-bolter'd* has been entirely misunderstood. It is a provincial term, well known in Warwickshire, and probably in some other counties. When a horse, sheep, or other animal, perspires much, and any of the hair or wool, in consequence of such perspiration, or any redundant humour, be-
comes

comes matted in tufts with grime and sweat, he is said to be *boltered*; and whenever the blood issues out, and coagulates, forming the locks into hard clotted bunches, the beast is said to be *blood-bolter'd*. This precisely agrees with the account already given of the murder of Banquo, who was killed by a wound in the head, and thrown into a ditch; with the filth of which, and the blood issuing from his wounds, his hair would necessarily be hardened and coagulated. He ought, therefore, to be represented both here and at the banquet, with his hair clotted with blood. The murderer, when he informs Macbeth of his having executed his commission, says,

“ ——— safe in a *ditch* he bides,
“ With twenty trenched gashes on his *head*,
“ The least a death to nature.”

and Macbeth himself exclaims,

“ Thou can’st not say, I did it; never shake
“ Thy *gory locks* at me.” MALONE.

P. 398. n. 2.] In Lodge’s *Incarnate Devils of the Age*, 4to. 1596, we find in p. 37, “*shag-beard slave*,” which still more strongly supports Mr. Steevens’s emendation. MALONE.

P. 405. n. 8.] The following passage in *The Two Gentle-men of Verona*, which exhibits the reverse of this image, may be urged in favour of my first interpretation :

“ If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
“ We shall have shortly *discord in the spheres*.” MALONE.

P. 411. *Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o’er-fraught heart, and bids it break.*]

So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ ——— the heart hath treble wrong,
“ When it is barr’d the aidance of the tongue.”

MALONE.

Ibidem. *He has no children.*] I am still more strongly confirmed in thinking these words relate to Malcolm, and not to Macbeth, because Macbeth *had* a son then alive, named Lulach, who after his father’s death was proclaimed king by some of his friends, and slain at Strathbolgie, about four months after the battle of Dunfinane. See Fordun. *Scoti-Chron.* l. 5. c. 8.

Whether Shakspeare was apprized of this circumstance, cannot be now ascertained; but we cannot prove that he was unacquainted with it. MALONE.

P. 416. n. 8.] Add to my note.—

The original word was to *amate*, which Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, explains by the words, “ to dismay,

to make afraid:" so that *mate*, as commonly used by our old writers, has no reference to chess-playing. MALONE.

P. 417. n. 2.] See *The Tempest*:

" — till new-born chins

" Be *rough* and razorable."

Again, in *King John*:

" This *unbair'd* sauciness, and boyish troops,

" The king doth smile at." MALONE.

P. 423. *Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;]* In *The Spanish Tragedy* Isabella thus complains:

" So that you say, this herb will purge the eye,

" And this the head; but *none of them will purge the heart*:

" No, there's no medicine left for my *disease*,

" Nor any physick to recure the dead." MALONE.

Ibidem. *And with some sweet oblivious antidote,*] Perhaps, as Dr. Farmer has observed, our poet here remembered Spenser's description of Nepenthe:

" Nepenthe is a drinck of sovereign grace,

" Devised by the gods for to assuage

" Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,—

" Instead thereof sweet peace and quietage

" It doth establish in the troubled mynd."

Faery Queene, B. IV. c. 3. st. 43. MALONE.

P. 431. n. 3.] My conjecture is, I believe, unfounded. In *Cymbeline*, we have a similar phraseology:

" — Let's see t; I will pursue her

" Even to Augustus' throne: *Or this, or perish.*"

MALONE.

P. 432. *As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air—]* So, in *Hamlet*:

" For it is as the *air invulnerable.*"

K I N G J O H N.

P. 445. n. 1. l. ult.] A play called *The Funeral of Richard Cordelion*, was written by Robert Wilson, Henry Chettle, Anthony Mundy, and Michael Drayton, and first exhibited in the year 1598. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*, Vol. I. Part II. p. 310. MALONE.

P. 446. n. 2.] Add to my note.—So, in the fifth act of this play, the Bastard says to the French king,

" — Now hear our English king,

" For thus his royalty doth speak *in me.*" MALONE.

P. 448.

P. 448. l. 8. *Enter the Sheriff, &c.*] It should have been observed that this stage-direction has been taken from the old play which preceded this of Shakspeare. It was first introduced by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

P. 456. n. 1.] Add at the end of my note.—Your *worship* was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in our author's time, as your *honour* was to a lord. MALONE.

P. 457. n. 2.] Add at the end—See also Minshieu's Dict. 1617: "To *picke* or *trimme*. Vid. *Trimme*." MALONE.

P. 471. n. 2.] Add at the beginning of my note.—*Plagued* in these plays generally means *punished*. So, in *King Richard III.*

"And God, not we, hath *plagu'd* thy bloody deed."

So Holinshed: "—they for very remorse and dread of the divine *plague*, will either shamefully *flie*," &c.

MALONE.

P. 480. n. 4.] Since this note was written, I have met with an edition of the book which Shakspeare had here in his thoughts, printed in 1575. MALONE.

P. 487. n. *] Again, in the old play entitled *The True Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, 1600:

"Tell me, good madam,

"Why is your grace so *passionate* of late?" MALONE.

P. 501. n. 9.] After the passage in *K. Henry IV. P. I.* add—

Again, more appositely, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Go, waken Juliet; go, *and trim* her up;

"Make haste; the *bridegroom* he is come already."

MALONE.

P. 504. n. 4.] After the passage quoted from *Love's Labour's Lost*, add—

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"—— she is fool'd

"With a most false effect, and *I the truer*,

"So to be *false with her*." MALONE.

P. 505. n. 5.] In my note, after the words—"elliptical expressions," add—

So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"—— Whoever the king favours,

"The cardinal will quickly find employment [*for*],

"And far enough from court too."

Again, *ibidem*:

"This is about that which the bishop spake" [*of*].

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

"True ornaments to know a holy man" [*by*].

R r 4

Again,

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"A bed-swarver, even as bad as those

"That vulgars give bold'st titles" [*to*].

Again, *ibidem*:

"—— the queen is spotless—

"In this that you accuse her" [*of*]. MALONE.

P. 511. n. 7.] I suspect that we have too hastily in this line substituted *unto* for *into*; for *into* seems to have been frequently used for *unto* in Shakspeare's time. So, in Harfnet's *Declaration*, &c. 1603: "—when the nimble Vice would skip up nimbly—*into* the devil's neck."

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, B. IV. folio, 1602:

"She doth conspire to have him made away,

"Thrust *thercinto* not only with her pride,

"But by her father's counsel and consent." MALONE.

Again, in our poet's *K. Henry V.*

"Which to reduce *into* our former favour—"

Again, in his *Will*:—"I commend my soul *into* the hands of God, my creator."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"—— Yes, that goodness

"Of gleanings all the land's wealth *into* one."

i. e. *into* one *man*. Here we should now certainly write "*— unto* one."

Independently indeed of what has been now stated, *into* ought to be restored. So Marlowe in his *K. Edward II.* 1598:

"I'll thunder such a peal *into* his eares," &c. MALONE.

P. 514. n. 4.] After the quotation from Minshew, add, in support of the old copy,—

See also Florio's Italian Dict. 1598. "*Convitto*. Vanquished, *convilted*, convinced." MALONE.

P. 515. n. 6.] Add to my note.—We have the same image in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"Now my *soul's* palace is become her *prison*."

Again, more appositely, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast

"A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd;

"That blow did bail it from the deep unrest

"Of that polluted *prison* where it *breath'd*." MALONE.

P. 526. l. 14.] For *moth*, v. *mote*.

In my note on this passage I mentioned that I thought we ought to read *mote*, and I have since found my conjecture confirmed. *Moth* was merely the old spelling of *mote*. In the passage quoted from *Hamlet*,

"A *mote* it is to trouble the mind's eye,"

the

the word is spelt *moth* in the original copy, as it is here. So also, in the preface to Lodge's *Incarnate Devils of the age*, 4to. 1596: "—they are in the aire, like *atomi in sole*, *MOTHES* in the sonne." See also Florio's Italian Dict. 1598. "*Festucco*.—a *moth*, a little beam." MALONE.

P. 527. n. 2.] On further consideration of these words, I believe the author meant, "Well, live, and live with the means of seeing; that is, with your eyes uninjured."

MALONE.

P. 531. n. 5.] Add after l. 5.

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"It is a *purpos'd* thing, and grows by plot." MALONE.

P. 538. n. 8.] As we have here *As* printed instead of *And*, so *vice versa* in *K. Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we find *And* misprinted for *As*:

"*And* in this glorious and well foughten field

"We kept together in our chivalry." MALONE.

P. 541. n. 4.] Add, after the passage quoted from *K. Henry V.*

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"For now against himself he sounds his doom,

"That through the length of *times* he stands disgrac'd."

MALONE.

P. 542. n. 6.] Add to my note.—The following passage in *Troilus and Cressida* is decisive in support of the old reading:

"——— Jove, let *Æneas* live,

"If to my sword his fate be not the glory,

"A thousand complete courses of the sun." MALONE.

P. 543. *Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.*] i. e. lest it lose its brightness. So, in *Othello*:

"Put up your bright swords; the dew will rust them."

MALONE.

P. 553. *You taught me how to know the face of right,*

Acquainted me with interest to this land,] This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So again in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"He hath more worthy interest to the state,

"Than thou the shadow of succession."

Again, in Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, Vol. II. p. 927: "—in 4. R. 2. he had a release from Rose the daughter and heir of Sir John de Arden before specified, of all her *interest* to the manor of Pedimore." MALONE.

P. 565. n. 6.] Our poet in his *Venus and Adonis* calls Death, "*invisible* commander."

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KING RICHARD II.

P. 6. l. 2. of *Bolingbroke's speech*.] For *a*, r. *the*. This is the reading of the original quarto 1597, and now appears to me preferable. MALONE.

P. 13. *And what hear there, &c.*] I have here followed the reading of the folio, but now rather incline to that of the first quarto.—And what *chear* there, &c. In the quarto of 1608, *chear* was changed to *hear*, and the editor of the folio followed the latter copy. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 2.] Mowbray duke of Norfolk was Earl Marshal of England; but being himself one of the combatants, the duke of Surrey, as I have mentioned in my note, officiated as Earl Marshal for the day. MALONE.

Ibidem. Enter—Aumerle.] Edward duke of Aumerle, so created by his cousin german, King Richard II. in 1397. He was eldest son of Edward of Langley duke of York, fifth son of King Edward the Third, and was killed in 1415, at the battle of Agincourt. He officiated at the lists at Coventry as High Constable of England. MALONE.

P. 17. n. 9.] Add to Dr. Farmer's note.—Thus in *Hieronimo*:

“ He promis'd us, in honour of our guest,

“ To grace our banquet with some pompous *jest*.”

P. 20. — *this frail sepulcher of our flesh*,] So, afterwards:

“ — thou, King Richard's *tomb*,

“ And not King Richard.”

And Milton in *Sampson Agonistes*:

“ *My self my sepulcher*, a moving grave.” HENLEY.

P. 23. *All places that the eye of heaven visits,*

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:—

Think not, the king did banish thee,

But thou the king.] So, in *Coriolanns*:

“ I banish you.”

Shakspeare, when he wrote the passage before us, probably remembered that part of Lily's *Euphues*, 1580, in which *Euphues* exhorts *Botanio* to take his exile patiently. Among other arguments he observes, that “ Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath house, or lands, or livings. Socrates would neither call himself an Athenian, neither a Grecian, but a citizen of the world. Plato would never account him banished, that had the sunne, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before; where he felt the winter's blast
and

and the summer's blaze; where the same sunne and the same moone shined: whereby he noted, that *every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.*—When it was cast in Diogenes teeth, that the Sinoponetes had banished him Pontus, yea, said he, I them of Diogenes.”

MALONE.

P. 23. n. 8.] After Mr. Steevens's note,—

Shakespeare, however, I believe, was thinking on the words of Lily in the page from which an extract has been already made: “I speake this to this end, that though thy exile seem grievous to thee, yet guiding thy selfe with the rules of philosophy, it should be more tolerable: he that is cold, doth not cover himselfe with *care* but with clothes; he that is washed in the raine, drieth himselfe by the *fire*, not by his *fancy*; and thou which art banished,” &c. MALONE.

P. 24. n. 1.] With the other modern editors I have here adopted an emendation made by the editor of the second folio; but without necessity. *For me*, may mean, *on my part*. Thus we say, “*For me*, I am content,” &c. where these words have the same signification as here. MALONE.

P. 27. l. 2.] For *Then*, r. *Than*.

Ibidem. n. 1.] After Dr. Johnson's note.—So, in *King Henry IV*. P. I.

“Like aconitum, or *rash* gunpowder.” MALONE.*

P. 28. *This land* —

Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it)

Like to a tenement or pelted farm:] “In this 22d yeare of King Richard,” says Fabian, “the common fame ranne, that the kinge had *letten to farm* the realme unto Sir William Scrope, earle of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to Syr John Bushey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Grene, knightes.” MALONE.

P. 30. l. 5.] For—*I see*, r. *and see*.

Ibidem. l. 8.] For *the*, r. *thy*.

Ibidem. *Gaunt*. And —

K. Rich.—*Thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,*] In the disposition of these lines I have followed the folio, in giving the word *thou* to the king; but the regulation of the first quarto, 1597, is perhaps preferable, being more in our poet's manner:

Gaunt. And thou—

K. Rich. — a lunatick lean-witted fool,—

And thou *a mere cypher in thy own kingdom*, Gaunt was going to say. Richard interrupts him, and takes the word *thou* in a different sense, applying it to Gaunt, instead of himself. Of this kind of retort there are various instances in these plays.

The

The folio repeats the word *And*:

Gaunt. And—

K. Rich. And thou, &c. MALONE.

Ibidem. — *lean-witted* —] Dr. Farmer observes to me that the same expression occurs in the 106th Psalm:

“ — and sent *leannes* withal into their *soul*.”

STEEVENS.

P. 51. n. 3.] Add, after Mr. Steevens's note,—

Again, in *A Flurisy upon Fancie*, by N. B. [Nicholas Breton,] 1577:

“ Who, when that he awhile hath bin in fancies schoole,

“ Doth learne in his old *crooked* age to play the doting
foole.” MALONE.

P. 37. n. 5. l. 9.] Add, after the word *quarto*,—

So also, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. the first of the following lines was omitted, as is proved by the old play on which that piece is founded, and (as in the present instance) by the line which followed the omitted line:

“ [*Suf.* Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?]

“ *Cap.* But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.”

MALONE.

P. 41. ——— *thou art the midwife to my woe*,—

And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,

Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.] So, in

Pericles:

“ I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.”

MALONE.

P. 44. — *wanting your company*;

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

The tediousness and process of my travel.] So, in

K. Lear, 1605:

“ Thy pleasant company will make the way seem short.”

MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 1. l. 4.] For *on*, *r. an*.

P. 46. *Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle*:] In *Romeo and Juliet* we have the same kind of phraseology:

“ Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds.”

Again, in *Microcynicon*, *Six snarling Satires*, &c. 16mo. 1599:

“ *Howe* me no *howers*; *howers* break no square.”

MALONE.

P. 47. *But then more why*;—] Add to my note.—

A similar expression occurs in *Twelfth Night*:

“ More than I love these eyes, *more* than my life,

“ More, by *all mores*, than I shall e'er love wife.”

MALONE.

P. 51.

P. 51. *You have, in manner, with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,]* There is, I believe, no authority for this. Isabel, the queen of the present play, was but nine years old. Richard's first queen, Anne, died in 1392, and the king was extremely fond of her. MALONE.

P. 53. *last line of Richard's speech.]* Read—*rebellion's arms.* This, which is the reading of the first quarto, appears to me preferable to that of the folio, *rebellious arms*, which has been adopted in the text. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 2. l. 4.] For *dağa*, r. *şaga*. MALONE.

P. 54. ——— *else, if heaven would,*
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;] Thus the quarto 1597, except that the word *if* is wanting. The quarto 1608, and the late editions, read—*And we would not.* The word *if* was supplied by Mr. Pope. Both the metre and the sense shew that it was accidentally omitted in the first copy. The last four lines of this speech are not in the folio.

MALONE.

P. 55. *Have I not reason to look pale and dead?]* So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

“ Even such a man——

“ So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,

“ Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night.”

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.”

MALONE.

P. 61. *I know it, uncle, and oppose not*

Myself against their will. But who comes here?]

These lines should be regulated thus:

I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself

Against their will. But who comes here?

Such is the regulation of the old copies. MALONE.

P. 62. *My noble lord,*

Go to the rude ribs, &c.] It is observable that our author in his addresses to persons, often begins with an hemistich. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. sc. iii.

“ *Agam. Princes,*

“ What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?”

This observation may be of use in other places, where in the old copies, by the mistake of the transcriber, the metre is destroyed by this regulation not being observed. MALONE.

P. 64.

P. 64. n. 5.] Mr. Steevens is certainly right in his interpretation of this passage. See *Julius Caesar* :

“ Now, while your *purpled* hands do reek and smoke,
“ Fulfil your pleasure.” MALONE.

P. 67. n. 4. l. 3.] Dele *to*.

P. 68. *Then I must not say, no.*] “ The duke with a high sharpe voyce bade bring forth the kings horses, and then two little nagges, not worth fortie franks, were brought forth ; the king was set on the one, and the earle of Salisburie on the other : and thus the duke brought the king from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the duke of Glocesters sonne and to the earle of Arundels sonne, (that loved him but little, for he had put their fathers to death,) who led him straight to the castle.” Stowe, (p. 521, edit. 1605,) from a Manuscript account written by a person who was present. MALONE.

P. 71. — *to dress this garden,*] This was the technical language of Shakspere’s time. So, in Holy Writ : “ — and put him unto the garden of Eden, *to dress* it, and to keep it.” Gen. ii. 15. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 4.] A line in *King John* may add support to the restoration here made from the old copy :

“ To whom he sung in *rude* harsh-sounding rhymes.”

MALONE.

P. 72. *I would, the plants thou graft’st, may never grow.*] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ This bastard graft shall never come to growth.”

MALONE.

P. 73. — *Surrey,*] Thomas Holland earl of Kent. He was brother to John Holland duke of Exeter, and was created duke of Surrey in the 21st year of King Richard the Second, 1397. The dukes of Surrey and Exeter were half brothers to the king, being sons of his mother Joan, (daughter of Edmond earle of Kent) who after the death of her second husband, Lord Thomas Holland, married Edward the Black Prince. MALONE.

P. 75. From *sun* to *sun*:] Add to my note, after the word *sun-set*.

So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ *Imo*. How many score of miles may we ride

“ Twixt hour and hour ?

“ *Pisa*. One score ’twixt *sun* and *sun*,

“ Madam, ’s enough for you, and too much too.”

“The time appointed for the *duello*,” says Saviolo, “hath alwaies bene *twixt the rising and the setting sun*; and whoever in that time doth not prove his intent, can never after be admitted the combat upon that quarrel.” *On Honour and honourable quarrels*, 4to. 1595. This passage fully supports the emendation here made, and my interpretation of the words. MALONE.

P. 87. *Tell thou the lamentable fall of me—*] Thus the folio. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“And when you would say something that is sad,

“Speak how I *fell*.”

The reading, however, of the first quarto, 1597, is also much in our author’s manner:

Tell thou the lamentable tale of me—. MALONE.

P. 88. n. 2.] Inset, at the beginning of my note—So, in *The legend of Shore’s wife*, by Thomas Churchyard, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1578:

“Compel the hauke to sit, that is unmann’d,

“Or make the hound untaught to draw the deere,

“Or bring the free against his will in band,

“Or move the sad a pleasant tale to hear,

“Your time is lost, and *you are never the near*.”

MALONE.

P. 90. *His face still combating with tears and smiles,*

The badges of his grief and patience.] There is, I believe, no image, which our poet more delighted in than this. So, in a former scene of this play:

“As a long-parted mother with her child,

“Plays fondly with her *tears*, and *smiles* in meeting.”

Again, in *K. Lear*:

“Patience and sorrow strove

“Who should express her goodliest:

“———— her *smiles* and *tears*

“Were like a better May.”

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“———— nobly he yokes

“A *smiling* with a *sigh*.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“My plenteous *joys*,

“Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves

“In drops of *sorrow*.”

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“Where senators shall mingle *tears* with *smiles*.”

Again,

Again, in *The Tempest*:

" ——— I am a fool

" To weep at what I am glad of."

So also Drayton in his *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596:

" With thy sweete kisses to them both beguile,

" Untill they *smiling weep*, and *weeping smile*."

MALONE.

P. 91. *What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?*] The seals of deeds were formerly impressed on slips or labels of parchment, appendant to them. See Vol. IX. p. 131, n. 6. MALONE.

P. 94. n. 5. l. 3.] For *sparkles*, r. *sparkes*.

P. 99. n. 8. l. 6.] For *this*, r. *his*, and for *out-run*, r. *out-scorn*. In the next line, for *too*, r. *to*.

P. 104. l. 6.] For *thy*, r. *Exon*, *thy*—

Ibidem. — *here to die*.] Shakspeare in this scene has followed Holinshed, who took his account of Richard's death from Hall, as Hall did from Fabian, in whose Chronicle, I believe, this story of Sir Piers of Exton first appeared. Froisart, who had been in England in 1396, and who appears to have finished his Chronicle soon after the death of the king, says, "how he died, and by what meanes, I could not tell whanne I wrote this cronicle." Had he had been murdered by eight armed men, (for such is Fabian's story,) "four of whom he slew with his own hand," and from whom he must have received many wounds, surely such an event must have reached the ears of Froisart, who had a great regard for the king, having received from him at his departure from England "a goblet of silver and gilt, waying two marke of silver, and within it a C. nobles; by the whych (he adds) I am as yet the better, and shalbe as longe as I live; wherefore I am bounde to praye to God for his soule, and wyth muche sorowe I wryte of his deathe."

Nor is this story of his murder consistent with the account (which is not controverted) of his body being brought to London and exposed in Cheapside for two hours, ("his heade on a blacke quishen, and his *vyfage open*,") where it was viewed, says Froisart, by twenty thousand persons. The account given by Stowe, who seems to have had before him a Manuscript History of the latter part of Richard's life, written by a person who was with him in Wales, appears much more probable. He says, "he was imprisoned in Pomfrait Castle, where xv dayes and nightes they vexed him with

with continuall hunger, thirst, and cold, and finally bereft him of his life; with such a kind of death as never before that time was known in England, saith Sir John Fortescue," probably in his *Declaration touching the title of the House of Yorke*, a work yet, I believe, somewhere existing in MS. Sir John Fortescue was called to the bar a few years after the death of Richard: living therefore so near the time, his testimony is of the highest weight. And with him Harding, who is supposed to have been at the battle of Shrewsbury in 1403, concurs: "Men sayd *for-hungered* he was." Chron. 1543, fol. 199. So also Walsingham, who wrote in the time of Henry V. and Polydore Virgil.

The Percies in the Manifesto which they published against King Henry IV. in the third yeare of his reign, the day before the battle of Shrewsbury, expressly charge him with having "carried his sovereign lord traiterously within the castell of Pomfret, without the consent or the judgement of the lordes of the realm, by the space of fiftene daies and so many nightes, (which is horrible among christian people to be heard,) *with hunger, thirst, and cold, to perishe.*" Had the story of Sir Pierce of Exton been true, it undoubtedly must have reached them. Their not mentioning it is decisive.

If, however, we are to give credit to Sir John Hayward, this controverted point will not admit of dispute; for in *The First Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV.* 4to. 1599, after relating the story of King Richard's assassination, he very gravely tells us, that "after being felled to the ground, he with a faint and feeble voice *groaned forth* these words: "My great grandfather King Edward II.," &c. Mr. Hume in his entertaining, but often superficial, History of England, has not been weak enough to insert this fictitious dying speech. He might, however, have inserted it with as much propriety as an abridgment of the oration of the Bishop of Carlisle, on the deposition of the king being propounded in parliament, which Hayward feigned in imitation of Livy, grounding himself on a few sentences preserved in our old Chronicles, which he has expanded into *thirteen quarto pages*. The writers of the *Parliamentary History* have in this matter been as careless as Mr. Hume. MALONE.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

P. 110. In this note *dele* all that relates to the conjectural reading which I had proposed some years ago;—*entrants*. The text being clearly explained, the page should not have been burdened with any disquisition concerning an emendation which certainly is unnecessary.

At the end, after the passage quoted from *K. Henry VI.* P. III. add—

In which passage, as well as in that before us, the poet had perhaps the sacred writings in his thoughts: “And now art thou cursed from the *earth*, which hath opened *her mouth* to receive thy brother’s blood from thy hand.” Gen. iv. 2. This last observation has been made by an anonymous writer.

Again, in *K. Richard II.*

“Rest thy unrest on England’s lawful *earth*,

“Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.”

The earth may with equal propriety be said to *daub her lips with blood*, as to be *made drunk* with blood.

A passage in the old play of *K. John*, 1591, may throw some light on that before us:

“Is all the *blood* y-spilt on either part,

“Closing the *crannies* of the *thirsty earth*,

“Grown to a love-game, and a bridal feast?” MALONE.

P. 118. n. 5.] There is also, I have no doubt, a pun on the word *beauty*, which in the western counties is pronounced nearly in the same manner as *booty*. See *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

“So triumph *thieves* upon their conquer’d *booty*.”

MALONE.

P. 126. n. 5.] Since this note was written, I have found reason to believe that Falstaff’s *Sack* was the dry Spanish wine which we now call *Mountain Malaga*. A passage in *Via Recta ad vitam longam*, by Thomas Venner, Dr. of Physicke in, Bathe, 4to. 1622, seems to ascertain this:

“*Sacke* is completely hot in the third degree, and of *thin parts*, and therefore it doth vehemently and quickly heat the body.—Some affect to drink sack with sugar, and some without, and upon no other grounds, as I thinke, but as it is best pleasing to their palates. I will speake what I deeme thereof.—Sack, taken by itself is very hot and very penetrative; being taken with sugar, the heat is both somewhat allayed, and the penetrative quality thereof also retarded.”

The

The author afterwards thus speaks of the wine which we now denominate sack, and which was then called *Canary*: “Canarie-wine, which beareth the name of the islands from whence it is brought, is of some termed a *sacke*, with this adjunct, *sweete*; but yet very improperly, for it differeth not only from *sacke*, in *sweetness and pleasantness of taste*, but also in colour and consistence, for it is not so white in colour as sack, nor so thin in substance; wherefore it is more nutritive than sack, and less penetrative.—“White wine, Rhenish wine, &c.—do in six or seven moneths, or within, according to the smallness of them, attain unto the height of their goodness, especially the smaller sort of them. But the *stronger* sort of wines, as *sack*, muskadel, malmsey, are best when they are two or three years old.”

From hence therefore it is clear, that the wine usually called sack in that age was thinner than canary, and was a strong light-coloured dry wine; *vin sec*; and that it was a Spanish wine is ascertained by the order quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and by several ancient books. Cole in his Dict. 1679, renders *sack* by *Vinum Hispanicum*; and Sherwood in his English and French Dict. 1650, by *Vin d’Espagne*. MALONE.

P. 131. *And majesty might never yet endure*

The moody frontier of a servant brow.] So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

“So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,

“They swell and grow as terrible as storms.” MALONE.

P. 133. n. 4.] After Mr. Tollet’s note.—So, in *Mortimeriados*, by Michael Drayton, 4to. 1596:

“As when the blood is cold, we feel the wound—.”

MALONE.

P. 134. n. 4.] Add to my note.—In fact, however, the sister of Roger earl of March, whom young Percy married, was called *Elizabeth*. MALONE.

P. 136. n. 4. l. 6.] For *Timon of Athens*, r. *Venus and Adonis*.

P. 138. — *Was he not proclaim’d*

By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?] Roger Mortimer earl of March, who was born in 1371, was declared heir apparent to the crown in the 9th year of King Richard II. (1385). See Grafton, p. 347. But he was killed in Ireland in 1398. The person who was proclaimed by Richard heir apparent to the crown, previous to his last voyage to Ireland, was Edmund Mortimer, (the son of Roger,) who was then but seven years old; but he was not Percy’s wife’s brother, but her nephew. MALONE.

P. 139. n. 6.] Add to my note.—But this is a mistake. There is no proof that he was confined as a state-prisoner by king Henry the Fourth; and he was employed in many military services by his son Henry the Fifth. He died in his own castle at Trim in Ireland, at the time mentioned by Sandford, but not in a state of imprisonment. See Vol. VI. p. 152, n. 1.

Since the original note was written, I have learned that Owen Glendower's daughter was married to his antagonist Lord Gray of Ruthven. Hollinshed led Shakspeare into the error of supposing her the wife of Edmund Mortimer earl of March. This nobleman, who is the Mortimer of the present play, was born in November 1392, and consequently at the time when this play commences, was little more than ten years old. The Prince of Wales was not fifteen. MALONE.

P. 141. n. 3.] 'Again, in *Histrionastix*, 1610:

"Whilst I behold yon half-fac'd minion,—" MALONE.

P. 142. *He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;—*

But I will find him, when he lies asleep,

And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer:] So Marlowe in his *King Edward II.*

"—and if he will not ransom him,

"I'll thunder such a peale into his eares,

"As never subject did unto his king." MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 6.] "What weapons bear they?—Some sword and dagger, some sword and buckler.—What weapon is that buckler?—A clownish dastardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman." Florio's *First Fruits*, 1578. MALONE.

P. 143. n. 8. l. 11.] Thus, in this play, "—smooth-tongue," not "smooth-tongued." Again: "—stolen from my host at St. Albans, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daintry." [not red-nosed.] Again, in *K. Richard III.*

"Some light-foot friend post with the duke of Norfolk." not light-footed.

So also, in *The Black Book*, 4to. 1604: "—The spindle-shanke spyder, which shewed like great leachers with little legs, went stealing over his head," &c. In the last act of the *Second Part of K. Henry IV.* "blew-bottle rogue" (the reading of the quarto,) is changed by the editor of the folio to "blew-bottled rogue," as he here substituted *wasp-tongued* for *wasp-tongue*. MALONE.

Ibidem. l. 9.] For his widow-dolour, r. your widow-dolour.

P. 144

P. 144. n. 9.] See also *K. Richard III.*

“Grosly grew captive to his *honey* words.”
not *honey’d* words. MALONE.

147. n. 5.] A passage in *Coriolanus* likewise may be produced in support of the interpretation here given: “—and he no more remembers his mother than an eight-year-old horse;” i. e. than an eight-year-old horse *remembers his dam*. MALONE.

P. 150. l. 1.] For *mark*, r. *marks*.

P. 152. —*justice hath liquor’d her*.] Alluding to the boots mentioned in the preceding speech. “They would melt me (says Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,) out of my fat drop by drop, and *liquor* fishermen’s *boots* with me.” See also Peacham’s *Complete Gentleman*, 1627, p. 199:

“*Item*, a halfpenny for *liquor* for his boots.” MALONE.

P. 160. n. 5.] Add to my note.—But both these historians were mistaken, for her christian name undoubtedly was *Elizabeth*. MALONE.

P. 162. n. 4.] See *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“The stroke of death is as a *lover’s pinch*,

“*Which hurts, and is desired*.” MALONE.

P. 163. n. 8.] So, in Nashe’s *Anatomie of Absurditie*, 1589: “In the same place he [Valerius] saith, *quis muliebri garrulitati aliquid committit, quæ illud solum potest tacere quod nescit?* who will commit any thing to a woman’s tatling trust, who conceales nothing but that she knows not?”

MALONE.

P. 167. n. 2.] In a manuscript Account-book kept by Mr. Philip Henflowe, step-father to the wife of Alleyne the player, of which an account is given in Vol. I. Part II. p. 288, is the following article: “Lent unto Thomas Hewode, [the dramattick writer,] the 1 of september 1602, to bye him a payre of *silver* garters, ijs. vid.”

Caddis was a worsted galloon. MALONE.

P. 169. n. 7.] I am now persuaded that the original reading *-son’s*, however ungrammatical, is right; for such was the phraseology of our poet’s age. So again in this play:

“This absence of your *father’s* draws a curtain.”

not—of your *father*.

So, in *The Winter’s Tale*: “—the letters of *Hermione’s*—.”
Again, in *K. John*:

“With them a bastard of the *king’s* deceas’d.”

S s 3

Again,

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“Nay, but this dotage of our general’s—”.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“—— or could this carl,

“A very drudge of nature’s,—”

How little attention the reading of the folio, (“— of the sun’s,”) is entitled to, may appear from hence. In the quarto copy of 1613 we find—“Why then ’tis like, if there comes a hot sun,”—instead of a hot *sunē*. There, as in the instance before us, the error is implicitly copied in the folio. —In that copy also, in *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. ult. we find “— ’twixt natural *sunne* and fire,” instead of “— ’twixt natural *sun* and fire.” MALONE.

P. 171. n. 9.] After Dr. Warburton’s note, add—

So, in *The Winter’s Tale*:—but one *puritan* among them, and he *sings psalms* to hornpipes.” MALONE.

P. 180. n. 3.] In my note, after *partizan*, add—

See also Florio’s Italian Dict. 1598:

“Falcione. A bending *forrest bill*, or *Welsh hook*.—

“Pennati. Hedge-bills, forest bills, Welsh hooks, or weeding hooks.” MALONE.

P. 190. n. 9.] Since this note was written, I have learnt from a passage in Florio’s *First Fruites*, 1578, with which I was furnished by the late Rev. Mr. Bowle, that *sack* was at that time but six pence a quart. “Claret wine, red and white, is sold for five pence the quart, and *sacke* for sixpence; muscadell and malmsey for eight.” Twenty years afterwards sack had probably risen to eight pence or eight pence half-penny a quart, so that our author’s computation is very exact.

MALONE.

P. 191. n. 1.] After Mr. Mason’s note.—Dr. Johnson supposed that “twelve score” meant twelve score *yards*, because that was the common phraseology of the time. When archers talked of sending a shaft *fourteen score*, they meant fourteen score *yards*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “This boy will carry a letter twenty miles as easily as a cannon will shoot point-blank *twelve score*.” See also *K. Henry IV.* P. II. p. 357, n. 3. I have therefore great doubts whether the equivocal pointed out by Mr. Mason was intended. If not, Mr. Pope’s interpretation is wrong, and Dr. Johnson’s right. MALONE.

P. 193. n. 6.] Add to my note.—The same thought is found in Spenser’s *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. ix.

“—— like

“ — like as a *boyf’rous* wind,
 “ Which in th’ *earth’s* hollow caves hath long been hid,
 “ And, shut up fast within her *prisons* blind,
 “ Makes the huge element against her kind
 “ To *move*, and *tremble*, as it were aghast,
 “ Untill that it an issue forth may find;
 “ Then forth it breakes; and with his furious blast
 “ Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth over-
 cast.”

So also in Drayton’s *Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, 1594:

“ As when within the soft and spongie soyle
 “ The wind doth pierce the entrails of the earth,
 “ Where hurlyburly with a restless coyle
 “ Shakes all the centre, wanting issue forth,” &c.

MALONE.

P. 195. n. 2.] Add to my note.

Cranking, however, is right. So, in our author’s *Venus and Adonis*:

“ He *cranks* and *crosses* with a thousand doubles.”

MALONE.

P. 196. n. 4.] Owen Glendower, whose real name was Owen ap-Gryffyth Vaughan, took the name of *Glyndour* or *Glendower* from the lordshipp of Glyndourdw, of which he was owner. He was particularly adverse to the Mortimers, because Lady Percy’s nephew, Edmund earl of Mortimer, was rightfully entitled to the principality of Wales, (as well as the crown of England,) being lineally descended from Gladys the daughter of Llewelyn and sister of David Prince of Wales, the latter of whom died in the year 1246. Owen Glendower himself claimed the principality of Wales.

MALONE.

P. 197. *I’ll haste the writer, and withal—*] We should undoubtedly read,

I’ll in, and haste the writer, and withal—

The two supplemental words which were suggested by Mr. Steevens, complete both the sense and metre, and were certainly omitted in the first copy by the negligence of the transcriber or printer. Such omissions more frequently happen than almost any other error of the press. The present restoration is supported by various other passages. So, in *Timon of Athens*, A& I. sc. i.

“ 1. Lord. Shall we in?”

“ 2. Lord. I’ll keep you company.”

S s 4

Again

Again, *ibidem*, Act V. sc. iii.

“*In, and prepare.*”

Again, more appositely, in *K. Richard III.*

“*I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence.*”

MALONE.

P. 200. *She bids you*

Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,] It should have been observed in a note, that the old copies read *on*, not *upon*. This slight emendation was made by Mr. Steevens.

I am now, however, inclined to adhere to the original reading, and would print the line as it stands in the old copy:

She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down.

We have some other lines in these plays as irregular as this.

MALONE.

Ibidem. And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,] Add to my note.—Again, in our poet's 114th Sonnet:

“Or whether doth my mind, being *crown'd* with you,

“Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,

“For 'tis a throne, where honour may be *crown'd*

“Sole monarch of the universal earth.”

Again, in *K. Henry V.*

“As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,

“*Crowned* with faith and constant loyalty.”

So Spenser describes *graces sitting* on a lady's *eye-lid*, *Faery Queene*, B. II. c. iii.

“Upon her *eye-lids* many *graces* sate,

“Under the shadow of her even brows.”

So, in *A Warning for fair Women*, 1599:

“O sable night, sit on the eye of heaven!”

See Vol. IX. p. 153, n. 4. MALONE.

P. 202. n. 5.] “Such protest of pepper ginger-bread,” means, such protestations as are uttered by *the makers* of ginger-bread. Hotspur (as Mr. Henley has observed) had just before reproached Lady Percy with swearing like a comfit-maker's wife: “Not you, in *good sooth*,” &c.

MALONE.

P. 205. n. 5. l. 7.] For 1603, r. 1403.

P. 208. n. 3.] Add to my note.—

It is observable that in the original copy the word *capring* is exhibited without an apostrophe, according to the usual practice

practice of that time. So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598:

"Whereat the saphir-visag'd god grew proud,
"And made his *capring* Triton found aloud."

The original reading is also strongly confirmed by Henry's description of the *capering fools*, who, he supposes, will immediately after his death flock round his son:

"Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum;
"Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, *dance*,
"Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
"The oldest sins the newest kind of way," &c.

A *carper* did not mean (as has been supposed) a *prating jester*, but a *cynical fellow*. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"——— Shame not these woods
"By putting on the cunning of a *carper*."

It cannot be supposed that the king meant to reproach the luxurious Richard with keeping company with four morose cynicks. MALONE.

P. 210. *He hath more worthy interest to the state,*

Than thou, the shadow of succession;] I believe the meaning is only, he hath more popularity in the realm, more weight with the people, than thou the heir apparent to the throne.—

"From thy *succession* bar me, father; I

"Am heir to my affection—"

says Florizel in *The Winter's Tale*.

We should now write—in the state, but there is no corruption in the text. So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "—he is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly." MALONE.

P. 213. n. *. l. 2.] For *good-liking*, r. *well-liking*. See Vol. II. p. 408, n. 9.

P. 215. —*Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches.*] This appears to have been a very old joke. So, in *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Wm. Bulleyne, 1564: "Marie, this friar, though he did rise to the quere by darcke night, he needed no candell, his nose was so redd and brighte; and although he had but little money in store in his purse, yet his nose and cheeks were well set with curral and rubies." MALONE.

P. 228. n. 8.] In addition to the references on the subject of omissions, See also Vol. VI. p. 507, n. 3.

I have said that nothing is predicated of these *plumed troops*, and this is a very strong circumstance to shew that a
line

line was omitted, in which they probably were at once described as in motion, and compared (for the sake of their plumage) to ostridges. The omitted line might have been of this import :

- " All furnish'd, all in arms,
- " All plum'd like ostridges, that *with* the wind
- " *Run on, in gallant trim they now advance :*
- " Bated like eagles having lately bath'd ;
- " Glittering in golden coats like images,
- " As full of spirits as the month of May,
- " And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
- " Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls."

MALONE.

P. 230. n. 2.] Add to my note.—

Nor is our poet singular in his use of this word. This was the common signification of the word, for Bullokar in his *English Expoſitor*, 1616, defines *Beaver* thus: " In armour it ſignifies that part of the helmet which may be *lifted up*, to take breath the more freely." MALONE.

P. 231. *To turn and wind a fry Pegasus,*] This idea occurs in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's hunt is up*, &c. 1596: "—her hottest fury may be reſembled to the paſſing of a brave carriere by a Pegasus."

STEEVENS.

P. 232. — *I am a ſouced gurnet.*] It ſhould ſeem from one of Taylor's pieces, entitled *A bawd*, 12mo. 1635, that a *ſouced gurnet* was ſometimes uſed in the ſame metaphorical ſenſe in which we now frequently uſe the word *gudgeon*: " Though ſhe [a bawd] live after the fleſh, all is fiſh that comes to the net with her;—She hath baytes for all kinde of frye: a great lord is her Greenland whale; a countrey gentleman is her cods-head; a rich citizen's ſon is her *ſouced gurnet*, or her *gudgeon*." MALONE.

P. 237. *My father, and my uncle, and myſelf,*

Did give him that ſame royalty he wears:] The Percies were in the higheſt favour with King Henry the Fourth for ſome time after his acceſſion. Thomas earl of Worceſter was appointed Governour to the prince of Wales, and was honoured with the cuſtody of Iſabel the widow of King Richard the Second, when ſhe was ſent back to France after that king's depoſition. Hotſpur, who accompanied him on that occaſion, in the preſence of the Ambaſſadors of both ſtations, who met between Calais and Boulogne, proteſted
" upon

"upon his soul" that she was a virgin, "found and entire even as she was the same day she was delivered to King Richard, and if any would say to the contrary, he was ready to prove it against him by combat." Speed, p. 753.

MALONE.

P. 242. n. 7.] See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "Frilingotti. A kinde of daintie *chewet* or minced pie."

MALONE.

P. 244. l. ult. of text.] For *more-valiant-young*, r. *more valiant-young*.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

P. 274. n. *.] For *one place*, r. *two places*.

P. 285. *Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief*,] *Grief* in the latter part of this line is used in its present sense, for sorrow; in the former part for *bodily pain*. So Falstaff speaks of the *grief* of a wound. Again, (as Mr. Steevens has observed) in a bl. let. *Treatise of sundrie diseases*, &c. by T. T. 1591: "—he being at that time griped sore, and having *grief* in his lower belly." MALONE.

P. 286. n. 4.] Add, in confirmation of the reading of the old copies—

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,—

"Thy smoothing titles to a *ragged* name."

Again, in our poet's eighth Sonnet:

"Then let not Winter's *ragged* hand deface

"In thee thy summer."

Again, in the play before us:

"A *ragged* and fore-stall'd remission." MALONE.

P. 288. *We all, that are engaged to this loss*,] We have a similar phraseology in the preceding play:

"Hath a more worthy interest to the state,

"Than thou the shadow of succession." MALONE.

P. 298. n. 9.] *Single*, however, (as an anonymous writer has observed,) may mean, feeble or weak. So, in Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth*, Act III. sc. i.

"All men believe it, when they hear him speak,

"He utters such *single* matter, in so infantly a voice."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "O single-soal'd jest, solely singular for the singleness," i. e. the tenuity.

In

In our author's time, as the same writer observes, small beer was called *single beer*, and that of a stronger quality, *double beer*. MALONE.

P. 304. *The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:*] This is an anachronism. Prince John of Lancaster was not created a duke till the second year of the reign of his brother King Henry V. MALONE.

P. 314. n. 9.] This and many other similar passages were undoubtedly struck out of the playhouse copies by the Master of the Revels. MALONE.

P. 320. *Threw many a northward look, to see his father Bring up his powers;*] Statius in the tenth book of his *Thebaid*, has the same thought:

" ——— frustra de colle Lycæi

" Anxia prospectas, si quis per nubila longe

" Aut sonus, aut nostro sublatus agmine pulvis."

STEEVENS,

P. 333. n. 9. l. 6.] For *out*, r. *on*, and for *The Spanish Tragedy*. r. *A parody on the Spanish Tragedy*.

P. 337. *I'll canva's thee between a pair of sheets.*] Doll's meaning here is sufficiently clear. There is however an allusion which might easily escape notice, to the material of which coarse sheets were formerly made. So, in the MS. Account-book of Mr. Philip Henslowe, which has been already quoted: "7 Maye, 1594. Lent goody Nalle upon a payre of *canvas sheates*, for v s." MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 3.] Since this note was written, I have observed that *a* is frequently printed in the quarto copies for *ab*: the reading of the folio is therefore certainly right. MALONE.

P. 341. n. 5.] After Mr. Steevens's note.

So, in *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Wm. Bulleyn, 1564: "Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius, are hotte, drie, bitter, and cholerike, governing hot and drie thinges, and this is called *the fry triplicitie*." MALONE.

P. 342. n. 7.] Add to my note.

So also, in *The First Part of the Contention of the two houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c. 1600:

"Marry, he that will lustily stand to it, shall go with me, and take up these commodities following: *item*, a gown, a kirtle, a petticoat, and a smock."

My interpretation of *kirtle* is confirmed by Barret's *Alvearie*, 1580, who renders *kirtle*, by *subminia*, *cyclas*, *palla*, *pallula*, *χλαῖνα*, *surcot*.—*Subminia* Cole interprets in his

his Latin Dictionary, 1679, "A kirtle, a light red coat." *Cyclas*, "a kirtle, a cimarr."—*Palla*, "a woman's long gown; a veil that covers the head."—*Pallula*, "a short kirtle." *Læna*, "an Irish rugge, a freeze cassock, a rough hairy gaberdine."

From hence it appears, that a *woman's* kirtle, or rather upper-kirtle, (as distinguished from a petticoat, which was sometimes called a kirtle,) was a long mantle which reached to the ground, with a head to it that entirely covered the face; and it was perhaps usually red. A half-kirtle was a similar garment, reaching only somewhat lower than the waist. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598. "Semicinto. A garment coming lower than the belly; also half-girt, as we may say a *half-kirtle*." MALONE.

P. 343. n. *.] Add to my note.—So, in *Coriolanus*:

"*Com.* He'll never hear him.

"*Sic.* Not?"

There also *Not* has been rejected by the modern editors, and *no* inserted in its place. MALONE.

P. 348. *Why, then, good morrow to you* all. *My lords,*

Have you read o'er, &c.] In this regulation I have followed the late editors; but I am now persuaded the first line should be pointed thus:

Why then good morrow to you all, my lords.

This mode of phraseology, where only two persons are addressed, is not very correct, but there is no ground for reading—

Why, then, good-morrow to you. Well, my lords, &c. as Theobald and all the subsequent editors do; for Shakspeare in *King Henry VI.* P. II. Act II. sc. ii. has put the same expression into the mouth of York, when he addresses only his two friends, Salisbury and Warwick; though the author of the original play printed in 1600, on which the second part of *King Henry VI.* was founded, had in the corresponding place employed the word *both*:

"—— Where, as *all* you know,

"Harmless Richard was murder'd traiterously."

This is one of the numerous circumstances that contribute to prove that Shakspeare's *Henries* were formed on the work of a preceding writer. See the *Dissertation* on that subject in Vol. VI. MALONE.

P. 351. n. 9.] Shakspeare was led into this error by Holinshed, who places Owen Glendower's death in the tenth year of Henry's reign. MALONE.

P. 352.

P. 352. n. 3.] Bullokar, however, is a better authority than any of these, being contemporary with Shakspeare. In his *English Expofitor*, 8vo. 1616, he defines *Rood* thus: "In land it fignifies a quarter of an acre. It is fometimes taken for the picture of our Saviour upon the crofs."

MALONE.

P. 354. n. 7.] See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Buona roba*, as we fay *good stuff*; a good wholefome plump-cheeked wench." MALONE.

P. 356. n. 9.] Since this note was written, I have obferved that Mr. Tyrwhitt agrees with me in thinking that there was no poet of the name of Scogan in the time of King Edward IV. nor any ancient poet of that name but *Henry Scogan*, Mafter of Arts, who lived in the time of King Henry IV.; and he urges the fame argument that I have done, namely, that the compositions which Bale afcribes to the fupposed *John Scogan*, were written by Henry. Bale and Tanner, were, I believe, Mr. Warton's only authority.

"As to the two circumftances (fays Mr. Tyrwhitt) of his being a *mafter of arts* of Oxford, and *jeſter* to the king, I can find no older authority for it than Dr. Borde's book. That he was contemporary with Chaucer, but fo as to furvive him feveral years, perhaps till the reign of Henry V. is fufficiently clear from this poem [the poem mentioned in the former part of my note].

"Shakspeare feems to have followed the jeſt-book, in confidering Scogan as a mere buffoon, when he mentions as one of Falſtaff's boyiſh exploits that he broke Scogan's head at the court-gate." Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Vol. V. Pref.

"Among a number of people of all forts who had letters of protection to attend Richard II. upon his expedition into Ireland in 1399, is *Henricus Scogan, Armiger.*" *Ibidem*, p. xv. MALONE.

P. 367. n. 1. l. 3.] For *Knight's*, r. *Knights*.

Ibidem. n. 2. l. 2.] For *hygh*, r. *hyght*.

P. 368. n. 5. l. ult.] For 291. r. 290.

P. 375. n. 8.] Add to my note.—This fuppoſition renders the whole paſſage fo clear, that I am now decidedly of opinion that a line has been loſt. "*My general brother, the common-wealth*, is the general ground of our taking up arms; a wrong of a domeſtick nature, namely the cruelty ſhewn to my natural brother, is my particular ground for engaging in this war." MALONE.

P. 377. n. 6.] Shakspeare, I find, is not answerable for any confusion on this subject. He used the word *beaver* in the same sense in which it was used by all his contemporaries. See Vol. IX. p. 209. n. 5. MALONE.

P. 380. l. 17.] For *loyal* faiths, r. *royal* faiths.

I have here too hastily followed Mr. Steevens and Dr. Johnson, in adopting an emendation made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. *Royal* faith, the original reading, is undoubtedly right. *Royal faith* means, *the faith due to a king*. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“The citizens have shewn at full their *royal* minds;”
i. e. their minds well affected to the king.—Wolsey in the same play, when he discovers the king in masquerade, says,
“here I’ll make my *royal* choice,” i. e. not such a choice as a king would make, but such a choice as has a king for its object. So *royal faith*, the faith which is due to a king; which has the sovereign for its object. MALONE.

P. 389. n. 1.] Add to my note.

Again, more appositely, in *Coriolanus*:

“—— his gracious nature

“Would think upon you for your voices,—

“*Standing your friendly lord.*”

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

“—— What would he with us?——

“He writes us here——

“To *stand good lord*, and help him in distress.”

MALONE.

P. 390. n. 4.] The epithet *sherry* or *sherris*, when added to sack, merely denoted the particular part of Spain from whence it came. See Minshew’s Spanish Dict. 1617: “Xêres, or Xerès, oppidum Bœticæ, i. e. Andalusæ, prope Cadiz, unde nomen vini de Xeres. A. [*Anglice*] *Xeres sacke*.” Sherris-Sack was therefore what we now denominate Sherry. The sack to which this epithet was not annexed, came chiefly from Malaga. Cole, who in 1679 renders sack, *vinum Hispanicum*, renders *Sherry-Sack*, by *Vinum Eseritanum*; and Ainsworth by *Vinum Andalusianum*. See a former note, p. 626.

MALONE.

P. 392. n. 1.] In our poet’s *Venus and Adonis*, there is an allusion to the same custom:

“What wax so frozen but dissolves with *tempering*,

“And yields at last to every light impression?”

MALONE.

P. 399. n. 1. l. 12.] For *fire*, r. *five*.

P. 412.

P. 412. *A friend i' the court, &c.*] "A friend in court is worth a penny in purse," is one of Camden's proverbial sentences. See his *Remaines*, 4to. 1605. MALONE.

P. 415. n. 2.] In support of the interpretation of *forefall'd remission*, i. e. a remission obtain'd by a *previous* supplication, the following passage in *Cymbeline* may be urged :

" ————— May

" This night *forefall* him of the coming day !"

That *ragged* is rightly explained, has been already shewn. See p. 635. MALONE.

P. 422. l. ult. of text.] After *much*, add *sack*.

Ibidem. n. 7.] Add to my note.

Again, in *The Boke of Car-vyng*, bl. let. no date : " Serve after meat, peres, nuts, strawberies, hurtleberies, and hard cheefe; also blaūdrels or *pipins*, with *caraway* in *cēfects*."

MALONE.

P. 424. n. 4.] " It is merry in hall, when beards wag all," is one of Camden's Proverbial Sentences, See his *Remaines*, 4to. 1605. MALONE.

P. 427. n. 3.] Since this note was written, I have found that I suspected Pistol of inaccuracy without reason. He quotes the proverb as it was used by our old English writers, though the words are now differently arranged. So, in *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull*, by William Bulleyne, 1564, Signat. F 5 : " No winde but it doth turn some man to good."

MALONE.

P. 429. n. 9.] It appears from *Wits Miserie or the World's Madnesse*, &c. by Thomas Lodge, 4to. 1596, that this insult was sometimes given, at least in England, by putting the thumb in the mouth : " Behold, next I see Contempt marching forth, giving me the *fico* with his thombe in his mouth." Signat. D 4. MALONE.

P. 432. n. 7.] After Mr. Steevens's note.

The preceding expression seems to confirm Mr. Steevens's explanation. But whether the *otamies* of Surgeon's-Hall were known at this time, may perhaps be questioned. *Atomy* is perhaps here the motes or atoms in the sun-beams, as the poet himself calls them, speaking of queen Mab's chariot :

" Drawn with a team of little atomies—"

and " otamie of honour" may very easily be so understood.

WHALLEY.

The word *anatomy* is defined by Bullokar, who was a physician, " An incision or cutting. The art of knowing the situation,

situation, office, and nature of all the parts of man's body;" and no mention is made of the word being ever used in the modern sense affixed to *an anatomy*. See his *English Exposition*, 8vo. 1616. So also, in Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard English words*, 1604: "Anatomic" is only interpreted, "Cutting up of the body."

Shakspeare, however, himself furnishes us with a proof that the word in his time bore the sense which we now frequently affix to it, having employed it in *The Comedy of Errors* precisely with the signification in which the hostels here uses *atomy*:

"They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,

"A mere *anatomy*, a mountebank,—

"A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,

"*A living dead man*."

Again, in *K. John*:

"And rouse from sleep that fell *anatomy*." MALONE.

P. 430. — *whipping-cheer* —] So, in Thomas Newton's *Herbal to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587: "— in wedlocke all penfive, fullene and *lowring cheer* ought to be utterly excluded," &c. Again, in the ancient bl. let. ballad entitled, *O yes*, &c.

"And if he chance to scape the rope,

"He shall have *whipping-cheer*." STEEVENS.

P. 434. — *to stand stained with travel* —] So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*

"*Stain'd with the variation of each soil*,

"Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours."

MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 2.] The allusion, if any allusion there be, is to the description of the soul. So, in *Nosce Teipsum*, by Sir John Davies, 4to. 1599:

"Some say, she's all in all, and all in part."

Again, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596:

"And as his soul possesseth head and heart,

"She's all in all, and all in every part." MALONE.

P. 442. n. 6. l. 15.] For 1589, r. 1588.

P. 443. n. 2.] For *resemble*, r. *resembled*.

KING HENRY V.

P. 451. — *Ely*,] John Frodsham, consecrated 1388; died 1426. REED.

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T t

P. 456.

P. 456. *Send for him, good uncle.*] The person here addressed was not John Holland duke of Exeter, (as Mr. Steevens supposed) but Thomas Beaufort, Earl of Dorset, who was half-brother to King Henry IV. being one of the sons of John of Gaunt, by Catharine Swynford. Shakspeare is a little too early in giving him the title of *duke of Exeter*; for when Harfleur was taken, and he was appointed governor of the town, he was only earl of Dorset. He was not made duke of Exeter till the year after the battle of Agincourt, Nov. 14, 1416. John Holland duke of Exeter was executed at Plashy, in 1400. MALONE.

P. 459. n. 9.] Add at the beginning of my note—
So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

“Facing the garment of rebellion,

“With some *fine* colour.” MALONE.

P. 467. *The singing masons*—] Our author probably had here two images in his thoughts. The hum of a bee is obvious. I believe he was also thinking of a common practice among masons, who, like many other artificers, frequently sing while at work: a practice that could not have escaped his observation. MALONE.

P. 468. n. 7.] Our poet's 55th Sonnet furnishes a strong confirmation of my interpretation of this passage:

“Not marble, nor the gilded monuments

“Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme;

“But you shall shine more bright in these contents

“Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.

“When wasteful war shall statues overturn,

“And broils root out the work of masonry,

“Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire, shall burn

“The living record of your memory;” &c. MALONE.

P. 470. n. 3. l. 2.] Add, after *throne*—

So, in *K. Richard II.*

“Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

“Against thy *seat*.”

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

“The supreme *seat*, the throne majestic,—.”

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

“The rightful heir to *England's royal seat*.” MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 4. l. 13.] After *just*, add—

Hence refers to the *seat* or throne of England mentioned in the preceding line, on which Henry is now sitting.

MALONE.

P. 473.

P. 473. n. *.] Add, after the passage quoted from *K. John*—
Again, in a subsequent scene of the play before us :

“ Though *France himself*, and such another neighbour,
“ Stood in our way.” MALONE.

P. 477. l. penult. of text.] For *nant*, r. *tenant*.

P. 478. n. 9.] Add to my note—

Island [that is, *Iceland*] *cur* is again used as a term of contempt in *Epigrams served out in fifty two several dishes*, no date, but apparently written in the time of James the First :

“ He wears a gown lac’d round, laid down with furre,

“ Or, miser-like, a pouch, where never man

“ Could thrust his finger, but this *island curre*.”

See also *Britannia Triumphans*, a Masque, 1636 :

“ — she who hath been bred to stand

“ Near chair of queen, with *Island shock* in hand.”

MALONE.

P. 482. n. 4.] Add to my note—

Henry lord Scroop was the third husband of Joan Duchess of York, stepmother of Richard earl of Cambridge. MALONE.

P. 492. n. 1.] On this difficult passage I had once a conjecture, which, I know not how, escaped me when this note was printed. It was, that the word *table* is right, and that the corrupted word is *and*, which may have been misprinted for *in*; a mistake that has happened elsewhere in these plays: and thus the passage will run—“ and his nose was as sharp as a pen *in* a table of green fields.” A *pen* may have been used for a pinfold, and a table for a picture. See Vol. III. p. 358, n. 7.

The pointed stakes of which pinfolds are sometimes formed, were perhaps in the poet’s thoughts. MALONE.

P. 495. n. 1.] An anonymous writer supposes that by the words—*keep close*, Pistol means, *keep within doors*. That this was not the meaning, is proved decisively by the words of the quarto. MALONE.

P. 506. — *let the brow o’er-whelm it,*

As fearfully, as doth a galled rock

O’er-bang and jutty his confounded base,

Swill’d with the wild and wasteful ocean.] So, in

Daniel’s *Civil Warres*, 1595 :

“ A place there is, where proudly rais’d there stands

“ A huge aspiring rock, neighbouring the skies,

“ Whose furlly brow imperiously commands

“ The sea his bounds, that at his proud foot lies ;

T t 2

“ And

" And spurns the waves, that in rebellious bands

" Assault his empire, and against him rise." MALONE.

P. 507. n. 1.] See also *The Life of Jack Wilton*, by Thomas Nashe, 4to. 1594: "Memorandum, everie one of you after the perusal of this pamphlet is to provide him a *case* of poyards, that if you come in companie with any man which shall dispraise it,—you may straight give him the stockado." MALONE.

P. 513. n. 9.] I am now persuaded that I here too hastily, with the other modern editors, adopted an unnecessary emendation made by the editor of the second folio. The reader is therefore requested to restore the reading of the original copy—"Of deadly murder," &c. So, in *Macbeth*:

" With twenty mortal murders on their heads—."

MALONE.

P. 518. n. 1.] The reading of the folio is supported by a passage in *the Tempest*:

" ——— like winter's-drops

" From eaves of reeds."

Again, in *Love's Labours Lost*:

" When icicles hang by the wall," &c. MALONE.

P. 520. n. 9.] So, in *Henry VI.* P. III.

" For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say."

MALONE.

P. 521. l. 2.] For *at*, r. *there at*.

P. 522. n. 6.] Add to my second note—

The following, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has elsewhere observed, is one of the *Ordinances des Battailes*, 9 R. II.

" Item, que nul soit si hardi de toucher le corps de nostre Seigneur, ni le vessel en quel il est, sur peine d'estre trainez et pendu, et le teste avoir coupe." MS. Cotton, Nero, D. 6.

MALONE.

P. 525. n. 4.] After Dr. Johnson's note.—Pistol's character seems to have been formed on that of *Basilisco*, a cowardly braggart in *Solyman and Perseda*, which was performed before 1592. A *basilisk* is the name of a great gun.

MALONE.

P. 527. n. 8.] A passage in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. may serve to shew that there is no error here: Cade, after he is wounded, and just as he is dying, says—"Wither, garden, &c. because the unconquer'd soul of Cade is fled." MALONE.

Ibidem. Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep;] So, in *Measure for Measure*:

" The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept."

MALONE.

P. 532.

P. 532. n. 2.] See also Ware's *Antiquities and History of Ireland*, ch. ii. edit. 1705: "Of the other garments of the the Irish, namely of their little coats, and *strait* breeches, called *trouses*, I have little worth notice to deliver." MALONE.

P. 535. n. 9.] So also, in the old *King Henry V.*

"Why, take an Englishman out of his warm bed,

"And his stale drink, but one moneth,

"And, alas, what will become of him?" MALONE.

P. 536. — *stilly sounds*,] i. e. gently, lowly, So, in the Sacred Writings, "a *still* small voice." MALONE.

P. 537. n. 9.] A passage in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. in which the same false concord is found, may serve to support and justify the emendation here made:

"The red rose and the white are in his face,

"The fatal colours of our striving houses:

"The one his purple blood right well resembleth;

"The other his pale *cheeks*, methinks, *presenteth*."

Of the two last lines there is no trace in the old play on which the Third part of *K. Henry VI.* is founded. MALONE.

P. 555. *Salisbury* —] Thomas Montacute, earl of Salisbury. MALONE.

P. 560. n. 5.] That our author's word was *abundant* or *abunding*, not a *bounding*, may be proved by *King Richard III.* where we again meet with the same epithet applied to the same subject:

"To breathe the *abundant* valour of the heart."

— MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 6.] In the following passage the word *relapse* seems to signify nothing more than *lapse*: "Nothing so much do I retract as that wherein soever I have scandalized the meanest. Into some splenetic vaine of wantonness have I foolishly *relapsed*, to supply my private wants; of them no less do I desire to be absolved than the rest." *Christs Tears over Jerusalem*, by Thomas Nashe, 4to. 1594. MALONE.

P. 563. n. 1.] The words in the folio—*Qualitie calmie custure me*, appeared such nonsense, that some emendation was here a matter of necessity, and accordingly that made by the joint efforts of Dr. Warburton and Mr. Edwards, has been adopted in this and the late editions. But since this note was printed, I have found reason to believe that the old copy is very nearly right, and that a much slighter emendation than that which has been made, will suffice. In a book entitled *A Handfull of Pleasant Delites, containing sundrie*

new Sonets,—newly devised to the newest tunes, &c. by Clement Robinson and others, 16mo. 1584, is "A Sonet of a lover in the praise of his lady, to *Calen o custure me*, sung at every line's end:"

"When as I view your comely grace, *Calen*," &c.

Pistol, therefore, we see, is only repeating the burden of an old song, and the words should be undoubtedly printed—

Quality! *Calen o custure me*. Art thou a gentleman, &c.

He elsewhere has quoted the old ballad beginning, "Where is the life that late I led?" With what propriety the present words are introduced, it is not necessary to inquire. Pistol is not very scrupulous in his quotations.

It may also be observed, that *construe me* is not Shakspeare's phraseology, but *construe to me*. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "I will *construe to them* whence you come," &c. MALONE.

P. 564. n. 6.] After the passage quoted from *K. Richard II.* add—*See also Vol. II. p. 408, n. 2.*

P. 571. n. 9. l. 6.] For *soldiers*, r. *soldier*.

P. 573. —*Warwick*—] Richard Beauchamp earl of Warwick. He did not, however, obtain that title till 1417, two years after the era of this play. MALONE.

P. 580. n. 4.] Add to my note.—So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. iii. the nurse says to Juliet,

"—were I not thine only nurse,

"I'd say, thou had'st suck'd wisdom from *thy* teat."

i. e. the nurse's teat. MALONE.

P. 582. —*Davy Gam, esquire*:] This gentleman being sent by Henry before the battle, to reconnoitre the enemy, and to find out their strength, made this report: "May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." He saved the king's life in the field. Had our poet been apprized of this circumstance, this brave Welchman would probably have been more particularly noticed, and not have been merely registered in a muster-roll of names. MALONE.

V O L. VI.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

P. 19. n. 3.] The old copy has—*piel'd* priest. *Piel'd* and *piel'd* were only the old spelling of *peel'd*. So, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*, 4to. 1594:

"His

“ His leaves will wither, and his sap decay,

“ So must my soul, her bark being *pil'd* away.”

See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: “ *Pelare*. To *pill* or pluck, as they do the feathers of fowle; to *pull off* the *hair* or *skin*.” MALONE.

P. 20. n. 5.] Add to my note—

Perhaps, however, in the passage before us Gloster means, that he will toss the cardinal in a sheet, even while he was invested with the peculiar badge of his ecclesiastical dignity. —Coarse sheets were formerly termed *canvass* sheets. See p. 636. MALONE.

P. 23. n. 4.] Add to my note—

So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

“ — the usual time is nie,

“ When *wont* the dames of fate and destinie

“ In robes of chearfull colour to repair,” —. MALONE.

P. 29. n. 8. l. ult.] For *p.* 166, r. *p.* 120.

P. 30. n. 2.] The very words of the text are found in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589: “ In what price the noble poems of Homer were holden with Alexander the Great, insomuch as everie night they were layd under his pillow, and by day were carried in the *rich jewell cofer* of *Darius*, lately before vanquished by him in battaile.”

MALONE.

P. 41. n. 8.] We should undoubtedly read (as I suggested in this note)—and thy *fællion*. The old spelling of this word was *faccion*, and hence *fællion* easily crept into the text.

So, in Hall's *Chronicle*, EDWARD IV. fol. xxii. “ —whom we oughte to beleve to be sent from God, and of hym onely to bee provided a kyng, for to extinguishe both the *faccions* and *partes* [i. e. parties] of Kyng Henry the VI. and of Kyng Edward the fourth.” MALONE.

P. 45. n. 8. l. 12.] For *uncle*, r. *kinsman*; and for *probably about forty-six*, r. *perhaps about thirty*.

Since this note was written, I have more precisely ascertained the age of Edmond Mortimer earl of March, uncle to the Richard Plantagenet of this play. He was born in December 1392, and consequently was thirty two years old when he died. His ancestor, Lionel duke of Clarence, was married to the daughter of the earl of Ulster, not in 1360, as I have said, but about the year 1353. He probably did not take his title of *Clarence* from his great Irish possessions, (as I have suggested) but rather from his wife's mother, Elizabeth de Clare, third

daughter of Gilbert de Clare earl of Gloster, and sister to Gilbert de Clare, the last (of that name) earl of Gloster, who founded Clare Hall in Cambridge.

The error concerning Edmund Mortimer, brother-in-law to Richard earl of Cambridge, having been "*kept in captivity untill he died*," seems to have arisen from the legend of Richard Plantagenet, duke of Yorke, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1575, where the followig lines are found :

" His cursed son ensued his cruel path,
 " And kept my guiltless *cousin* strait in *durance*,
 " For whom my father hard entreated hath,
 " But, living hopeles of his life's assurance,
 " He thought it best by politick procurance
 " To slay the king, and so restore his friend ;
 " Which brought himself to an infamous end.
 " For when king Henry, of that name the fift,
 " Had tane my father in his conspiracie,
 " He, from Sir Edmund all the blame to shift,
 " Was faine to say, the French king Charles, his ally,
 " Had hired him this traiterous act to try ;
 " For which condemned shortly he was slain :
 " In helping right this was my father's gain." MALONE.

P. 50. n. *.] I was mistaken in saying that to *put up a bill* sometimes signified to bring in a bill into parliament. It meant only to prefer a petition to parliament; and in that sense is the phrase used in the passage quoted from Nashe's pamphlet. MALONE.

P. 96. n. 8.] In confirmation of the transposition here made, let it be remembered that two lines are in like manner misplaced in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I. fol. 1623 :

" Or like a star dis-orb'd; nay, if we talk of reason,
 " And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove."

Again, in *K. Richard III.* Act IV. sc. iv :

" That reins in galled eyes of weeping souls,
 " That excellent grand tyrant of the earth." MALONE.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

P. 118. — *and the county of Maine*—] So the Chronicles; yet when the Cardinal afterwards reads this article, he says,—
 " It is further agreed—that the *dutchies* of Anjoy and *Maine* shall be released and delivered *over*," &c. But the words
 in

in the instrument could not thus vary, whilst it was passing from the hands of the duke to those of the Cardinal. For this inaccuracy Shakspeare must answer, the author of the original play not having been guilty of it. This kind of inaccuracy is, I believe, peculiar to our poet; for I have never met with any thing similar in any other writer. He has again fallen into the same impropriety in *All's Well that Ends Well*. MALONE.

P. 126. — ill-nurtur'd *Eleanor* —] *Ill-nurtur'd* is *ill-educated*. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,

“ *Ill-nurtur'd*, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice.”

MALONE.

P. 139. — *that I had said and done!*] So the Apparition says in *Macbeth*,

“ Dismiss me.—Enough!”

The words “ That I had said and done!” are not in the old play. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 4.] After Mr. Steevens's note.

Ban-dog is surely a corruption of *band-dog*; or rather the first *d* is suppressed here, as in other compound words. Cole in his Dict. 1679, renders *ban-dog*, *canis catenatus*.

MALONE.

P. 143. *But what a point, my lord, your faulcon made,*

And what a pitch she flew above the rest.] The

variation between these lines and those in the original play on which this is founded, is worth notice:

“ Uncle Gloster, how high your hawk did soar,

“ *And on a sudden forc'd the partridge down.*” MALONE.

P. 145. — *crying, A Miracle.*] This scene is founded on a story which Sir Thomas More has related, and which he says was communicated to him by his father. The impostor's name is not mentioned, but he was detected by Humphry duke of Gloster, and in the manner here represented. See his Works, p. 134, edit. 1557. MALONE.

P. 156. n. 3.] Dr. Johnson's emendation undoubtedly should be received into the text. So, in *Coriolanus*.

“ —and you slander

“ *The helms of the state.*” MALONE.

P. 182. n. 9.] The same uncommon epithet is applied to the same subject by Marlowe in his *K. Edward II*.

“ With *aukward* winds, and with fore tempests driven,

“ To fall on shore—”. MALONE.

“ With

P. 183. l. 1.] For *cov'r'd*, r. *cov'r'd*.

Ibidem. n. 3.] Mr. Theobald's emendation is supported by a line in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. where the same verb is used—

“ To *witch* the world with noble horsemanship.”

MALONE.

P. 185. n. 7.] Our poet in *K. Richard III.* has a similar play of words, though the sentiment is reversed :

“ ——— even through the hollow eyes of death

“ I spy life peering.” MALONE.

P. 186. — of *ashy semblance*—] So Spenser, *Ruins of Rome*, 4to. 1591 :

“ Ye pallid spirits, and ye *ashy ghosts*,” —. MALONE.

P. 187. *His hands* abroad *display'd*,] i. e. the fingers being widely distended. So *adown*, for *down*; *awearry*, for *wearry*, &c. See Peacham's *Complete Gentleman*, 1627 : “ Herein was the Emperor Domitian so cunning, that let a boy at a good distance off hold up his hand and stretch his fingers *abroad*, he would shoot through the spaces, without touching the boy's hand or any finger.” MALONE.

P. 197. n. *.] Add at the end—MALONE.

In the text, *dele* the mark prefixed to line 10, “ Can I make,” &c.

P. 201. n. 1.] The emendation made in this passage, (which was written by Shakspeare, there being no trace of it in the old play,) is supported by another in *Coriolanus*, in which we have again the same expression, and nearly the same sentiments :

“ The man I speak of *cannot* in the world

“ *Be singly counterpois'd*.” MALONE.

P. 202. n. 7.] *Faded* groom, however, may mean a groom whom all men treat with contempt; as worthless as the most paltry kind of horse.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“ ——— If we live thus tamely,

“ To be thus *jaded* by a piece of scarlet,” —. MALONE.

P. 204. *And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death, &c.*] This enumeration of Suffolk's crimes seems to have been suggested by the *Mirroure of Magistrates*, 1575, *Legend of William de la Pole* :

“ And led me back again to Dover road,

“ Where unto me recounting all my faults,—

“ As murdering of duke Humphrey in his bed,

“ And how I had brought all the realm to nought,

“ Causing

“Causing the king unlawfully to wed,
“There was no grace but I must lose my head.”

MALONE.

P. 206. n. *. 1. 2.] For *given the*, r. *given to the*.

P. 209, n. 8.] After Dr. Johnson's note.—A cade is less than a barrel. The quantity it should contain is ascertained by the accounts of the Cellers of the Abbey of Berking. “Memorandum that a *barrel* of herryng shold contene a thousand herryngs, and a *cade* of herryng six hundreth, six score to the hundreth.” Mon. Ang. I. 83.

MALONE.

P. 210. n. 9.] Add to my note.—*Of* is used again in *Coriolanus*, in the sense which it bears in Cade's speech:—“We have been call'd so *of* many.” i. e. by many. MALONE.

P. 224. Yet *to recover them*, &c.] I suspect that here as in a passage in *K. Henry V.* (See Vol. V. p. 557, n. 5.) *Yet* was misprinted for *Yea*. MALONE.

P. 254. n. 5.] So, in the Proclamation for the apprehension of John Cade, Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 646, edit. 1605: “—the which John Cade also, after this, was sworne to the French *parts*, and dwelled with them,” &c.

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, *K. Henry VI.* fol. 101: “—in conclusion King Edward so corageously comforted his men, refreshing the weary, and helping the wounded, that the other *part* [i. e. the adverse army] was discomforted and overcome.” See also a preceding extract from the same *Chronicle* in p. 647.

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“——if I cannot persuade thee,
“Rather to shew a noble grace to both *parts*,
“Than seek the end of one,”—

In Plutarch the corresponding passage runs thus: “For if I cannot persuade thee rather to do good unto both *parties*,” &c. MALONE.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

P. 262. Rich. *Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.*] Here, as Mr. Elderton of Salisbury has observed to me, is a gross anachronism. At the time of the first battle of Saint Albans, at which Richard is represented in the last scene of the preceding play to have fought, he was, according to that

that gentleman's calculation, not one year old, having (as he conceives) been born at Fotheringay castle, October 21, 1454. At the time to which the third scene of the first act of this play is referred, he was, according to the same gentleman's computation, but six years old; and in the fifth act, in which Henry is represented as having been killed by him in the Tower, not more than sixteen and eight months.

For this anachronism the author or authors of the old plays on which our poet founded these two parts of King Henry the Sixth, are answerable. MALONE.

P. 280. n. 8.] After Mr. Steevens's note.

Shakspeare is here answerable for the introduction of the lizard's sting; but in a preceding passage, p. 192, the author of the old play has fallen into the same mistake. MALONE.

P. 283. *Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,*] In this line, of which there is no trace in the original play, Shakspeare had probably the sacred writings in his thoughts: "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood." GENESIS, iv. 11. MALONE.

P. 311. n. 8.] In *K. Edward II.* Marlowe, who was probably the author of *The True Tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke*, in like manner introduces Catiline:

"Spencer, the father of that wanton Spencer,

"That like the lawless *Catiline* of Rome,

"Revell'd in England's wealth and treasury." MALONE.

P. 318. — *Did I forget, that by the house of York*

My father came untimely to his death?] Warwick's father came untimely to his death, being taken at the battle of Wakefield, and beheaded at Pomfret. But the author of the old play imagined he fell at the action at Ferry-bridge, and has in a former scene, to which this line refers, described his death as happening at that place. See p. 283, n. 8. Shakspeare very properly rejected that description of the death of the earl of Salisbury, of whose death no mention is made in his play, as it now stands; yet he has inadvertently retained this line which alludes to a preceding description that he had struck out; and this is another proof of his falling into inconsistencies, by sometimes following, and sometimes deserting, his original. MALONE.

P. 359. n. 5.] Add to my note—

Henry the Seventh, to shew his gratitude to Henry the Sixth for this early preface in his favour, solicited Pope Julius

Julius to canonize him as a saint; but either Henry would not pay the money demanded, or as Bacon supposes, the Pope refused, lest "as Henry was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, the estimation of that kind of honour might be diminished, if there were not a distance kept between *innocents* and saints." MALONE.

P. 376. n. 3.] It is observable that the expression which Shakspeare had substituted for "*temples engirt with triumphant joys*," occurs again in *K. Richard III.*:

"Now are our brows bound with *victorious wreaths*,—"
Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
"With bruised arms, and *wreaths of victory*."

MALONE.

P. 388. n. 3.] Add to my note.—The ordinary signification of *peevish* in our poet's time was *foolish*. See Minshew's Dict. 1617. in v. MALONE.

P. 395. l. 3. *Killed, 10,300.*] In a letter which was written at London four days after the battle of Barnet, the total number killed on both sides is said to have been "more than a thousand." *Passon Letters*, Vol. II. p. 65. Fabian, the nearest contemporary historian, says 1500.

The custom among our old writers of using Arabick numerals, has been the cause of innumerable errors, the carelessness of a transcriber or printer by the addition of a cipher converting hundreds into thousands. From the inaccuracy in the present instance we have ground to suspect that the numbers said to have fallen in the other battles between the houses of York and Lancaster, have been exaggerated. Sir John Paston, who was himself at the battle of Barnet, was probably correct. MALONE.

Ibidem. l. 15.] For 1486, r. 1485.

P. 404, n. 7. l. *penult.*] For *undoubted*, r. *undated*.

P. 421. l. 21.] For *p.* 40, r. *p.* 459.

KING RICHARD III.

P. 453. n. 1.] According to the received account, Henry the Sixth was murdered in the Tower by Richard duke of Gloster, May 21, 1471; as I have said at the end of this note. It has been since observed to me by Mr. Elderton, (who is of opinion that Richard was charged with this murder by the Lancastrian

Lancastrian historians without any foundation,) that “it appears on the face of the publick accounts allowed in the exchequer for the maintenance of King Henry and his numerous attendants in the Tower, that he lived to the 12th of June, which was twenty two days after the time assigned for his pretended assassination; was exposed to the publick view in St. Paul’s for some days, and interred at Chertsey with much solemnity, and at no inconsiderable expence.” MALONE.

P. 454. *Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;*
Our bruised arms, &c.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“Made glorious by his manly chivalry,

“*With bruised arms and wreaths of victory.*” MALONE.

P. 455. — *since I cannot prove a lover,*

To entertain these fair well spoken days,] I am strongly inclined to think that the poet wrote—these fair well-spoken *dames*, and that the word *days* was caught by the compositor’s eye glancing on a subsequent line. So, in the quarto copy of this play, printed in 1612, Signat. I:

I, my lord, but I had rather kill two *deep* enemies.

King. Why, there thou hast it; two *deep* enemies.

In the original copy, printed in 1597, the first line is right: “—*kill two enemies.*” MALONE.

P. 457. *That tempts him to this barsh extremity.*] Since this play was printed off, I have been favoured by Penn Ashton Curzon, Esq. with the use of the original quarto, published in 1597, which I have collated *verbatim* with that of 1598. In the first copy this line stands thus:

That tempers him to this extremity.

and so undoubtedly we should read. *To temper* is to mould, to fashion. So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

“Now will I to that old Andronicus;

“And *temper* him, with all the art I have,

“To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.”

In the quarto, 1598, *tempts* was corruptly printed instead of *tempers*. The metre being then defective, the editor of the folio supplied the defect by reading—

That tempts him to this barsh extremity. MALONE.

P. 463. n. 8.] After Dr. Johnson’s note.

So, in *The Legend of Lord Hastings, Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1587:

“By this my *pattern*, all ye peers, beware.” MALONE.

P. 468. n. 9.] The doubt which I suggested concerning the propriety of the change here made by Mr. Pope, and

adopted by all the subsequent editors, derives strength from a subsequent passage :

Dutch. I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

2. Eliz. But I hear, *no.*" MALONE.

P. 473. n. *. l. 4.] For *Humphrey duke of Buckingham*, r. *Sir Henry Stafford, uncle to Humphrey duke of Buckingham.*

P. 477. n. 1. l. 2.] For *folios*, r. *folio.*

P. 479. n. 7.] I have found since this note was written, that this line stands in the first quarto as it is exhibited in the text. MALONE.

P. 495. n. 6.] The original copy in 1597, I find, reads—*for meed.* MALONE.

P. 497. n. 8. l. 14.] For *then*, r. *thou.*

P. 504. n. 5. l. 2.] For p. 122, r. *Vol. VII. p. 122.*

P. 507. n. 3.] In this note, and throughout this play, where I have spoken of *the quarto*, without any specification of the year when printed, I meant the quarto 1598, the earliest which I had then seen. The quarto of 1597, I find, corresponds with the text. MALONE.

P. 513. n. 8.] The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

P. 515. *Pitchers have ears.*] Shakspeare has not quoted this proverbial saying correctly. It appears from *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull*, by William Bulleyn, 1564, that the old proverb is this : "*Small pitchers have great ears.*"

MALONE.

P. 520. l. 21.] Read—"Even to the general *all*-ending day," for so reads the original copy of 1597. MALONE.

P. 522. n. 8.] The original copy reads, as I suspected,—*this conqueror.* There is also found the word *needs*, which I supposed to have been introduced in the next page by Mr. Theobald. See p. 522, n. *. MALONE.

P. 540. l. ult.] For *innocency*, r. *innocence*, for so reads the quarto 1597. MALONE.

P. 544. n. 3.] Add to my note.—The immediate cause of his being put to death was, that Ferdinand king of Spain was unwilling to consent to the marriage of his daughter Catharine to Arthur prince of Wales, while the earl of Warwick lived, there being during his life-time (as Ferdinand conceived) no assurance of the prince's succession to the crown.

The murder of the earl of Warwick (for it deserves no other name) made such an impression on Catharine, that when she was first informed of Henry the Eighth's intention

to repudiate her, she exclaimed, "I have not offended, but it is a just judgement of GOD, for my former marriage was made in blood." MALONE.

P. 551. n. 7.] The first quarto, I find, reads :

"As my ripe renew, and due by birth." MALONE.

P. 557. *O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to fear me to the brain!*

Anointed let me be with deadly venom, &c.] So, Marlowe, in his *K. Edward II.*

"—if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,

"Heaven turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire;

"Or, like the snaky wreath of Tefiphon,

"Engirt the temples of his hateful head!" MALONE.

P. 559. n. 4.] Add to my note—

"Short pleasure, long lament," is one of Ray's proverbial sentences. MALONE.

P. 560. n. 1.] *Unrespective* is, devoid of cautious and prudential consideration. See Vol. X. p. 102, n. 3.

MALONE.

P. 565. *Well, let it strike.]* This seems to have been a proverbial sentence. So, in *Pierce's Supererogation*, &c. by Gabriel Harvey, 4to. 1593: "*Let the clock strike: I have lost more howers, and lose nothing if I find equity.*"

MALONE.

P. 583. n. 9.] In the quarto, 1597, this passage appears as it is given in the text. MALONE.

P. 594. *That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood, &c.]* This sudden change from the past time to the present, and *vice versa*, is common in Shakspeare. So, in the argument prefixed to his *Rape of Lucrece*: "The same night he treacherously *stealeth* into her chamber, violently *ravished* her," &c. MALONE.

P. 599. n. 1.] That *cockshut time* meant *twilight*, is ascertained by Minshew's Dictionary, 1617. See the latter word.

MALONE.

P. 605. *Is it not dead midnight!] Read, It is now dead midnight,* for so reads the quarto, 1597. The next quarto corruptly reads—"It is not dead midnight;" for which the editor of the folio, to obtain some sense, substituted, "*Is it not dead midnight?*" MALONE.

P. 606. — *that is, I am I.]* Thus the quarto, 1598, and the folio. The quarto, 1597, reads—*I and I.* I am not sure that it is not right. MALONE.

P. 610.

P. 610. n. 4.] The words *out all* are, I find, in the original copy of 1597. MALONE.

Ibidem, n. 5.] Mr. Hawkins is certainly right. So, in *K. Richard II.*

“ Mine innocence, and Saint George *to thrive*.”

The old English phrase was, *Saint George to borrow*. So, in *A Dialogue*, &c. by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564: “ Maister and maistres, come into this vallie,—untill this storme be past: *Saincte George to borowe*, mercifull God, who did ever see the like?” Signat. K 7. b. MALONE.

P. 612. n. 1. l. 2.] For *eruditions*, r. *conditions*.

P. 614. n. *.] *Bold* is, I find, the reading of the original quarto of 1597. MALONE.

P. 615. n. 5.] Add, after the instance quoted from Middleton’s comedy,—

Again, more appositely, in Marston’s *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

“ Myself, myself, will *dare* all *opposites*.” MALONE.

P. 116. l. 16.] For *these long-usurped royalties*, r. *this long-usurped royalty*, for such is the reading of the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

V O L. VII.

KING HENRY VIII.

P. 17. — *thus the cardinal*

Does buy and sell his honour, as he pleases,] This was a proverbial expression. See Vol. VI. p. 611, n. 7.

MALONE.

P. 27. n. 5. l. 3.] For *probably*, r. *perhaps*.

P. 33. n. 2.] Spenser had before Shakspere employed this word in the same manner:

“ And whither runs this *bevy* of ladies bright?”

Shepherd’s Calender. April.

Again, in his *Faery Queene*:

“ And in the midst thereof, upon the flowre,

“ A lovely *bevy* of faire ladies fate.”

The word *bevy* was originally applied to larks. See the Glossary to the *Shepherd’s Calender*. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 4.] It should seem from the following lines in the prologue to a comedy called *The Walks of Illington*, 1657, that some double meaning was couched under the phrase, *a running banquet*:

Vol. X.

U u

“ The

- " The gate unto his walks, through which you may
 " Behold a pretty prospect of the play ;
 " A play of walks, or you may please to rank it
 " *With that which ladies love, a running banquet.*"

MALONE.

P. 36. n. 8. l. 3.] For *masque*, r. *masquerade*.P. 42. *And lift my soul to heaven.*] So, Milton, *Par. Lost*, B. IV.

" ————— their songs

" Divide the night, and *lift our thoughts to heaven.*"

MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 2.] Add to my note.—Dr. Warburton's emendation derives some support from the following passage in *The Comedy of Errors* :

- " A vulgar comment will be made of it ;
 " And that supposed by the common rout
 " Against your yet ungalled estimation,
 " That may with foul intrusion enter in,
 " And *dwell upon your grave*, when you are dead."

MALONE.

P. 46. n. 6.] For *lifts*, r. *lift*, and *dele* the note. See note on Vol. III. p. 234, in a preceding page of this Appendix.

P. 52. — *'tis a sufferance, panging*

As soul and body's severing.] So, in Antony and Cleopatra :

- " The soul and body rive not more in parting,
 " Than greatness going off." MALONE.

P. 58. n. 3.] In Marlowe's *King Edward II.* we find " Cornets sound a *signate*."

Senet or *signate* was undoubtedly nothing more than a flourish or sounding. The Italian *Sonata* formerly signified nothing more. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1611. in v.

That *Senet* was merely the corrupt pronunciation of *signate*, is ascertained by the following entry in the folio Ms. of Mr. Henslowe, who appears to have spelt entirely by the ear :

" Laid out at sundry times, of my own ready money, about the gainynge of ower comysion, as followeth. 1597.

" Laid out for goinge to the corte to the Master of the Requiests, xiiid.

" *Item*, Paid unto the clerk of the *Senette*, 40s." MALONE.

P. 59. n. 4.] One of Wolsey's crosses certainly denoted his being Legate, as the other was borne before him either as cardinal or archbishop. " On the ——— day of the same moneth (says Hall) the cardinall removed out of his house called

called Yorke Place, with one crosse, saying, that he would he had never borne more, meaning that by hys crosse which he bore as *legate*, which degree-taking was his confusion."

Chron. Henry VIII. 104. b. MALONE.

P. 74. n. 6.] See also Nashe's *Anatomie of Absurditie*, 1589: "For my part I meane to suspend my sentence, and to let an author of late memorie be my speaker; who affirmeth that they carry *angels in their faces*, and *devils in their dewices*." MALONE.

P. 75. *The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,*

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.] It was one of the charges brought against Lord Essex in the year before this play was probably written, by his ungrateful kinsman, Sir Francis Bacon, when that nobleman to the disgrace of humanity was obliged by a junto of his enemies to kneel at the end of the council-table for *several hours*, that in a letter written during his retirement in 1598 to the Lord Keeper, he had said, "*There is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince.*" MALONE.

P. 85. *I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;]* So, in Marlowe's *K. Edward II.*

"Base fortune, now I see that in thy wheel

"There is a point, to which when men aspire,

"They tumble headlong down. *That point I touch'd;*

"And seeing there was no place to mount up higher,

"Why should I grieve at my declining fall?" MALONE.

P. 86. *Within these forty hours—]* Why *forty* hours? But a few minutes have passed since Wolsey's disgrace.—I suspect that Shakspeare wrote—"within these *four* hours," and that the person who revised and tampered with this play, not knowing that hours was used by our poet as a dissyllable, made this injudicious alteration. MALONE.

P. 87. *That in the way, &c.]* Mr. Theobald reads—That *I* in the way, &c. and this unnecessary emendation has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

P. 92. — *I am able now, methinks,*

(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)

To endure more miseries and greater far

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.] So, in

K. Henry VI. P. II.

"More can I bear, than you dare execute."

Again, in *Othello*:

"Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,

"As I have to be hurt." MALONE.

P. 93. n. 8.] In another Manuscript copy of Cavendish's life of Wolsey, in the Publick Library at Cambridge, the number of the Cardinal's household by the addition of a cypher is made 1800. MALONE.

P. 109. n. 3. l. 10.] After *approaching*, put a comma.

P. 118. n. 1.] After Dr. Johnson's note.—The old copy is certainly right. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"Your *franchises*, *whereon* you stand, confin'd

"Into an augre's bore." MALONE.

P. 121. — *draw the curtain close*;] i. e. the curtain of the balcony or upper-stage, where the king now is. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*, Vol. 1. Part II. p. 65. MALONE.

P. 128. n. 8.] Add to my note.—Again, in *Julius Caesar*:

"Thy honourable metal may be wrought

"From what it is dispos'd [*to*]."

See also Vol. VIII. p. 472, n. 3. MALONE.

C O R I O L A N U S.

P. 151. — *through the cranks*—] i. e. the windings. See Vol. X. p. 45, n. *. MALONE.

P. 152. l. 15.] After *vantage*, put a full point.

P. 179. n. 3.] Shakspeare has introduced a similar image in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,

"And in my temper *soften'd* valour's steel."

Overture, I have observed since this note was written, was used by the writers of Shakspeare's time in the sense of *prelude* or *preparation*. It is so used by Sir John Davies and Philemon Holland. MALONE..

P. 184. n. 8.] Mr. Tyrwhitt's question, "where could Shakspeare have heard of these mills 'at Antium?'" may be answered by another question: Where could Lydgate hear of the mills near Troy?

"And as I ride upon this flode,

"On eche syde many a mylle flode,

"When nede was their graine and corne to grinde," &c.

Auncyent Historie, &c. 1555. MALONE.

P. 189. n. 4. l. 1.] For *bring*, r. *brings*.—After line 5, add—

In *Julius Caesar* we find a dialogue exactly similar:

"*Cas*. No, it is *Casca*; one incorporate

"To

" To our attempts.—Am I not staid for, Cinna?

" *Cin.* I am glad on't.

i. e. I am glad that Casca is incorporate, &c. MALONE.

P. 192. n. 3.] In *Troilus and Cressida*, *raptures* signifies *ravings*:

" ————— her brainfick *raptures*

" Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel." MALONE.

P. 195. n. 9.] The reading of the old copy is supported by a passage in *Cymbeline*, where we find exactly the same phraseology:

" ————— the gap

" That we shall make in time, *from our hence going*

" *AND our return*, to excuse."

where the modern editors read—*Till our return.* MALONE.

P. 202. *When he might act the woman in the scene,*] Here is a great anachronism. There were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays for above two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 9.] I suspect I have not rightly traced the origin of this phrase. To *lurch* in Shakspeare's time signified to win a maiden set at cards, &c. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Gioco marzo.* A maiden set, or *lurch*, at any game." See also Cole's Latin Dict. 1679: "A *lurch*, *Duplex palma, facilis victoria.*"

" To lurch all swords of the garland," therefore, was, to gain from all other warriors the wreath of victory, with ease, and incontestable superiority. MALONE.

P. 203. n. 1.] Add to my note.—A kindred image is found in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" ————— there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,

" Fall down before him, like the mower's swath."

MALONE.

P. 210. n. 2. l. 4.] For *as*, r. *is*.

P. 226. n. 7.] Add to my note.—So, in *Macbeth*:

" We'd *jump* the life to come."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. viii.

" ————— our fortune lies

" Upon this *jump*." MALONE.

P. 235. n. 8.] When I wrote this note, the punishment which Tullus Hostilius inflicted on Mettius Suffetius for deserting the Roman standard, had escaped my memory:

" *Haud procul inde citæ Mettium in diversa quadrigæ*

" *Distulerant*, (at tu distis, Albane, maneres,)"

U u 3

Rap-

“ Raptabatque viri mendacis viscera Tullus

“ Per sylvam ; et sparsi rorabant sanguine vepres.”

Æn. VIII. 642.

However, as Shakspeare has coupled this species of punishment with another that certainly was unknown to ancient Rome, it is highly probable that he was not apprized of the story of Mettius Suffetius, and that in this, as in various other instances, the practice of his own time was in his thoughts : (for in 1594 John Chastel had been thus executed in France for attempting to assassinate Henry the Fourth :) more especially as we know from the testimony of Livy that this cruel capital punishment was never inflicted from the beginning to the end of the Republick, except in this single instance.

“ Exinde, duabus admotis quadrigis, in currus earum distentum illigat Mettium. Deinde in diversum iter equi concitati, lacerum in utroque curru corpus quâ inhæserant vinculis membra, portantes. Avertère omnes a tantâ scæditatè spectaculi oculos. *Primum ultimumque* illud supplicium apud Romanos exempli parum memoris legum humanarum fuit : in aliis, gloriari licet nulli gentium mitiores placuisse pœnas.” Liv. lib. I. xxviii. MALONE.

P. 239. n. 5.] In support of the reading of the old copy, after the passage quoted from *The Lives of the Emperors*, add—

Again, in *The Continuation of Hardyng's Chronicle*, 1543, Signat. M m. ij. “ And now was the kyng within twoo daies journey of Salisbury, when the duke attempted to mete him, *whiche* duke *beyng* accompanied with great strength of Welshemen, whom he had enforced thereunto, and cohered more by lordly commaundment than by liberal wages and hire : *whiche* thyng was in deede the cause that thei fell from hym and forsoke him. Wherefore he,” &c. See also a preceding note in this Appendix, p. 607. (*The Winter's Tale*, p. 257, n. 1.) MALONE.

P. 242. n. *.] Add to my note, in support of the reading of the old copy.

Again, in Act V. sc. iv.

“ ——— the benefit

“ Which thou shalt thereby reap, is *such* a name,

“ *Whose* repetition will be dogg'd with curses.”

i. e. the repetition of which—.

Again, in Act V. sc. iii.

“ — no, not with *such* friends,

“ *That* thought them sure of you.” MALONE.

P. 249.

P. 249. n. 3.] Our poet has again the same thought in *K. Richard II.*

“ Think not, the king did banish thee,

“ But thou the king.” MALONE.

P. 250. n. 4. l. ult.] For *sea*, r. *see*.

P. 256. n. 6.] In support of the old copy it may be observed, that *becomed* was formerly used as a participle. So, in North’s translation of Plutarch, *Life of Sylla*, p. 622. edit. 1575: “ — which perhaps would not have *becomed* Pericles or Aristides.” We have, I think, the same participle in *Timon of Athens*.

So Chaucer uses *dispaired*:

“ Alas, quod Pandarus, what may this be

“ That thou *dispaired* art,” &c. MALONE.

P. 267. n. 5. l. 5.] After *allusion*, a comma.

Ibidem. n. 6. l. penult.] For *dragg*, r. *dragging*.

P. 268. n. 3.] For *war’s*, r. *wars*, and for *wers*, r. *wars*.

P. 277. *As he hath spices of them all, not all,*] i. e. not all complete, not all in their full extent. MALONE.

P. 278. n. 2.] Add to my note—

A passage in *Troilus and Cressida* may be urged in support of Dr. Warburton’s interpretation:

“ The worthiness of praise distains his worth,

“ If that the prais’d himself bring the praise forth.”

I still, however, think that our poet did not mean to represent Coriolanus as his own eulogist. MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 3.] Instead of—to what follows, rather than to what went before, r. to the rivalry subsisting between Aufidius and Coriolanus, not to the preceding observation concerning the ill effect of extravagant eulogiums.

I suspect that the words, “ Come let’s away,” originally completed the preceding hemistich, “ To extol what it hath done;” and that Shakspeare in the course of composition, regardless of his original train of thought, afterwards moved the words—*Come let’s away*, to their present situation, to complete the rhyming couplet with which the scene concludes. Were these words replaced in what perhaps was their original situation, the passage would at once exhibit the meaning already given. MALONE.

P. 290. n. 5.] Add to my note—

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ That drug-damn’d Italy hath out-craftied him.”

MALONE.

P. 300. At the end of note 3, add STEEVENS.

U u 4

JULIUS

J U L I U S C Æ S A R.

P. 308. — *a mender of bad soals.*] Fletcher has the same quibble in his *Woman Pleas'd*:

“ — mark me, thou serious sower,

“ If thou dost this, there shall be no more shoe-mending;

“ Every man shall have a special care of his own *soul*,

“ And carry in his pocket his two confessors.”

MALONE.

P. 314. n. 4. l. 10.] For *David's*, r. *Davies's*.

P. 325. n. 4. l. 2.] For 9, r. 5.

P. 328. l. *penult.* of text] *Delete* the comma.

P. 333. n. 5.] The reading of the only authentick copy, to which I have adhered, is supported by a passage in *Hamlet*: “ — What a piece of work is *a man*.”

As *council* is here used as a monosyllable, so is *noble* in *Titus Andronicus*:

“ Lose not so *noble* a friend on vain suppose.” MALONE.

P. 336. n. 9] I have said that *faiths*, not *faith*, was probably Shakspeare's word, and that such was the phraseology of his time. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — the manner of their *deaths*?

“ I do not see them bleed.”

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

“ And with their *helps* only defend ourselves.”

Again, more appositely, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ — You, fair lords, quoth she, —

“ Shall plight your honourable *faiths* to me.”

MALONE.

P. 340. n. 2.] Since this note was written, I have observed that the words *main opinion* occur again in *Troilus and Cressida*, where (as here) they signify *general estimation*:

“ Why then we should our *main opinion* crush

“ In taint of our best man.”

There is no ground therefore for suspecting any corruption in the text. MALONE.

P. 352. *When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*] So, in Lord Sterline's *Julius Cæsar*, 1607:

“ How can we satisfy the world's conceit,

“ Whose tongues still in all ears your praise proclaims?

“ Or shall we bid them leave to deal in state,

“ Till that Calphurnia first have better dreams?”

MALONE.

P. 354.

P. 354. *Enter Soothsayer.*] The introduction of the Soothsayer here is unnecessary, and, I think, improper. All that he is made to say, should be given to Artemidorus; who is seen and accosted by Portia in his passage from his first stand, p. 353, to one more convenient, p. 355. TYRWHITT.

P. 356. n. *. l. 8.] Add to my note, after the word *effect*.

Cassius had originally come with a design to assassinate Cæsar, *or* die in the attempt, and therefore there could be no question *now* concerning *one or the other* of them falling. The question now stated is, if the plot was discovered, and their scheme could not be effected, how each conspirator should act; and Cassius declares, that, if this should prove the case, he will not endeavour to save himself by flight from the Dictator and his partizans, but instantly put an end to his own life. MALONE.

P. 357. n. 7.] After Mr. Tyrwhitt's note.—According to the rules of grammar Shakspeare certainly should have written *his* hand; but he is often thus inaccurate. So, in the last act of this play, Cassius says of himself,

“ — Cassius is aweary of the world;—

“ ————— all his faults observ'd,

“ Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,

“ To cast into *my* teeth.”

There in strict propriety our poet certainly should have written “ — into *his* teeth.” MALONE.

P. 365. n. 2.] Add to my note—

The counterpart of the other phrase is found in the same play:

“ I'll wrestle with you in my *strength of love*.”

MALONE.

P. 369. n. 9. l. 6.] For 382, r. 232.

Ibidem. l. 13.] For *part*, r. *port*, and l. ult. *dele* the comma after *observation*.

P. 383. n. 5.] *Objects* means, in Shakspeare's language, whatever is presented to the eye. So, in *Timon of Athens*, “ Swear against *objects*,” which Mr. Steevens has well illustrated by a line in our poet's 152d Sonnet:

“ And made them swear against *the thing* they see.”

MALONE.

P. 387. n. 2.] The reading of the old copy, which I have restored, is likewise supported by a passage in *King Richard III.*

“ To be so *baited*, scorn'd, and storm'd at.” MALONE.

P. 392. n. 2. l. 3.] For *Love's Pilgrimage*, r. *Fair Maid of the Inn*.

P. 407.] At the end of n. 3, add STEEVENS.

P. 410. n. 8.] See also the letter of Posthumus to Imogen, in *Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. ii. "—as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with thine eyes."

Again, in *K. Lear*:

"The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes

"Cordelia leaves you."

not, *ye* jewels,—as we should now write. MALONE.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

P. 424. n. 6.] Again, in *Much ado about nothing*:

"I were but little happy, If I could say how much."

MALONE.

P. 425. n. 3. l. *penult.*] For *vaulty-built*, r. *vault y-built*.

P. 428. n. 5.] Since this note was written, I have met with an example of the phrase—to *change with*, in Lily's *Maydes Metamorphosis*, 1600:

"The sweetness of that banquet must forego,

"Whose pleasant taste is *chang'd with* bitter woe."

I am still, however, of opinion that *charge*, and not *change*, is the true reading, for the reasons assigned in my original note. MALONE.

437. n. 2.] Add to my note—

The passage, however, may be understood without any inversion. "We cannot call the clamorous heavings of her breast, and the copious streams which flow from her eyes, by the ordinary name of sighs and tears; they are greater storms," &c. MALONE.

P. 439. n. 6.] The same error has happened in *Titus Andronicus*, and therefore I have no doubt that *leave* was Shakspeare's word. In that play we find—

"He *loves* his pledges dearer than his life,"

instead of—He *leaves*, &c. MALONE.

P. 443. n. 1.] Add to my note—

So, in a subsequent scene:

"——— I would, thou didst;

"So half my Egypt were submerg'd." MALONE.

P. 451. n. 8.] Since this note was written, I have observed the same phraseology used by our poet in grave dialogue. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act III. sc. iii.

"—A strange fellow here

"Writes me, that man, however dearly parted," &c.

MALONE.

P. 456.

P. 456. l. ult. of text.] For *wan*, r. *wan'd*; and so in the note.

P. 462. n. 6.] Insert, before the passage quoted from *Hamlet*—

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ She is a *theme* of honour and renown,

“ A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds.”

MALONE.

P. 479. n. 4.] Add to my note, in support of the reading of the old copy—

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ ——— say, and speak thick,

“ (Love’s counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,

“ To the smothering of the sense,) how far,” &c.

Again, in *The Tempest*:

“ You cram these words into my ears, against

“ The stomach of my sense.” MALONE.

P. 491. n. 4.] Shakspeare seems rather to have derived his knowledge of this fact from Leo’s *History of Africa*, translated by John Pory, folio, 1600: “ Upon another side of the island standeth an house alone by itselfe, in the midst whereof there is a foure-square cesterne or channel of eighteen cubits deep, whereinto the water of Nilus is conveyed by a certaine sluice under ground. And in the midst of the cesterne there is erected a certaine *pillar*, which is marked and divided into so many cubits as the cisterne containeth in depth. And upon the seventeenth of June, when Nilus beginning to overflow, the water thereof conveyed by the said sluice into the channel, increaseth daily. If the water reacheth only to the fifteenth cubit of the said *pillar*, they hope for a fruitful yeere following; but if stayeth between the twelfth cubit and the fifteenth, then the increase of the yeere will prove but mean; if it resteth between the tenth and twelfth cubits, then it is a sign that corne will be solde ten ducates the bushel.” MALONE.

P. 495. n. 5.] The meaning of *the holding* is ascertained by a passage in an old pamphlet called *The Serving-man’s Comfort*, 4to. 1598: “ —where a song is to be sung the *under-song* or *holding* whereof is, It is merrie in haul where beards wag all.” MALONE.

P. 500. n. 4.] Again, in Daniel’s 11th Sonnet, 1594:

“ Yet I will weep, vow, pray to cruell thee;

“ Flint, frost, disdain, weares, melts, and yields, we see.”

MALONE.

P. 504.

P. 504. n. 5.] Add to my note.—It has been justly observed that the poet had probably Queen Elizabeth here in his thoughts. The description given of her by a contemporary about twelve years after her death, strongly confirms this supposition. “She was (says the Continuator of Stowe’s *Chronicle*,) *tall of stature*, strong in every limb and joynt, *her fingers small and long*, *her voyce loud and shrill*.” MALONE.

P. 505. n. 8.] See also Florio’s Italian Dictionary, 1598: “*Tartassare*. To rib-baste, to bang, to tugge, to hale, to harrie.” MALONE.

P. 508. n. 7. l. 3.] Dele the comma after *badst*.—Add after the passage quoted from *Troilus and Cressida*—

In the first folio edition of *Hamlet*, Act II. is the following passage: “*I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter*.” But in the original quarto copy the words in the Italick character are omitted. The printer’s eye, after the words *I will leave him* were composed, glanced on the second *him*, and thus all the intervening words were lost. MALONE.

Ibidem. l. 4. from bottom.] For *former*, r. *subsequent*, and in the next line for *called*, r. *calls*, and for *three-corner’d*, r. *three-nook’d*.

P. 519. n. 5.] After the words *before us*, (l. *antepenult.*) add—

In our author’s own edition of his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594, I have lately observed the same errour:

“Afflict him in his bed with bed-red groans.”

Again, in *Hamlet*, 1604, Signat. B. 3. [Act I. sc. ii.]

“Who impotent, and bed-red, scarcely hears

“Of this his nephew’s purpose.” MALONE.

P. 522. — *I have lost command,*

Therefore I pray you.] Mr. Steevens is certainly right. So, in *K. Richard III.*

“Tell her, the king, that may *command, entreats*.”

MALONE.

P. 524. n. 7. l. 3.] Dele *also*.

P. 533. n. 6.] After the passage quoted from *K. Henry IV.* P. I. add—

Again: Bacon in his *History of Henry VII.* says, “—if he relied upon that title, he could be but a king *at courtesie*.” —We should now say, “*by courtesie*.”—So, “in any hand,” was the phrase of Shakspeare’s time, for which, “*at any hand*,” was afterwards used. MALONE.

P. 536. n. 1. l. 4.] For *seal*, r. *feel*.

P. 547.

P. 547. n. 6. l. 6.] After *speeches*, add—*addressed to Antony*.

P. 555. n. 9.] In *Hamlet* there is an omission similar to that which has here been supplied :

“ And let them know both what we mean to do,
“ And what’s untimely done. [So viperous slander]
“ Whose whisper o’er the world’s diameter,
“ As level as the cannon to his blank,” &c.

The words—“ *So viperous slander*,” which are necessary both to the sense and metre, are not in the old copies.

MALONE.

P. 559. n. 1. l. *penult.*] The following passage in *Troilus and Cressida* adds some support to my conjecture: “ How this poor world is pester’d with such water-flies; *diminutives* of nature!” MALONE.

P. 567. n. 4.] The same mistake occurs twice in the original copy of *Hamlet*, 1604:

“ *Queen*. Help, *how*!
“ *Pol.* What *how*, help.”

Again, in the last act:

“ O villainy! *how*, let the door be lock’d.”

The emendation which I have proposed, ought therefore certainly to be admitted into the text. MALONE.

P. 575. n. 8.] After the passage quoted from *The Tempest*, add—

Again, in Holland’s Translation of *Suetonius*, 1606:
“ But the designment both of the one and the other were defeated and *frustrate* by reason of Piso his death.”

After the passage quoted from *Measure for Measure*, add—

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1599, and 1623:

“ And hide me with a dead man in his.”

shroud or *tomb* being omitted.

Again, in *Hamlet*, 4to. 1604:

“ Thus conscience doth make cowards.”

the words *of us all* being omitted.

Again, *ibidem*:

“ Seeming to feel this blow,” &c.

instead of

“ ——— *Then senseless Ilium*

“ Seeming to feel this blow.”

See also Vol. IX. p. 341, n. 1. MALONE.

P. 576. n. 1.] That the words—“ the round world should have shook,” contain a distinct proposition, and have no immediate connexion with the next line, may be inferred from

from hence; that Shakspeare, when he means to describe a violent derangement of nature, almost always mentions the earth's *shaking*, or being otherwise convulsed; and in these passages constantly employs the word *shook*, or some synonymous word, as a neutral verb. Thus in *Macbeth*:

" — The obſcure bird

" Clamour'd the live-long night: ſome ſay, *the earth*

" Was fev'rous, and did *shake*."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

" — as if the *world*

" Was fev'rous, and did *tremble*."

Again, in *Pericles*:

" Sir,

" Our lodgings ſtanding bleak upon the ſea,

" Shook, as the earth did *quake*."

Again, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*

" I ſay, the earth did *shake*, when I was born.—

" O, then the *earth shook*, to ſee the heavens on fire,

" And not in fear of your nativity."

Again, in *K. Lear*:

" — thou all-*shaking* thunder,

" Strike flat the thick *rotundity* of the *world*,

" Crack nature's moulds."

This circumſtance in my apprehenſion ſtrongly confirms Dr. Johnson's ſuggeſtion that ſome words have been omitted in the next line, and is equally adverſe to Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation. The words omitted were probably in the middle of the line, which originally might have ſtood thus in the Mſ.

Lions *been burtled* into civil ſtreets,

And citizens to their dens. MALONE.

P. 578. n. 4.] So alſo Daniel, in one of his Sonnets:

" — ſorrow's tooth ne'er rankles more,

" Than when it bites, but *launcbetb* not the ſore."

MALONE.

P. 582. l. 5.] For *came*, r. *come*.

P. 584. n. 1.] Add to my note after line 6.

So, in *Othello*, quarto, 1622, Act III. ſc. i.

" And needs no other ſuitor but his likings,

" To *take the ſafeſt occaſion by the front*,

" To bring you in."

In the folio the ſecond line is omitted, by the compoſitor's eye, after the firſt word of it was compoſed, glancing on the ſame word immediately under it in the ſubſequent line, and then

then proceeding with that line instead of the other. This happens frequently at the press. The omitted line in the passage which has given rise to the present note, might have been of this import:

Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, fir;

If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'LL *not so much as syllable a word*;

I'LL not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin, &c.

MALONE.

P. 588.] At the end of n. 3. add STEEVENS.

P. 590. n. 9.] Add to my note.—Our author has employed this word in *The Rape of Lucrece*, in the same sense as here:

“Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,

“Like to a bankrupt beggar, wails his case.”

MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 1.] The meaning, I think, either is, “—that this fellow should add one more parcel or *item* to the sum of my disgraces, namely, his own malice;”—or, “that this fellow should *tot up* the sum of my disgraces, and add his own malice to the account.”

Parcel is here used technically. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. “That this fellow [Francis, the drawer,] should have fewer words than a parrot! his eloquence the *parcel* of a reckoning.” There it means, either an *item*, or the accumulated total formed by various *items*. MALONE.

P. 600.] Add at the end of n. 8.—JOHNSON.

V O L. VIII.

T I M O N O F A T H E N S.

P. 3. n. 1. l. 10.] For *thereby*, r. *there*.

P. 6. n. 1.] Add to my note.—Again, in the *Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, by Michael Drayton, 1594:

“Like as the ocean, *chafing* with his *bounds*,

“With raging billowes *flies* against the rocks,

“And to the shore sends forth his hideous sounds,” &c.

MALONE.

P. 12. n. 7.] The alteration was first made in the Second Folio, from ignorance of Shakspeare's diction. MALONE.

P. 27. n. 6.] Add to my note.—We have a similar imagery in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“—and,

"—and, almost like the gods,

"Does *thoughts* unveil *in their dumb cradles*." MALONE.

P. 47. n. 1. l. 6.] For *contexts*, r. *contents*.

P. 52. n. 1.] If my notion be well founded, we must understand that the Steward wishes that the life of Lucullus may be prolonged only for the purpose of his being miserable; that sickness may "play the torturer by small and small," and "have him nine whole years in killing."—"Live loath'd and *long*!" says Timon in a subsequent scene; and again,

"Decline to your confounding contraries,

"And yet confusion *live*!"

This indeed is nearly the meaning, if, with Mr. Steevens, we understand *his hour* to mean *the hour of sickness*: and it must be owned that a line in *Hamlet* add support to his interpretation:

"This physick but *prolongs thy sickly days*." MALONE.

P. 54. n. 6.] Add to my note—

So Holinshed: "The bishop commanded his servant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his study, *in such a place*." We should now write—in a *certain place*.

Again, in an Account-book, kept by Empson in the time of Henry the Seventh, and quoted by Bacon in his History of that king:

"*Item*, Received of *such a one* five marks, for a pardon to be procured, and if the pardon do not pass, the money to be repaid."

"He sold *so much* of his estate, when he came of age," (meaning *a certain portion* of his estate) is yet the phraseology of Scotland. MALONE.

P. 56. n. 1. l. 13.] For *spirt*, r. *sprite*.

P. 69. n. 2.] Add to my note—

Behave, however, is used by Spenser, in his *Faery Queene*, B. I. c. iii. in a sense that will suit sufficiently with the passage before us:

"But who his limbs with labours, and his *mind*

"*Behaves* with cares, cannot so easy miss."

To *behave* certainly had formerly a very different signification from that in which it is now used. Cole in his Dictionary, 1679, renders it by *tracto*, which he interprets to *govern*, or *manage*. MALONE.

P. 73. last line of text.] After *little*, put a comma.

P. 74. n. 9.] *Tirouër*, that is, *tiring* for hawks, as Cotgrave

grave calls it, signified any thing by which the falconer brought the bird back, and fixed him to his hand. A capon's wing was often used for this purpose.

In *K. Henry VI.* P. II. we have a kindred expression :

" ——— your *thoughts*

" *Beat on a crown.*" MALONE.

P. 84. l. 10. from bottom.] For *Vol. V. r. Vol. IV.*

P. 88. n. 8. l. 21.] For *sindging*, r. *singing*.—Insert at the beginning of my note—

To "cast the gorge *at*," was Shakspeare's phraseology. So, in *Hamlet*, Act V. sc. i. "How abhorr'd in my imagination it is! my gorge rises *at it*."

To the various examples, which I have produced in support of the reading of the old copy, may be added these :

"Our *fortune* on the sea is *out of breath*,

"And sinks most lamentably." *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Again, *ibidem* :

"Mine eyes did *sicken* at the sight."

Again, in *Hamlet* :

"Even to the *teeth* and *forehead* of our faults."

Again, *ibidem* :

"—we will fetters put upon this fear,

"Which now goes too *free-footed*."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

"His *evasions* have ears thus long." MALONE.

P. 104. n. 5.] *Dele* the notes on this passage, and insert the following.

"The icy precepts of *respect*" mean the cold admonitions of *cautious prudence*, that deliberately weighs the consequences of every action. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

"——Reason, and *respect*,

"Make livers pale, and lustihood deject."

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece* :

"Then, childish fear, avaunt! *debating* die!

"*Respect* and reason wait on wrinkled age!

"Sad pause and deep regard become the sage."

Hence in *King Richard III.* the king says,

"I will converse with iron-witted fools,

"And *unrespective* boys; none are for me,

"That look into me with *considerate* eyes." MALONE.

P. 117. n. 6.] He who is so much disturbed as to have no command over his actions, and to be *dangerous* to all around him, is already distracted, and therefore it would be idle to talk of *turning* such "a dangerous nature wild:" it is wild already. Besides; the baseness and ingratitude of the world

might very properly be mentioned as driving Timon into frenzy : (So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ The ingratitude of this Seleucus does

“ Even make me *wild*.”)

but surely the kindness and fidelity of his steward was more likely to soften and compose him ; that is, to render his dangerous nature *mild*. I therefore strongly incline to Dr. Warburton’s emendation. MALONE.

P. 129. n. 5. l. 5.] For *tamour*, r. *tumour*.

P. 131. n. 9.] I am now convinced that the emendation made by Mr. Theobald is right, and that it ought to be admitted into the text :—Some beast *rear’d* this. Our poet certainly would not make the soldier call on a beast to read the inscription, *before* he had informed the audience that he could not read it himself ; which he does *afterwards*.

Besides ; from the time he asks, “ What is this ?” [i. e. what is this cave, tomb, &c. not what is this *inscription* ?] to the words, “ What’s on this tomb,”—the observation evidently relates to Timon himself, and his grave ; whereas, by the erroneous reading of the old copy, “ Some beast *read* this,”—the soldier is first made to call on a beast to read the inscription, without assigning any reason for so extraordinary a requisition ;—then to talk of Timon’s death and of his grave ; and at last, to inform the audience that he cannot read the inscription. Let me add, that a beast being as unable to read as the soldier, it would be absurd to call on one for assistance ; whilst on the other hand, if a den or cave, or any rude heap of earth resembling a tomb, be found where *there does not live a man*, it is manifest that it must have been formed by a beast.

A passage in *K. Lear* also adds support to the emendation :

“ ——— this hard *house*,

“ More hard than are the stones whereof ’tis *rais’d*.”

MALONE.

P. 134. n. 1.] Mr. Mason is right. So, in Shakspeare’s 70th Sonnet :

“ Thou hast pass’d by the ambush of young days,

“ Either not assail’d, or victor, being *charg’d*.” MALONE.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

P. 147. n. 9.] Add to my note.—We have the same play of words in *Titus Andronicus* :

“ O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,

“ Left we remember still, that we have none !”

We

We may be certain therefore that those lines were part of the additions which our poet made to that play. MALONE.

P. 163. *But let the ruffian Boreas once engage*

The gentle Thetis—] So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602: "When I have seen *Boreas* begin to play the *ruffian* with us, then would I down on my knees." MALONE.

P. 166. l. 3. of note.] For *leave*, r. *lead*.—Add at the end of this note—

A passage in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, may illustrate that before us: "Whether now persuasions may not be said violent and forcible, especially to simple myndes, in special I refer to all men's judgement that hear the story. At least waies I finde this opinion confirmed by a pretie devise or embleme that Lucianus alleageth he saw in the portrait of Hercules within the citie of Marseilles in Provence; where they had figured a lustie old man with a long chayne tyed by one end at his tong, by the other end at the people's eares, who stood afar of, and seemed to be drawen to him by force of that chayne fastened to his tong; as who would say, by force of his persuasions." MALONE.

P. 185. n. 5.] *Dele* my present note, and substitute the following.

A *cob-loaf*, says Minshew in his *Dict.* 1617, is "a bunne. It is a little loaf made with a round head, such as cob-irons which support the fire. G. *Bignet*, a *bigne*, a knob or lump risen after a knock or blow." The word *Bignets* Cotgrave in his *Dict.* 1611, renders thus: "Little round loaves or lumps, made of fine meale, oyle, or butter, and reasons: bunnnes, lenten loaves."

Cob-loaf ought perhaps to be rather written *cop-loaf*.

MALONE.

P. 201. n. 5. l. 2.] For *Dr. Warburton*, r. *Mr. Theobald*.

P. 214. l. 7.] *Hey ho* should have been printed in Roman characters, and not as any part of this song. See *Ophelia's* song in *Hamlet*, Vol. IX. p. 359. MALONE.

P. 222. l. 4. of my note.] For 1606, r. 1605.

P. 228. n. 7.] Add, after the passage quoted from *Laneham's Account*, &c.

Chafe indeed may mean here, the place in which the queen hunted; but I believe it is employed in the more ordinary sense. MALONE.

P. 233. n. *.] The following passage in the subsequent scene supports the reading of the quarto:

X x 2.

"Hark;

“ Hark, how *Troy roars*; how Hecuba cries out;
 “ How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth;—
 “ And all cry—Hector, Hector’s dead.” MALONE.

P. 235. n. 6.] Add to my note—

Dust a little gilt means, ordinary performances ostentatiously displayed and magnified by the favour of friends and that admiration of novelty which prefers “new-born gawds” to “things past.” *Gilt o’er-dusted* means, splendid actions of preceding ages, the remembrance of which is weakened by time.

The poet seems to have been thinking either of those monuments which he has mentioned in *All’s well that ends well*,

“ Where *dust* and damn’d oblivion is the tomb

“ Of honour’d bones indeed;”—

or of the *gilded* armour, trophies, banners, &c. often hung up in churches in “monumental mockery.” MALONE.

P. 236. *Does* thoughts *unveil* in their dumb cradles.] In *Timon of Athens*, we have the same allusion:

“ Joy had the like *conception* in my brain,

“ And at that instant, *like a babe, sprung up.*”

MALONE.

P. 256. n. 4. l. 4.] For *unbanfell’d*, r. *unbousfell’d*.

P. 280. n. 3.] On second consideration, I believe the sleeve of Troilus, which is here given to Diomed, was such a one as was formerly worn at tournaments. See Spenser’s *View of Ireland*, p. 43, edit. 1633: “Also the deepe smocke *sleive*, which the Irish women use, they say, was old Spanish, and is used yet in Barbary; and yet that should seeme rather to be an old English fashion, for in armory the fashion of the *manche* which is given in armes by many, being indeed nothing else but a *sleive*, is fashioned much like to that *sleive*.” MALONE.

P. 287. *My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.*] My dreams of last night will prove ominous to the day; forbode ill to it, and shew that it will be a fatal day to Troy. So, in the seventh scene of this act:

“ — the quarrel’s most *ominous to us.*”

Again, in *King Richard III.*

“ ——— O thou bloody prison,

“ Fatal and *ominous* to noble peers!”

Mr. Pope, and all the subsequent editors, read—will prove *ominous to-day*. MALONE.

P. 306. n. 3.] Add, after Mr. Steevens’s note—

Cole in his Latin Dict. 1679, renders a *Winchester Goose*, by *pudendagra*. MALONE.

CYMBELINE.

C Y M B E L I N E.

P. 313. n. 6. l. 16.] For *Alvearie*, r. *Alvearie*.

P. 316. n. 1. l. penult.] For *was*, r. *wast*.

P. 327. n. 6.] That the word *as* in this passage means—*as much as*, and not *as little as*, as I have endeavoured to shew in this note, is further confirmed by a passage in Act V. where Jachimo is the speaker, and again uses the same expression:

“ If that thy country, Britain, *go before*

“ *This* lout, *as* he exceeds our lords, the odds

“ Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.”

MALONE.

P. 332. n. 1. l. 6.] For *germane*, r. *german*.

P. 344. n. 7.] Add to my note.—That *illustrious* was not used by our author in the sense of *inlustrous* or *unlustrous*, is proved by a passage in the old comedy of *Patient Grissel*, 1603: “—the buttons were *illustrious* and resplendent diamonds.”

MALONE.

P. 353. n. 3.] Drayton, who has often imitated Shakspeare, seems to have viewed this passage in the same light with Dr. Warburton:

“ And these sweet *veins* by nature rightly plac’d,

“ Wherewith she seems the white *skin* to have lac’d,

“ She soon doth alter.” *The Mooncalf*, 1627.

MALONE.

P. 379. n. 1. l. 9.] For *Vol. III.* r. *Vol. IV.*

P. 382. n. *.] In support of the reading of the old copy, which has been here restored, see Vol. VII. p. 195, n. 9.

P. 385. n. 1.] The following lines in Drayton’s *Owle*, 4to. 1604, may add some support to Rowe’s emendation, *bable* or *bauble*:

“ Which with much sorrow brought into my mind

“ Their wretched soules, so ignorantly blinde,

“ When even the greatest things, in the world unstable,

“ Clyme but to fall, and *damned* for a *bable*.”

MALONE.

P. 387. *And we will fear no poison, which attends*

In place of greater state.]

“ — nulla aconita bibuntur

“ Fictilibus; tunc illa time, cum pocula fumes

“ Gemmata, et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.” JUV.

MALONE.

P. 390. *What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.*] So, in *Venus and
Adonis*:

“ Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?”

MALONE.

P. 391. *Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,*

“ *Thy favour's good enough.*”] So, in *K. Lear*:

“ Those wicked yet do look well favour'd,

“ When others are more wicked.” MALONE.

P. 395. *Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,*

Are they not but in Britain?] Shakspeare seems here to have had in his thoughts a passage in *Lily's Euphues*, 1580, which he has imitated in *K. Richard II.* “ Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath house, or lands, or living. Plato would never account him banished, that had the *sunne*, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before; where he felt the winter's blast, and the summer's blaze; where the same sunne and the same moone shined; whereby he noted, that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind. But thou art driven out of Naples: that is nothing. All the Athenians dwell not in Colliton, nor every Corinthian in Greece, nor all the Lacedemonians in Pitania. How can any part of the world be distant far from the other, when as the mathematicians set downe that the earth is but a point compared to the heavens?” MALONE.

P. 397. *Here is a box; I had it from the queen;*] Instead of this box, the modern editors have in a former scene made the queen give Pisanio a *vial*, which is dropp'd on the stage, without being broken. See *Act I. sc. vi.*

In *Pericles*, Cerimon, in order to recover Thaisa, calls for all the *boxes* in his closet. MALONE.

P. 408. n. 8. l. 8.] For *referre*, r. *referre*.

P. 414. n. 6.] For *then*, r. *than*.

Mr. Mason's interpretation is supported by a passage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ Now, Tybald, take *the villain* back again.”

MALONE.

P. 417. l. 10.] *Dele* the comma after *who*.

P. 418. — *Though his honour*

Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that

From one bad thing to worse;] I am now convinced that the poet wrote—his *humour*, as Theobald suggested. The context strongly supports the emendation; but what decisively entitles

entitles it to a place in the text is, that the editor of the folio has in like manner printed *honour* instead of *humour* in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, A& I. sc. iii.

"Falstaff will learn the *honour* of the age,"—

The quarto reads rightly—the *humour* of the age.

On the other hand in the quarto, Signat. A 3, we find "—Sir, my *honour* is not for many words,"—instead of "Sir, my *humour*," &c. MALONE.

P. 422. n. 6.] Add to my note.—The epithet *sluggish* is used with peculiar propriety, a *crayer* being a very slow-sailing unwieldy vessel. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598. "*Vurchio*. A hulke, a *crayer*, a lyter, a wherrie, or such vessel of burthen." MALONE.

P. 434. n. 7.] I have said that there are several instances in these plays of the personal pronoun being omitted, and that such a phraseology was not peculiar to Shakspeare. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 793, edit. 1631: "—after that he tooke boat at Queen Hith, and so came to his house; where missing the afore named counsellors, *fortified* his house with full purpose to die in his own defence."

Again, in the Continuation of *Hardyng's Chronicle*, 1543: "Then when they heard that Henry was safe returned into Britagne, *rejoyced* not a little."

Again, in Anthony Wood's *Diary*, *ad ann.* 1652: "One of these, a most handsome virgin,—kneel'd down to Thomas Wood, with tears and prayers to save her life: and being stricken with a deep remorse, *tooke* her under his arme, went with her out of the church," &c.

See also *K. Lear*, p. 560; n. 8. MALONE.

P. 439. n. 6. l. 6.] For *parent*, r. *parents*.

P. 448. n. 7.] In a note on Vol. I. Part I. p. 406, may be found a strong confirmation of what has been here suggested. MALONE.

K I N G L E A R.

P. 497. n. 8.] Add to my note—

In *Othello* we have again nearly the same language:

"My *spirit* and my *place* have in them *power*

"To make this bitter to thee." MALONE.

P. 499. n. 2.] In *Cymbeline* this phrase is used, as here, for *finished*, *completed*:

X x 4

" — Being

“ — Being scarce *made up*,

“ I mean, to man,” — &c.

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ — remain assur'd,

“ That he's a *made up* villain.”

In all these places the allusion is to a piece of work completed by a tradesman.

The passages just cited shew that the text is right, and that our poet did not write, as some have proposed to read,

Election makes not, *upon* such conditions. MALONE.

P. 503. n. 6.] Add to my note—

This, however, may be explained by understanding the second *worth* in the sense of *wealth*. MALONE.

P. 507. n. 1. l. 6.] For *now treads on the kybe of the courtier*, r. *comes so near the beel of the courtier, that he galls his kybe*.

P. 515. n. 1.] Add to my note.—The regulation which has been followed in the text, is likewise supported by *Hamlet*, where we have again the same adjuration:

“ O day and night ! but this is wondrous strange.”

MALONE.

P. 525. n. 1.] Add to my note—

So, in Lily's *Euphues and his England*. 4to. 1580: “ The next day I coming to the galleij where she was solitarily walking, with her *freewining cloth*, as sicke lately of the sul-lens,” &c. MALONE.

P. 527. n. 6.] After Sir Joshua Reynolds's note, add—

In a very old dramattick piece, entitled *A very mery and pythie comedy, called The longer thou livest the more foole thou art*, printed about the year 1580, we find the following stage-direction: “ Entreth Moros, counterfaiting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenaunce, *synging the foote of many songs, as fooles were wont*.” MALONE.

P. 528. n. *. l. 1.] For *a most*, r. *an*.

P. 545. — *a whoreson*, glass-gazing—*rogue*;] This epithet none of the commentators have explained; nor am I sure that I understand it. In *Timon of Athens* “ the *glass-fac'd* flatterer” is mentioned, that is, says Dr. Johnson, “ he that shews in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron.”—*Glass gazing* may be licentiously used for one enamoured of himself; who gazes often at his own person in a glass. MALONE.

P. 553. n. 4.] Add to my note—

See

See also Howell's Collection of English Proverbs in his Dictionary, 1660: "He goes out of God's blessing to the warm sun, viz. *from good to worse*." MALONE.

P. 559. n. 5. l. 6.] After *it*, add—considering *respect* as personified.

P. 560. n. 8. l. 2.] For *the preceding*, r. *a preceding*.

P. 561. n. *.] Insert at the beginning of my note—

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard, (says Solomon,) learn her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, over-seer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the *summer*, and gathereth her food in the harvest." MALONE.

P. 566. n. 8. l. 24.] For *ease*, r. *case*.

P. 573. n. 8.] Insert at the beginning of my note—

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"Then thou look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,

"Thy favour's good enough." MALONE.

P. 589. n. 4.] After Mr. Steevens's note.

The passage in Harfenet's book which Shakspeare had in view, is this:

"This Examt. further sayth, that one Alexander, an apothecarie, having brought with him from London to Denham on a time a new *halter*, and two blades of *knives*, did leave the same upon the gallerie floore, in her maisters house.—A great search was made in the house to know how the said halter and knife-blades came thither,—till Ma. Mainy in his next fit said, it was reported that the *devil layd* them in the gallerie, that *some of those that were possessed, might either hang themselves with the halter, or kill themselves with the blades*."

The kind of temptation which the fiend is described as holding out to the unfortunate, might also have been suggested by the story of Cordila, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1575, where DESPAIRE visits her in prison, and shews her various instruments by which she may rid herself of life:

"And there withall she spred her garments lap affyde,

"Under the which a thousand things I sawe with eyes;

"Both knives, sharpe swordes, poynadoes all bedyde

"With bloud, and poysons prest, which she could well devise." MALONE.

P. 608. n. 5.] I had great doubts concerning the propriety of admitting Theobald's emendation into the text, though it is extremely plausible, and was adopted by all the subsequent editors. The following passage in *Twelfth Night*

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insufficiently

sufficiently supports the reading of the old copy: "Nay, patience, or we *break* the *finews* of our plot." MALONE.

P. 609. n. 2. l. 4.] For *p. 252*, r. *p. 292*.

P. 622. n. 8.] See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Umbella*. A kind of round thing like a round skreene, that gentlemen use in Italie in time of summer,—to keep the sunne from them, when they are riding *by the way*." MALONE.

P. 628. n. 6.] Add to my note—

Mr. Steevens has quoted a passage from Sydney's *Arcadia*, which Shakspeare may have had in view. Perhaps the following passage in the same book, p. 163, edit. 1593, bears a still nearer resemblance to that before us: "And with that she prettily *smiled*, which mingled with her *tears*, one could not tell whether it were a mourning pleasure, or a delightful sorrow; but like when a few *April* drops are scattered by a gentle zephyrus among fine-colour'd flowers." MALONE.

P. 663. n. 6.] Add to my note—

Side for party was the common language of the time. So, in a letter from William earl of Pembroke to Robert earl of Leicester, Michaelmas day, 1625, *Sydney Papers*, Vol. II. p. 361: "The *queenes side*, and so herself, labour much to ly at Salisbury." MALONE.

P. 681. n. 3.] Mr. Mason has not done justice to his ingenious explanation of these words, by not quoting the whole of the passage in *Macbeth*:

"—— up, up, and see

" *The great doom's image!* Malcolm! Banquo!

" As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,

" To countenance this *horroure*."

Here we find *disjecti membra poetæ*; the second and fourth line, taken together, furnishing us with the very expression of the text. MALONE.

V O L. IX.

R O M E O A N D J U L I E T.

P. 36. n. 3.] Add to my note.—It appears from a passage in one of the small collections of Poetry, entitled *Drolleries*, of which I have lost the title, that "Our sport is at the

best," or at the fairest, meant, *we have had enough of it*. Hence it is that Romeo says, "I am done."

Dun is the mouse, I know not why, seems to have meant, *Peace; be still!* and hence it is said to be "the constable's own word;" who may be supposed to be employed in apprehending an offender, and afraid of alarming him by any noise. So, in the comedy of *Patient Griffel*, 1603: "What, Babulo! say you. Heere, master, say I, and then this eye opens; yet *don is the mouse*, *LIE STILL*. What, Babulo! says Griffel. Anone, say I, and then this eye lookes up; yet downe I snug againe." MALONE.

P. 46. n. *. l. 3.] For *alerations*, r. *alterations*.

P. 50. n. 3.] The etymology of the word *princox* may be found in Florio's Italian Dict. 1598, in v. *Pinchino*. It is rather a cockered or spoil't child, than a *coxcorn*. MALONE.

P. 56. l. 7.] For *etcætera*, r. *etcætera*.

Ibidem. n. 9. l. 11.] For *adready*, r. *already*.

Of the parish of Poperin, or Poperling, (as we called it) which was in the Marches of Calais, John Leland the Antiquary was parson, in the time of King Henry the Eighth. By him the Poperin pear may have been introduced into England. MALONE.

P. 73. n. 7.] We find the first of these expressions in Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*:

"—a gentleman's gone then;

"*A gentleman of the first house*; there's the end of't."

MALONE.

P. 81. l. ult. of text.] Put a full point after *dealing*.

P. 101. n. 2. l. ult.] For 1600, r. 1606.

P. 123. n. 8.] Though, with the modern editors, I have here followed the undated quarto, and printed—the *air* doth drizzle dew, I suspected when this note was written, that *earth* was the poet's word, and a line in *The Rape of Lucrece* strongly supports that reading:

"But as the *earth* doth *weep*, the *sun* being set,—."

MALONE.

P. 136. l. 12.] In the stage-direction, for *Servant*, r. *Servants*.

P. 144. n. 4.] After Mr. Steevens's note—

So, in a letter from Alleyn, the celebrated player, to his wife, written in 1593 (now in Dulwich College):

"EMANUEL,

"My good sweet *mouse*, I comend me hartely to you and
to

to my father, my mother, and to my sister Bess, hoping in God, though the sickness be round about you, yett by his mercy itt may escape your house," &c. MALONE.

P. 153. n. 3.] In this note I have said, that I thought Shakspeare *by the eye of sleep* meant the visual power which a man asleep is enabled by the aid of imagination to exercise, rather than the eye of the *God of sleep*: but a line in *King Richard III.* which at the same time strongly supports the reading of the old copy which has been adopted in the text, now inclines me to believe that the eye of the god of sleep was meant:

"My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

"O, if thy eye be not a *flatterer*,

"Come thou on my side, and entreat for me."

MALONE.

P. 157. — *meagre were his looks,*

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:] See Sackville's description of *Miserie* in his *Induction*:

"His face *was leane*, and some deal pinde away;

"And eke his hands *consumed to the bone*." MALONE.

H A M L E T.

P. 190. n. 3. l. last but four.] For *King Richard III.* r. *King Richard II.*

P. 197. n. 3.] Add to my note—

So, in *Julius Caesar*:

"The *posture* of your *blows* are yet unknown."

Again, in *Cymbeline*: "—and the *approbation* of *those* are wonderfully to extend him," &c. MALONE.

P. 214. n. 5.] After the second paragraph, add—

Chief, however, may have been used as a substantive, for *note* or *estimation*, without any allusion to heraldry, though the word was perhaps originally *heraldick*. So, in Bacon's *Colours of good and evil*, 16mo. 1597: "In the warmer climates the people are generally more wise, but in the northern climates the wits of *chief* are greater." MALONE.

P. 241. n. 5. l. 2.] After *incontinency*, a full point.

P. 266. n. 7. l. 19.] For *Ambris*, r. *D'Ambois*.

Ibidem.] Since this note was written, I have met with a passage in a letter from Mr. Samuel Calvert to Mr. Winwood, dated March 28, 1605, which might lead us to suppose that the words found only in the folio were added at that time:

"The

"The plays do not forbear to present upon the stage the whole course of this present time, not sparing the king, state, or religion, in so great absurdity, and with such liberty, that any would be afraid to hear them." *Memorials*, Vol. II. p. 54.

MALONE.

P. 301. n. 6.] This notion of Nature keeping a shop, and employing journeymen to form mankind, was common in Shakspeare's time. See Lily's *Woman in the Moon*, a comedy, 1597: "They draw the curtains from before *Nature's shop*, where stands an image clad, and some unclad." MALONE.

P. 305. — *I was killed i' the Capitol*;] This, it is well known, was not the case; for Cæsar, we are expressly told by Plutarch, was killed in *Pompey's portico*. But our poet followed the received opinion, and probably the representation of his own time, in a play on the subject of Cæsar's death, previous to that which he wrote. The notion that Julius Cæsar was killed in the Capitol is as old as the time of Chaucer:

"This Julius to the *capitolie* wente

"Upon a day, as he was wont to gon,

"And in the *capitolie* anon him hente

"This false Brutus, and his other soon,

"And stuck him with bodekins anon

"With many a wound," &c. *The Monkes Tale*.

Tyrwhitt's edit. Vol. II. p. 31. MALONE.

P. 307. n. 6.] Florio in his Italian Dictionary, 1598, thus explains *zibilini*: "The rich furre called *sables*." — *Sables* is the skin of the fable Martin. See Cotgrave's French Dict. 1611. "Sebilline. Martre Sebel. The fable Martin; the beast whose skinne we call *sables*." MALONE.

P. 340. n. 1.] It has been suggested that *as* is here used for *as if*. It is frequently so used in these plays, but this interpretation does not entirely remove the difficulty which has been stated. MALONE.

P. 353. n. 4.] Instead of my present note, I would substitute the following.

Our poet has here, I think, as in many other places, used an elliptical expression: "thou may'st not coldly set by our sovereign process;" thou may'st not *set little by it*, or estimate it lightly. "To *set by*," Cole renders in his Dict. 1679, by *estimare*. "To *set little by*," he interprets *parvi-facio*. See many other instances of similar ellipses, in Vol. VIII. p. 472, n. 3. MALONE.

P. 368. n. 6. Add to Mr. Steevens's note, after the third paragraph.

Rota,

Rota, however, as I am informed, is the ancient musical term in Latin for the burden of a song.

P. 409. n. 4.] Since this note was written, I have found the very same error in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, 4to. 1605. B. II. p. 60: "— the art of grammar, whereof the use in *another* tongue is small, in a *foreine* tongue more." The author in his table of Errata says, it should have been printed—in *mother* tongue. MALONE.

P. 419. n. 7.] A passage in *K. John* shews that *wanton* here means *a man feeble and effeminate*, as Dr. Johnson has explained it:

" ——— Shall a beardless boy,

" A cocker'd silken *wanton*, brave our fields,

" And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil," &c. MALONE.

P. 422. n. 4.] I find the reading which Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors adopted, (*o'er*grows,) was taken from a late quarto of no authority, printed in 1637. MALONE.

P. 425. *This quarry cries on havock!*] We have the same phraseology in *Othello*, Act V. sc. i.

" — Whose noise is this, that *cries on murder*?"

See the note there. MALONE.

O T H E L L O.

P. 445. *By debtor*—] All the modern editors read—*By debtor*; but *debitor* (the reading of the old copies) was the word used in Shakspeare's time. So, in Sir John Davies's *Epigrams*, 1598:

" There stands the constable, there stands the whore,—

" There by the serjeant stands the *debitor*."

See also the passage quoted from *Cymbeline* in n. 1.

MALONE.

P. 455. n. 6.] It should be recollected that *strong* beer was in our poet's time called *double* beer; and therefore, though the circumstances stated in this note had not been (as I believe they were) in his contemplation, he might with his usual licence have used *double* for *powerful* or *operative*.

MALONE.

P. 560. " ——— If there be cords, or knives,

" Poison, or fire, or suffocating steams,

" I'll not endure it.] So, in *Pericles*:

" If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

" Untied I still my virgin knot will keep." MALONE.

V O L.

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VENUS AND ADONIS.

P. 16. — *she with her tears*

Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;

Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,

To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:] So, in

Marlowe's *King Edward II.*

"Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs."

MALONE.

Ibidem. And where she ends, she doth anew begin.] So,

Dryden:

"Never ending, still beginning," —. MALONE.

P. 20. *Ill-nurtur'd* —] That is, ill educated, ill bred. So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, Vol. I. Nov. 61. "— they thought themselves most blessed, if they might attain the delightful presence of this *well nurtured* dame." MALONE.

P. 34. *For from the fil'tory of thy face excelling*

Comes breath perfum'd,] So, in *Constable's Song*, &c.

"Breathe once more thy balmie wind,

"It smelleth of the mirrh tree,

"That to the world did bring thee;

"Never was perfume so sweet." MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 9.] Add to my note. — Again, in Romeo and Juliet:

" — and lips, O you

"The doors of breath," &c.

Shakspeare probably remembered the expression of the Psalms: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips." MALONE.

P. 35. *The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day;]* So, in *K. Richard III.*

"And turn his infant morn to aged night."

MALONE.

Ibidem. n. 4.] In the passage quoted from K. Henry IV.

P. II. for *fire*, r. *fire*. — Add —

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" — She's a lady,

"So tender of rebukes, words are strokes,

"And strokes death to her." MALONE.

P. 38.

P. 38. *Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,*] The poet was thinking of a conditional bond's becoming forfeited for non-payment: in which case, the entire penalty (usually the double of the principal sum lent by the obligee) was formerly recoverable at law. MALONE.

Ibidem. Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.] So, in Constable's Song:

"When she had thus spoken,

"She gave to him a token,

"And their naked bosoms met." MALONE.

P. 42. *On his bow-back he bath a battel set*

Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;

His eyes, like glow-worms, shine, when he doth fret;] In this description Shakspeare had per-

haps in view that given by Ovid of the boar that slew Meleager. See Golding's translation, Book VIII.

"His eyes did glister blood and fire; right dreadful was to see

"His brawned back; right dreadful was his haire, which grew as thicke

"With pricking points as one of them could well by other sticke:

"And, like a front of armed pikes set close in battel ray,

"The sturdie bristles on his back stood staring up alway." MALONE.

P. 45. n. *. l. 1.] *For the, r. he.*

P. 57. *In hand with all things, nought at all affecting.*] So, in *Hamlet*:

"—like a man to double business bent,

"I stand in pause where I shall first begin,

"And both neglect." MALONE.

*Ibidem. n. *. l. 2.] For st. 40. r. p. 102, n. 3.*

P. 66. n. 6.] So also, in a latin poem *De Adoni ab apro interempto*, by Antonius Sebastianus Minturnus:

"—— iterum atque juro iterum,

"Formosum hunc juvenem tuum haud volui

"Meis diripere his cupidinibus;

"Verum dum specimen nitens video,

"(Æstus impatiens tenella dabat

"Nuda femina mollibus zephyris)

"Ingens me miserum libido capit

"Mille suavia dulcia hinc capere,

"Atque me impulit ingens indomitus." MALONE.

P. 67.

P. 67. n. 8.] Add to my note—

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

“Till I have told this *slander* of his blood,

“How God and good men hate so foul a lie.”

MALONE.

P. 71. l. 2. of my note.] After *represented*, add—

And in support of my opinion I may quote the words of that elegant poet, Mr. Fenton, who in his notes on Waller, after citing some lines from Ovid on this subject, observes, “that the passion of Venus for Adonis is likewise described with great delicacy by Bion, and our admirable SHAKESPEARE, in language only inferior to the finest writers of antiquity.” MALONE.

Ibidem. l. 10. from bottom.] For *no date*, r. by Richard Barnefelde, 1598.

P. 72. l. 18. from bottom.] For *little more than*, r. *only*.

R A P E O F L U C R E C E.

P. 89. *O rash-false heat, wrapt in repentant cold,*

Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.]

We have a kindred sentiment in *K. Richard II.*

“His *rash* fierce *blaze* of riot ne'er can last,

“For violent fires soon burn out themselves.”

MALONE.

P. 95. n. 6.] To the passages quoted in support of the reading of the old copy, may be added this very apposite one in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

“Well, lords, *we have not yet that which we have.*”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“—Thus man——

“Cannot make boast to *have that which he hath*,

“Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection.”

MALONE.

P. 141. n. 4.] Mr. Henley observes to me, that “—the poet rather alluded to those vast portcullises of iron, from which even the strongest castles derived their strength. Thus in his 65th Sonnet:

“O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out

“Against the wreckful siege of battering days,

“When rocks impregnable are not so stout,

“Nor GATES OF STEEL *so strong*, but TIME DECAYS?”

These lines fully support the opinion above stated.—A *gate of steel* is again mentioned in *Troilus and Cressida*:

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Y y

“—or

" — or, like *a gate of steel*,

" Fronting the sun, receives and renders back

" His figure, and his heat." MALONE.

P. 147. *Revealing day through every cranny spies;—*

To whom she sobbing speaks: O, eye of eyes,

Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy
peeping;] So Chaucer, in his *Troilus and Cre-*

seide, B. III.

" O cruel day, accuser of the joy

" That love and night have stole,—

" *Envious day, what list thou so to spy?*

" What hast thou lost? why seekest thou this place?

" There God thy light so quench for his grace!"

MALONE.

P. 164. *It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.]*

So, in Marlowe's *K. Edward II.*

" Come, uncle, let us leave this brainfick king,

" And henceforth *parly with our angry swords.*"

MALONE.

P. 179. n. 9. l. 1.] For *nunce*, r. *nunc*.

P. 184. *Why, Collatine, is woe the cure of woe?]* So, in
Romeo and Juliet:

" Peace, ho, for shame! *confusion's cure lives not*

" *In these confusions.*" MALONE.

S O N N E T S.

P. 191. n. 1.] Since this page was printed, I have learned that our poet's nephew, William Hart, was not born till 1600. See the extracts from the Register of Stratford upon Avon, in Vol. I. Part I. MALONE.

P. 217. *When to the sessions of sweet silent thought*

I summon up remembrance of things past, &c.] So,
in *Ottello*:

" —who has a breast so pure,

" But some uncleanly apprehensions

" Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit

" With meditations lawful?" MALONE.

P. 218. n. 4. l. 16.] For P. II. r. P. I.

P. 284. *Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,*

Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery;] So,
in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" And how his silence drinks up his applause."

MALONE.

P. 285.

P. 285. n. 7. l. 1.] For *of*, r. *to*; and in l. 3, dele *it*.

P. 288. n. 1.] In *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, we have the same image:

"Made me compare with Hermia's *sphery eyne*."

MALONE.

P. 305. n. 5. l. 2.] For *several*, r. *several*.

P. 312. n. 2.] Add to my note—

The same error is found in the tragedy of *Nero*, by Nat. Lee, 1675:

"Thou savage mother, seed of rock, *more wild*

"*More wild* than the fierce tygres of her young be-
guil'd." MALONE.

P. 344. *To themselves yet either-neither*,] So, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596:

"—fire seem'd to be water, water flame,

"*Either or neither, and yet both the same*." MALONE.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

P. 388. *Was there none else in Rome to make a stave of*,] Dele the word *of*, which was inserted by the editor of the second folio, from ignorance of ancient phraseology. See a note in this Appendix, p. 577, (*Midsummer-Night's Dream*, p. 445,) and Vol. VIII. p. 472. n. 9. MALONE.

P. 400. —*the morn* is bright and grey;] Add to my note,—

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"The *grey-ey'd morn* smiles on the frowning night"—.

Again, *ibidem*:

"I'll say yon *grey* is not the morning's eye."

Again, more appositely in *Venus and Adonis*, which decisively supports the reading of the old copy:

"Mine eyes are *grey and bright*, and quick in turning."

MALONE.

P. 409. *A precious ring, that lightens all the hole*,] So, in *K. Henry VIII*.

"——— a gem,

"To lighten all this isle."

So also, Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. VI. c. xi.

"——— like a diamond of rich regard,

"In doubtful shadow of the darksome night."

MALONE.

P. 416.

P. 416. n. 7. l. 2. of my note.] For *be*, r. *Titus*.

P. 423. *Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;*] So, in *The Tempest*:

“ ——— sitting

“ In that *sad knot*.” MALONE.

P. 424. *O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;*] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ ——— thou ———

“ *Handlest* in thy discourse, O, that her *hand*—.”

MALONE.

Ibidem. — *she drinks no other drink but tears;*] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

“ Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes.”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok’st such weeping?” MALONE.

P. 425. *Out on thee, murderer! thou kill’st my heart.*] So, in *K. Henry V.*

“ The king hath kill’d his heart.”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ That they have murder’d this poor heart of mine.”

MALONE.

P. 434. *The close enacts and counsels of the heart!*] So, in *Othello*:

“ They are close denotements working from the heart,”—

MALONE.

P. 438. n. 9. l. ult.] For *Clum*, r. *Cælum*.

P. 459. n. 9.] The error here corrected has likewise happened in the quarto copies of *Hamlet*, A&I. sc. ii. “—*let* my extent to the players — — should more appear like entertainment than yours:”—instead of—*Let* my extent, &c.

MALONE.

P. 466. l. 12.] For 1663, r. 1664.

ERRATUM IN APPENDIX.

P. 590: l. 19.] For *Burton*, r. *Barton*.

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OPTANDUM EST, UT IN SINGULIS NATIONIBUS
PRODEANT VIRI DOCTI, QUI LINGUÆ SUÆ IDI-
OMATA, VIM EORUM, NOTIONEM, ORIGINES, SED
ET DESUETAS ET PRIDEM OBSOLETAS VOCES, AD
AMUSSIM INVESTIGENT EXPLICENTQUE.

DUFRESNE. *Præfat. ad Gloss.*

AN ALPHABETICAL INDEX,

TO SERVE THE PURPOSES OF

A G L O S S A R Y

TO THE WORKS OF

S H A K S P E A R E,

AND THE CONTEMPORARY DRAMATICK WRITERS:

CONTAINING

References to all the Words and Phrases in his PLAYS
and POEMS, which have been explained or illustrated in
the preceding NOTES, and in the APPENDIX.

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